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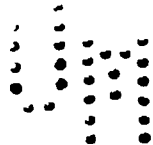
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR



Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

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The Monthly Packet. 8

JANUARY, 1887.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

A DISPERSION.

‘A TELEGRAM! Make haste and open it, Jane, they always make me so nervous! I believe that is the reason Reginald always *will* telegraph when he is coming,’ said Miss Adeline Mohun, a very pretty, well preserved, though delicate-looking lady of some age about forty, as her elder sister, brisk and lively and some years older, came into the room.

‘No, it is not Reggie. It is from Lily. Poor Lily! Jasper—accident—Come.’

‘Poor dear Lily! Is it young Jasper or old Jasper, I wonder?’

‘If it were young Jasper she would have put Japs. I am afraid it is her husband. If so, she will be going off to him. I must catch the 11.20 train. Will you come, Ada?’

‘Oh, no; I should be knocked up, and on your hands. The suspense is bad enough at home.’

‘If it is old Jasper, we shall see in the paper to-day. I will send it down to you from the station. Supposing it is Sir Jasper, and she wants to go out to him, we must take in some of the children.’

‘Oh! Dear little Primrose would be nice enough, but what should we do with that Halfpenny woman? If we had the other girls, I suppose they would be at school all day; but surely some might go to Beechcroft. And mind, Jane, I will not have you overtasking yourself! Do not take any of them without having Gillian to help you. That I stipulate.’

Jane Mohun seemed as if she did not hear as these sentences were uttered at intervals, while she stood dashing off postcards at her davenport. Then she said, on her way to the door—

‘Don’t expect me to-night. I will send Fanny to ask one of the Wellands to come in to you, and telegraph if I bring any one home with me.’

‘But, Jane dear——’

However, the door was shut, and by the time Miss Adeline had reached her sister’s room, the ever-ready bag was nearly packed.

‘I only wanted to say, dear Jane, that you must give my love to dear Lily. I am grieved—grieved for her; but indeed you must not undertake anything rash.’ (A shake of the head, as the shoes went into their neat bag.) ‘Do not let her persuade you to stay at Silverfold in her absence. You cannot give up everything here.’

‘Yes, yes, Ada, I know it does not suit you. Never fear.’

‘It is not that; but you are much too useful here to drop everything, especially now every one is away. I would willingly sacrifice myself, but——’

‘Yes, I know, Ada dear. Now, good-bye, and take care of yourself, and don’t be nervous. It may mean only that young Japs has twisted his little finger.’

And with a kiss, Miss Mohun ran downstairs as fast and lightly as if her years had been half their amount, and accomplished her orders to Fanny—otherwise Mrs. Mount—a Beechcroft native, who, on being left a widow, had returned to her former mistresses, bringing with her a daughter, who had grown up into an efficient housemaid. After a few words with her, Miss Mohun sped on, finding time at the station to purchase a morning paper just come down, and to read among the telegrams:

Colombo, Sept. 3rd.

‘Lieutenant-General Sir Jasper Merrifield, G.C.B., has been thrown from his horse and received severe injuries.’

She despatched this paper to her sister by a special messenger, whom she had captured by the way, and was soon after in the train, knitting and pondering.

At Silverton station she saw the pony carriage, and in it her niece Gillian, a girl not quite seventeen, with brown eyes showing traces of tears.

‘Mamma knew you would come,’ she said.

‘You have heard direct, of course.’

‘Yes; Claude telegraphed. The horse fell over a precipice. Papa’s leg and three ribs are broken. Not dangerous. That is all it says; and mamma is going out to him directly.’

‘I was quite sure she would. Well, Gillian, we must do the best we can. Has she any plans?’

‘I think she waited for you to settle them. Hal is come; he wanted to go with her, but she says it will cost too much, and besides, there is his Ordination in Advent.’

‘Has she telegraphed to your uncles?’

‘To Beechcroft and to Stokesley; but we don’t quite know where Uncle Reginald is. Perhaps he will see the paper.’

Gillian’s tears were flowing again, and her aunt said—

‘Come, my dear, you must not give way; you must do all you can to make it better for your mother.’

‘I know,’ she answered. ‘Indeed, I didn’t cry till I sat waiting, and it all came over me. Poor papa! and what a journey mamma will have, and how dreadful it will be without her! But I know that it is horrid of me, when papa and my sisters must want her so much more.’

‘That’s right—quite right to keep up before her. It does not sound to me so bad, after all; perhaps they will telegraph again to stop her. Did Claude ask her to come out?’

‘Oh, no! There were only those few words.’ No more could be learnt till the pony stopped at the door, and Hal ran out to hand out his aunt, and beg her privately to persuade his mother to take him, or, if she would not consent to that, at least to have Macrae, the old soldier servant, with her—it was not fit for her to travel alone.

Lady Merrifield looked very pale, and squeezed her sister close in her arms as she said—

‘You are my great help, Jenny.’

‘And must you go?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

‘Without waiting to hear more?’

‘There is no use in losing time. I cannot cross from Folkestone till the day after to-morrow, at night. I must go to London to-morrow, and sleep at Mrs. Merrifield’s.’

‘But this does not seem to me so *very* bad.’

‘Oh, no, no! but when I get there in three weeks time, it will be just when I shall be most wanted. The nursing will have told on the girls, and Jasper will be feeling weary of being laid up, and wanting to take liberties.’

‘And what will you be after such a journey?’

‘Just up to keeping him in order. Come, you have too much sense to expostulate, Jenny.’

‘No; you would wear yourselves to fiddle-strings if you stayed at home. I only want you to take Hal, or Macrae.’

‘Hal is out of the question; I would not interfere with his preparation on any account. Macrae would be a very costly article; and, moreover, I want him to act major domo here, unless you would, and that I don’t dare to hope for.’

‘No, you must not, Lily; Ada never feels well here, nor always at Brighton, and Emily would be too nervous to have her without me. But we will take as many children as you please, or we have room for.’

‘That is like you, Jenny. I know William will offer to take them in at home, but I cannot send them without Miss Vincent; and she cannot leave her mother, who has had a sort of stroke. Otherwise I should try leaving them here while I am away, but the poor old lady is in no state for it—in fact, I doubt her living long.’

‘I know; you have been governess by yourself these last weeks,

it will be well to relieve her. The best way will be for us to take Mysie and Valetta, and let them go to the High School; and there is a capital day-school for little boys, close to St. Andrews, for Fergus, and Gillian can have lessons in whatever she pleases.'

'My Brownie! Have you really room for all those?'

'Oh, yes! The three girls in the spare room and dressing-room, and Fergus in the little room over the porch. I will write to Fanny; I gave her a hint.'

'And I have no doubt that Primrose will be a delight to her Aunt Alethea, poor little dear! Yes, that makes it all easy, for in the holidays I know the boys are sure of a welcome at the dear old home, or Hal might have one or two of them at his Curacy.'

The gong sounded for the melancholy dinner that had to go on all the same, and in the midst all were startled by the arrival of a telegram, which Macrae, looking awestruck, actually delivered to Harry instead of to his mistress; but it was not from Ceylon. It was from Colonel Mohun, from Beechcroft: 'Coming 6.30. Going with you. Send children here.'

Never were twenty words, including addresses, more satisfactory. The tears came, for the first time, to Lady Merrifield's eyes at the kindness of her brothers, and Harry was quite satisfied that his uncle would be a far better escort than himself or Macrae. Aunt Jane went off to send her telegram home, and write some needful letters, and Lady Merrifield announced her arrangements to those whom they concerned.

'Oh! mamma, don't,' exclaimed Valetta; 'all the guinea-pigs will die.'

'I thought,' said Gillian, 'that we might stay here with Miss Vincent to look after us.'

'That will not do in her mother's state. Mrs. Vincent cannot be moved up here, and I could not lay such a burthen on them.'

'We would be very good,' said Val.

'That, I hope, you will be anyway; but I think it will be easier at Rockstone, and I am quite sure that papa and I shall be better satisfied about you.'

'Mayn't we take Quiz?' asked Fergus.

'And Rigdum Funnidos,' cried Valetta.

'And Ruff and Ring,' chimed in Mysie.

'My dear children, I don't see how Aunt Jane can be troubled with any more animals than your four selves. You must ask her, only do not be surprised or put out if she refuses, for I don't believe you can keep anything there.'

Off the three younger ones went, Gillian observing, 'I don't see how they can, unless it was Quiz; but, mamma, don't you think I might go to Beechcroft with Primrose? I should be so much quieter working for the examination there, and I could send my exercises to Miss Vincent; and then I should keep up Prim's lessons.'

‘Your Aunt Alethea will, I know, like doing that, my dear; and I am afraid to turn those creatures loose on the aunts without some one to look after them and their clothes. Fanny will be very helpful; but it will not do to throw too much on her.’

‘Oh! I thought they would have Lois——’

‘There would not be room for her; besides that, I don’t think it would suit your aunts. You and Mysie ought to do all the mending for yourselves and Fergus, and what Valetta cannot manage. I know you would rather be at Beechcroft, my dear; but in this distress and difficulty, some individual likings must be given up.’

‘Yes, mamma.’

Lady Merrifield looked rather dubiously at her daughter. She had very little time, and did not want to have an argument, nor to elicit murmurs, yet it might be better to see what was in Gillian’s mind before it was too late. Mothers, very fond of their own sisters, cannot always understand why it is not the same with their daughters, who have another element of inherited character, and of another generation, have not been welded together with the aunts in childhood. ‘My dear,’ she said, ‘you know I am quite ready to hear if you have any real reasonable objection to this arrangement.’

‘No, mamma, I don’t think I have,’ said Gillian, thoughtfully. ‘The not liking always meeting a lot of strangers, nor the general bustle, is all nonsense, I know quite well. I see it is best for the children, but I should like to know exactly who is to be in authority over them.’

‘Certainly Aunt Jane,’ replied Lady Merrifield. ‘She must be the ultimate authority. Of course you will check the younger ones in anything going wrong, as you would here, and very likely there will be more restrictions. Aunt Ada has to be considered, and it will be a town life; but remember that your aunt is mistress of the house, and that even if you do think her arrangements uncalled for, it is your duty to help the others to submit cheerfully. Say anything you please fully and freely in your letters to me, but don’t let there be any collisions of authority. Jane will listen kindly, I know, in private to any representation you may like to make, but to say before the children, “mamma always lets them,” would be most mischievous.’

‘I see,’ said Gillian. ‘Indeed, I will do my best, mamma, and it will not be for very long.’

‘I hope and trust not, my dear child. Perhaps we shall all meet by Easter, papa, and all, but you must not make too sure. There may be delays. Now I must see Halfpenny. I cannot talk to you any more, my Gillyflower, though I am leaving volumes unsaid.’

Gillian found Aunt Jane emerging from her room, and beset by her three future guests.

‘Aunt Jane, may we bring Quiz?’

‘And Rigdum Funnidos and Lady Rigdum?’

‘And Ruff and Ring? They are the sweetest doves in the world.’

‘Doves! Oh, Mysie, they would drive your Aunt Ada distracted, with coo-roo-roo at four o’clock in the morning, just as she goes off to sleep.’

‘The Rigdums make no noise at all,’ triumphantly exclaimed Valette.

‘Do you mean the kittens? We have a vacancy for one cat, you know.’

‘Oh yes, we want you to choose between Artaxerxes and the Sofy. But the Rigdums are the eldest pair of guinea-pigs. They are so fond of me, that I know poor old Funnidos will die of grief if I go away and leave him.’

‘I sincerely hope not, Valetta, for, indeed, there is no place to put him in.’

‘I don’t think he would mind living in the cellar if he only saw me once a day,’ piteously pleaded Valetta.

‘Indeed, Val, the dark and damp would surely kill the poor thing, in spite of your attentions. You must make up your mind to separation from your pets, excepting the kitten.’

Valetta burst out crying at this last drop that made the bucket overflow, but Fergus exclaimed: ‘Quiz! Aunt Jane! He always goes about with us, and always behaves like a gentleman; don’t you, Quizzy?’ and the little Maltese, who perfectly well understood that there was trouble in the air, sat straight up, crossed his paws, and looked touchingly wistful.

‘Poor dear little fellow!’ said Aunt Jane; ‘yes, I knew he would be good, but Kunz would be horribly jealous, you see; he is an only dog, and and can’t bear to have his premises invaded.’

‘He ought to be taught better,’ said Fergus, gravely.

‘So he ought,’ Aunt Jane confessed; ‘but he is old to begin learning, and Aunt Ada and Mrs. Mount would never bear to see him disturbed. Besides, I really do not think he would be half so well off there as among his own friends and places here, with Macrae to take care of him.’ Then as Fergus began to pucker his face, she added, ‘I am really very sorry to be so disagreeable.’

‘The children must not be unreasonable,’ said Gillian, sagely, as she came up.

‘And I am to choose between Xerxes and Artaxerxes, is it?’ said Aunt Jane.

‘No, the Sofy,’ said Mysie. ‘A Sofy is a Persian philosopher, and this kitten has got the wisest face.’

‘Run and fetch them,’ suggested her aunt, ‘and then we can choose. Oh, she added,’ with some relief at the thought, ‘if it is an object to dispose of Cookie, we could manage him.’

The two younger ones were gratified, but Gillian and Mysie both exclaimed that Cookie’s exclusive affections were devoted to Macrae, and that they could not answer for his temper under the separation.

To break up such a household was decidedly the Goose, Fox, and Cabbage problem. As Mysie observed, in the course of the search for the kittens, in the make-the-best-of-it tone, 'it was not so bad as the former moves, when they were leaving a place for good and all.'

'Ah, but no place was ever so good as this,' said poor Valetta.

'Don't be such a little donkey,' said Fergus, consequentially.

'Don't you know we are going to school, and I am three years younger than Wilfred was.'

'It is only a petticoat school,' said Val, 'kept by ladies.'

'It isn't.'

'It is; I heard Harry say so.'

'And yours is all butchers and bakers and candlestick makers.'

On which they fell on each other, each with a howl of defiance. Fergus grabbed at Val's pigtail, and she was buffeting him vehemently when Harry came out, held them apart, and demanded if this were the way to make their mother easy in leaving them.

'She said it was a pet-pet-petticoat school,' sobbed Fergus.

'And so it ought to be, for boys, that fight with girls.'

'And he said mine was all butchers and bakers and candlestick makers,' whined Valetta.

'Then you'd better learn manners, or they'll take you for a tramp,' observed Harry; but at that moment Mysie broke in with a shout at having discovered the kittens making a plaything of the best library penwiper, their mother, the sleek Begum, abetting them, and they were borne off to display the coming glories of their deep fur to Aunt Jane.

Her choice fell upon the Sofy, as much because of the convenience of the name as because of the preternatural wisdom of expression imparted by the sweep of the black lines on the grey visage. Mr. Pollock's landlady was to be the happy possessor of Artaxerxes, and the turbulent portion of the household was disposed of to bear him thither, and to beg Miss Hacket to give Ruff and Ring the run of her cage, whence they had originally come, also to deliver various messages and notes.

By the time they returned, Colonel Mohun was met in the hall by his sister, 'Oh, Regie, it is too good in you!' were the words that came with her fervent kiss. 'Remember how many years I have been seasoned to being "cockit up on a baggage waggon." Ought not such an old soldier as I be able to take care of myself?'

'And what would your husband say to you when you got there? And should not I catch it from William? Well, are you packing up the youthful family for Beechcroft, except that at Rotherwood they are shrieking for Mysie.'

'I know how good William and Alethea would be. This child,' pointing to Primrose, who had been hanging on her all day in silence, 'is to go to them; but as I can't send Miss Vincent, educational advantages, as the advertisement say, lie on the side

of Rockstone; so Jenny here undertakes to be troubled with the rabble.'

'But Mysie? Rotherwood met me at the station and begged me to obtain her from you. They really wish it.'

'He does, I have no doubt.'

'So does Madame la Marquise. They have been anxious about little Phyllis all the summer. She was languid and off her feed in London, and did not pick up at home as they expected. My belief is that it is too much governess and too little play, and that a fortnight here would set her up again. Rotherwood himself thinks so, and Victoria has some such inkling. At any rate, they are urgent to have Mysie with the child, as the next best thing.

'Poor dear little Fly!' ejaculated Lady Merrifield; 'but I am afraid Mysie was not very happy there last year.'

'And what would be the effect of all the over doing?' said Miss Mohun.

'Mysie is tougher than that sprite, and I suppose there is some relaxation,' said Lady Merrifield.

'Yes; the doctors have frightened them sufficiently for the present.'

'I suppose Mysie is a prescription, poor child,' said her aunt, in a tone that evoked from her brother—

'Jealous, Jenny?'

'Well, Jane,' said Lady Merrifield, 'you know how thankful I am to you and Ada, but I am inclined to let it depend on the letters I get to-morrow, and the way Victoria takes it. If it is really an earnest wish on that dear little Fly's account, I could not withstand old Rotherwood, and though Mysie might be less happy than she would be with you, I do not think any harm will be done. Everything there is sound and conscientious, and if she picks up a little polish, it won't hurt her.'

'Shall you give her the choice?'

'I see no good in rending the poor child's mind between two affections, especially as there will be a very short time to decide in, for I shall certainly not send her if Victoria's is a mere duty letter.'

'You are quite right there, Lily,' said the Colonel. 'The less choice the greater comfort.'

'Well done, sir soldier,' said his sister Jane. 'I say quite right too; only, for my own sake, I wish it had been Valetta.'

'So no doubt does she,' said the mother; 'but unluckily it isn't. And, indeed, I don't think I wish it. Val is safer with you. As Gillian expressed it the other day, "Val does right when she likes it, Mysie does right when she knows it."'

'You have the compliment after all, Jane,' said the Colonel. 'Lily trusts you with the child she doesn't trust!'

There was no doubt the next morning, for Lady Rotherwood wrote an earnest, affectionate letter, begging for Mysie, who she said had won such golden opinions in her former visit that it would be a real

benefit to Phyllis, as much morally as physically, to have her companionship. It was the tenderest letter that either of the sisters had ever seen from the judicious and excellent Marchioness, full of warm sympathy for Lady Merrifield's anxiety for her husband, and betraying much solicitude for her little girl.

'It has done her good,' said Jane Mohun. 'I did not think she had such a soft spot.'

'Poor Victoria,' said Lady Merrifield, 'that is a shame. You know she is an excellent mother.'

'Too excellent, that's the very thing,' muttered Aunt Jane. 'Well, Mysie's fate is settled, and I dare say it will turn out for the best.'

So Mysie was to go with Mrs. Halfpenny and Primrose to Beechcroft, whence the Rotherwoods would fetch her. If the lady's letter had been much less urgent, who could have withstood her Lord's postscript: 'If you could see the little pale face light up at the bare notion of seeing Mysie, you would know how grateful we shall be for her.'

Mysie herself heard her destiny without much elation, though she was very fond of Lady Phyllis, and the tears came into her eyes at the thought of her being unwell and wanting her.

'Mamma said we must not grumble,' she said to Gillian; 'but I shall feel so lost without you and Val. It is so unhomeish, and there's that dreadful German Fräulein, who was not at home last time.'

'If you told mamma, perhaps she would let you stay,' returned Gillian. 'I know I should hate it, worse than I do going to Rockstone and without you.'

'That would be unkind to poor Fly,' said Mysie. 'Besides, mamma said she could not have settling and unsettling for ever. And I shall see Primrose sometimes; besides, I do love Fly. It's marching orders, you know.'

It was Valette who made the most objection. She declared that it was not fair that Mysie, who had been to the ball at Rotherwood, should go again to live with Lords and Ladies, while she went to a nasty day school with butchers' and bakers' daughters. She hoped she should grow horridly vulgar, and if mamma did not like it, it would be her own fault!

Mrs. Halfpenny, who did not like to have to separate Mysie's clothes from the rest after they were packed, rather favoured this naughtiness, by observing: 'The old blue merino might stay at home. Miss Mysie would be too set up to wear that, among her fine folk. Set her up, that she should have all the treats, while her own Miss Gillian was turned over to the auld aunties!'

'Nonsense, nurse,' said Gillian. 'I'm much better pleased to go and be of some use! Val, you naughty child, how dare you make such a fuss?' for Valette was crying again.

‘I hate school, and I hate Rockstone, and I don’t see why Mysie should always go everywhere, and wear new frocks, and I go to the butchers and bakers and wear horrid old ones.’

‘I wish you could come too,’ said Mysie; ‘but indeed old frocks are the nicest, because one is not bothered to take so much care of them, and Lords and Ladies aren’t a bit better to play with than other people. In fact, Ivy is what Japs calls a muff and a stick.’

Valetta, however, cried on, and Mysie went the length of repairing to her mother, in the midst of her last notes and packings to entreat to change with Val, who followed on tip-toe.

‘Certainly not,’ was the answer from Lady Merrifield, who was being worried on all sides; ‘Valetta is not asked, and she is not behaving so that I could accept for her if she were.’

And Val had to turn away in floods of tears, which redoubled on being told by the united voices of her brothers and sisters that they were ashamed of her for being so selfish as to cry for herself when all were in so much trouble about papa.

Lady Merrifield caught some of the last words. ‘No, my dear,’ she said. ‘That is not quite just or kind. It is being unhappy that makes poor Val so ready to cry about her own grievances. Only, Val, come here, and remember that fretting is not the way to meet such things. There is a better way, my child, and I think you know what I mean. Now, to help you through the time in an outer way, suppose you each set yourself some one thing to improve in while I am away. Don’t tell me what it is, but let me find out when I come home.’ With that she obeyed an urgent summons to speak to the gardener.

‘I shall! I shall,’ cried little Primrose, ‘write a whole copy-book in single lines! And won’t mamma be pleased! What shall you do, Fergus? and Val? and Mysie?’

‘I shall get to spin my peg-top so as it will *never* tumble down, and will turn an engine for drawing water,’ was the prompt answer of Fergus.

‘What nonsense,’ said Val, ‘you’d better settle to get your long division sums right.’

‘That’s girl’s stuff,’ replied Fergus, ‘you’d better settle to leave off crying for nothing.’

‘That you had!’ said several voices, and Val very nearly cried again, as she exclaimed: ‘Don’t be all so tiresome. I shall make mamma a beautiful crewel cushion, with all the battles in history on it. And won’t she be surprised?’

‘I think mamma meant more than that,’ said Mysie.

‘Oh, Mysie, what shall you do?’ asked Primrose.

‘I did think of getting to translate one of mamma’s favourite German stories quite through to her without wanting the dictionary or stumbling one bit,’ said Mysie; ‘but I am sure she meant something better and better, and I’m thinking what it is—Perhaps it is making

all little Flossy Macklin's clothes, a whole suit all oneself—Or perhaps it is manners. What do you think, Gill?’

‘I should say most likely it was manners for you,’ volunteered Harry, ‘and the extra you are most likely to acquire at Rotherwood.’

‘I'm so glad,’ said Mysie.

‘And you, Gill,’ inquired Primrose, ‘what will you do? Mine is a copy-book, and Fergus's is the spinning top, engines, and rule of three; and Val's is a crewel battle cushion and not crying; and Mysie's is German stories and manners; and what's yours, Gill?’

‘Gill is so grown up, she is too good to want an inside thing,’ announced Primrose.

‘Oh, Prim, you dear little thing,’ cried both elder brother and sister, as they thought with a sort of pang of the child's opinion of grown up impeccability.

‘Harry is grown up, more,’ put in Fergus; ‘why don't you ask him?’

‘Because I know,’ said Primrose, with a pretty shyness, and as they pressed her, she whispered, ‘He is going to be a clergyman.’

There was a call for Mysie and Val from upstairs, and as the younger population scampered off, Gillian said to her brother—

‘Is not it like “occupy till I come”?’

‘So I was thinking,’ said Harry, gravely. ‘But one must be as young as Mysie to throw one's “inside things” into the general stock of resolutions.’

‘Yes,’ said Gillian, with uplifted eyes. ‘I do—I do hope to do something.’

Some great thing was her unspoken thought—some great and excellent achievement to be laid before her mother on her return. There was a tale begun in imitation of Bessie Merrifield, called ‘Hilda's Experiences.’ Suppose that was finished, printed, published, splendidly reviewed. Would not that be a great thing? But alas, she was under a tacit engagement never to touch it in the hours of study.

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

[BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS DOWNRIGHT.

'No more rides for poor me!' murmured Katharine almost before she was awake the next morning. She lay and pitied herself a good deal, and then turned her attention to the question, how was she to make the General aware of her determination. Now when Katharine's wits were set to work by her affections, she often displayed tact and discretion; but in this instance she had no such guide. She liked the General well enough, and was grateful to him; but Eleanore's disclosures had lowered him in her estimation, and she even felt a little angry with him, which was unreasonable of her. Eleanore, she thought, must like him, though she would not confess to it—and it was a shame for him to pay her attentions and then desert her, just because a new face came in his way. At his age he ought to know better!

'I suppose he is about sixty—maybe only fifty-five,' mused Katharine, 'and she must be nearly thirty-five—that is only twenty years difference after all. And he is very pleasant, with his courteous, deferential ways—horrid old hypocrite! I'll just write and tell him I can't ride to-day. And I should like to say won't!' As soon as she was dressed, she sat down and indited the following laconic epistle—

'DEAR GENERAL FALCONER,—Do not call for me to-day, if you please. I think I shall take a long walk with Miss Charteris.

'Yours,

'KATHARINE THOROLD.'

With this note in her hand she descended to the dining-room. Here she found Mrs. Craven and her two daughters, Aunt Florence, and Lettice. Eleanore did not intend to appear, and sent word that she had a headache. The truth was that she wished to be absent when Katharine declined to go out riding—not knowing how that outspoken maiden would manage it. 'If she even looked at me,' thought Eleanore, 'it would be enough for Marcia.'

'Aunt Florence, can you send this note to General Falconer?' began poor 'Miss Downright,' as Mr. Hooker sometimes called her. Aunt Florence was tremendously fluttered.

'A note, my dear? Oh, Katharine, my love—a note—now is it—do

you think, dear—you'll see him at twelve, you know—and a note at ten !'

'It is to stop his coming,' said Katharine ; 'I am not going to ride.

Marcia pricked up her ears—Beatrice stared. In fact, every one was moved, and a dead silence followed Katharine's words. Then Mrs. Craven, after a mute consultation with Marcia, said—

'What is your reason for not going, Katharine?'

Katharine looked annoyed, and after a pause, answered drily—

'I said in my note that I meant to ask Miss Charteris to take a long walk with me.'

More intelligent looks between Marcia and her mother. They longed to know more, but were afraid to ask, so little encouraging was Katharine's manner. It is a curious fact that a fool is sometimes very useful in cases of this kind. Marcia did not dare to speak, Mrs. Craven was afraid to ask a second point-blank question, poor Aunt Florence was in an agony of curiosity, when Beatrice, still staring with big lack-lustre eyes, helped them all greatly by saying—

'If you refuse to go without a good excuse, he won't ask you again, you'll find.'

'And a very good thing, too,' said Katharine, rather hotly.

'Katharine, what do you mean?' cried Aunt Florence.

'Well, I ought not to have said that,' answered Katharine ; 'but the truth is'—oh, how Eleanore would have trembled had she been present!—'that I am now aware that some people think that General Falconer might fancy that I understood him to be paying me attentions. I don't think he is; but it is as well to be on the safe side.'

'Who told you so?' said Marcia, her curiosity getting the better of her prudence. But Katharine was prepared for this question and answered—

'You were the first person to make me aware that any one could think such a thing. But you all think it, don't you?'

'I consider that you have hardly any right to draw back,' said Mrs. Craven. 'It has been so perfectly evident.'

'Well—not so perfectly, for until Marcia laughed at me yesterday I never imagined that any one could dream of it.'

'I will send your note at once, my dear,' said Aunt Florence, briskly. 'Just ring the bell, dear.'

Katharine, turning round to obey, became aware that Theodore was in the room—he was not far from her, in fact; but she never suspected that he had not entered that moment. He shook hands with her, rang the bell, and then said cheerfully—

'Aunt Florence, we are not to wait for Clare—she is not well to-day. She has a terrible headache. Lettice, she wishes you to take her a cup of tea and a little bit of toast.'

'Dear me! Clare not well! So very unusual! There must be thunder in the air, for my poor Eleanore has a headache too. Smiles,

send this note, if you please; the messenger need not wait for an answer.'

Theodore sat down in his usual place, and made a very good breakfast. In fact, he was so cheerful, that Katharine thought his sister's absence agreed with him, and then blamed herself for thinking so.

'Lettice, do you feel inclined for a long walk to-day?' said Katharine, when breakfast was nearly over.

'Oh, yes—but—Clare may want me.'

'Clare will want nothing to-day,' Theodore said, 'except to lie quiet. I will explain to her. But I was going to ask Miss Thorold to be my companion in a drive this morning. None of these ladies can drive, and Clare will not be able to do so to-day, nor indeed to come out at all. You can drive, I am sure; will it be a trouble to you?'

'None; I am glad to be of use. When do you mean to go?'

'At twelve, if it suits you.'

'Quite. Lettice and I can walk after luncheon.'

'Then that is settled. And if you will not think me very unreasonable, could you come to the studio for a short time—say at eleven?'

'I can come, certainly,' she answered, not very readily.

'Thank you; you are very kind,' said Theodore, warmly; and he left the room, saying, 'I must go now and see after my poor Clare.'

When the double door at the end of the passage was heard to shut, Marcia broke into a laugh. Mrs. Craven turned on her somewhat sharply, and told her to stop, but Marcia laughed on.

'I cannot help it!' she said. 'That last touch about seeing after his poor Clare finished me. When the cat's away the mice may play!'

'What do you mean?' asked Katharine, getting very red.

'Oh, nothing! Play away, my dear mouse; play and enjoy yourself!'

Katharine looked at her gravely.

'I suppose,' said she, 'you will be saying by-and-by that—— It is *too* ridiculous. Why should you look out for hidden meanings when everything is as plain as daylight? I suppose my best way is not to mind you. It is detestable to be so watched and discussed.'

'Don't lose your temper, my good cousin,' said Marcia, coolly. 'Your language is somewhat too plain for polite society. No one grudges either you or poor dear Theodore a little diversion, and no one is at all alarmed for the result. Now let us talk of something else.'

Katharine got up and left the room, Lettice following her.

'Marcia, *are* you mad?' enquired Mrs. Craven, tragically.

'Not at all, mamma. It was the best thing to do, under the circumstances. Beatrice, don't be a fool. What is there to cry about?'

'I shall cry if I like,' said Beatrice. 'I hate Katharine Thorold!'

'You have no reason to hate her,' said Marcia; 'all will go well if you only keep quiet. Clare does not often have a headache.'

All this time poor Aunt Florence was sitting very still, longing to escape before the Cravens had time to join their forces to demolish her, but not daring to move. But her time was come now!

'May I ask, Florence, did you ask Katharine to write that note to the General?'

'No, indeed, Henrietta; believe me, I did not. I did say once, to Eleanore—that a hint, you know—but she is so proud, my poor child. She said she would never speak to me again if I did it!'

'I surely believe you contrived it somehow,' said Mrs. Craven. 'Knowing as you did how very desirable it was to keep this girl—whom *you* insisted on bringing here—out of Theodore's way, I must say——'

'I did *not* do it, Henrietta. I have told you plainly that I would, if I could, but I did not dare, when Eleanore was so annoyed. Eleanore is more to me than—any one else, and you know it.'

Here Marcia thought it better to end this scene, so she said—

'Of course, Aunt Florence. It may appear rather unfair, because you know Clare's wishes, and you are under obligations to her; but of course you think more of Eleanore. Come, mamma, let us go. There is no use in saying another word.'

'And I did *not* do it,' persisted Florence, seizing her keys and making her escape.

'I suppose I was rude,' said Katharine to Lettice, when they had both safely reached the upper corridor. 'If you think so, Lettice, I'll beg Marcia's pardon.'

'You were angry,' said Lettice, 'but I think you had a good right to be so. I hope you won't beg any one's pardon. Perhaps it will stop that kind of talk; and oh, how I do hate it. Are you going to write, Katharine?'

'Just a bit of my letter to Maurice. I write a little bit nearly every day.'

Lettice sat down and watched the progress of the pen. Katharine presently glanced at her and said—

'What are you meditating about? You look so solemn and so puzzled. Have you any message for Maurice?' she added, laughing.

To her great surprise, Lettice answered—

'I wish I could send him a message. I was thinking of the day he was here, and of an awkward thing I did. I wish so much he could understand.'

'Tell me what happened, and I'll tell you what Maurice thinks,' said Katharine.

Lettice looked doubtful, but at last she said—

'After you went to bed that evening, Clare sent me to call Theodore and Mr. Thorold to tea—they were still in the dining-room, and she thought Theodore was overtiring himself. I did not like to

go. I am too old for that kind of thing now—but to Clare I am only a child; she does not remember that I am grown up. I saw, or fancied, that Mr. Thorold was surprised, but when he was saying good-night he shook hands with me so kindly, as if to make up for having looked surprised—and I looked at him—oh, Katharine, I did so long to say, “I did not go of my own accord,” and I had no idea I was doing anything odd. But Eleanore and Marcia saw it, and they made fun of it—of me, I mean—saying I had “made eyes” at him. Oh, I may well hate that kind of talk, for it has made me miserable and awkward.’

‘It is very unkind.’

‘They don’t mean it unkindly, I think. They don’t mind that kind of joking themselves; but oh! I do hate it. I would never grumble at being treated as a child when I am just nineteen, if they would treat me as a child in that matter too.’

‘It is hard, Lettice; but as to Maurice, don’t think of it again. He liked you; the next morning he spoke to me, and said I should make a friend of you, for that you and I would be a pleasure to each other.’

‘Oh, did he really?’ the girl said, brightening and blushing with pleasure. ‘I am so glad. Then he understood.’

‘I think he did. And I will take care that he does, at all events.’

‘But mind you explain that they really forgot that I am not a child. I am small, you see, and I’ve been with them all my life—it is very natural that it should be so. But tell me, Katharine, will you really walk with me? What I mean is—I am very—you know the others won’t let me go with them, because they say I am not fit to be seen.’

‘Such nonsense! Be ready after luncheon, and we’ll begin our walks; I hope we shall have a great many of them. Now I must go, for I want to speak to Eleanore on my way down. I suppose I had better get ready for driving before I go.’

She dressed herself accordingly, and went down to the room which Eleanore and Florence occupied together. Here she found Eleanore sitting up in bed, reading a novel, and looking particularly well and bright.

‘Why did you not knock at the door?’ said she, laughing.

‘Did I not? I beg your pardon, but I expected to find you lying down, and with a bad headache—which you don’t seem to have. It got better after breakfast, I suppose?’

‘Oh, much! I don’t mind you, Katharine; but shut the door, for I don’t want to be found out by Marcia, and one never knows when she may appear.’

‘Found out! I suppose you mean by that that you had no headache at all?’

‘Oh, yes, I had—a politic headache; and I dare say you can guess why.’

‘No, I cannot,’ Katharine answered, bluntly; ‘and I don’t want to be told. I wonder is all the world like this! One thing before people’s faces, quite different the moment the door shuts, caring not one pin whether what you say is true or not! Oh, I feel as if I had got into a spider’s web!’

‘Don’t be cross, Katharine, but sit down and tell me how things went. Florence came to tell me that you had written to the General; and you must have managed very well, for even she thought that you had taken up some hint of Marcia’s.’

‘You may be sure that whatever I said, it was the simple truth,’ said Katharine. ‘Yes, I wrote. Good-bye; I may as well go now.’

She took her departure, and Eleanore, after a short interval of uneasy thought, went back to her novel.

The swing-doors opened easily to admit Katharine to the south rooms for the second time since her arrival at Southerton. There was no one in the library, and she passed on to the studio. There she found Theodore, standing before an easel.

‘This is very kind, Miss Thorold. I told you before that I want to put you into a picture as Edith of Lorne, and I have been sketching in your figure—only a single figure—just as a study. But I cannot catch the expression. Would you mind taking off your bonnet? Is it too troublesome?’

‘Not a bit,’ she answered; and to any one who knew her, the tone of her voice would have betrayed that she was annoyed. Theodore had not known her long, yet he felt the tone, and when she had removed her bonnet he looked at her earnestly.

‘Miss Thorold, something has vexed you. I am very sorry. Tell me what it is; and if I can set it right, you may rely on me to do so.’

Katharine laughed, but rather sadly.

‘I suspect,’ said she, ‘that it is partly that I am wrong myself. Never mind me, Mr. St. Aubyn. I have a hot temper, and just now I seem to go about saying rude things, and begging pardon for them.’

‘You have not told me who has vexed you.’

‘I cannot tell you; it would not be right. You know I am like a fish out of water here. I have lived a very primitive kind of life; perhaps by-and-by I may not mind these things. But I hope—oh, I do hope I shall never learn to value simple truth and honour less than I do now! I should be ashamed to look Maurice in the face again.’

She brushed her hand hastily over her eyes, and then said—

‘Don’t mind what I am saying; I have been annoyed, and am making too much of it. But you will say nothing; please do not, even to me. Let me see the painting before you begin.’

She walked to the easel, and beheld a really spirited sketch of herself in her riding-habit, holding her hat in her hand. There were plenty of faults—the hand that held the hat looked like a wooden glove-stretcher; but she was no critic, and the general effect was really good.

‘Oh!’ said she, ‘that is like me, I think; only I never look as good as that.’

‘No; I have not caught the expression,’ said Theodore.

Katharine laughed, and looked delighted.

‘That was like one of my unlucky speeches,’ said she. ‘You ought to have said it didn’t look half good enough; then you could say to your sister by-and-by, “Have I made her look shrewish enough, do you think?”’

‘You don’t look shrewish. Is that the kind of thing that vexes you?’

She went back to the position he had pointed out to her without answering.

‘I can hold my bonnet, and you must fancy it is my hat,’ said she. ‘When you have painted your picture, will you give me that, to send to Maurice?’

‘I will make a finished copy of it for him,’ Theodore said, setting to work in good earnest.

He painted away eagerly for nearly an hour, then, standing back from the easel, he looked once or twice from the picture to the original, and the eager look died out of his face.

‘Failed again!’ he said. ‘Don’t move for one moment.’

And when she did move, and came to look at the painting, the face was gone—painted out with a coat of white.

‘Oh! why did you do that?’

‘It was a failure. Ever since you came to see my paintings that day, I have done nothing but fail; or rather, I have always failed, but now I am aware of it.’

‘That is the first step towards success,’ Katharine said. ‘I’ll come as often as you like—and you’ll succeed at last. Why don’t you get some lessons? It seems to me that you want to be put in the right way. My cousin’—a sudden hot blush covered her face for a moment, but Theodore was gazing sadly at his picture and did not notice it—‘Miles Addison, who draws very well, I believe, did not seem to me to go to work as you do. But then I really know nothing about it.’

‘Lessons! I wonder how I could manage it? You see there are so many days that I could not do anything, and the only way in which I could get really good lessons would be by having my master staying in the house. Yet I should like to know for certain whether I shall ever succeed or not.’

‘What do you mean by succeeding? You don’t need a profession?’

‘I am not too rich, you know; but it is not that. I should like to know if I shall ever really paint well. If not, I shall give it up. I see no pleasure in multiplying daubs.’

‘Surely you could easily find out the name of some young artists, and get one to come here for a few weeks. He would soon tell you.’

‘Yes; but Clare will think that I am going to kill myself,’ he said, with a queer short laugh.

‘I think it would do you a great deal of good,’ said Katharine, stoutly; ‘and at all events it could not kill you to try. There is twelve striking. Mr. St. Aubyn, may I get Lettice to come with us?’

‘Certainly, if you wish it. I will meet you in the hall in five minutes.’

Katharine flew upstairs and made Lettice put on her queer poke bonnet, saying, ‘Marcia shall have no reason to talk this time, I am determined.’ They soon drove off—the ponies wondering who on earth had got hold of the reins. Ah, it was very different, that drive, from one of Clare’s solemn progresses. They trotted gaily along, Theodore quite forgetting to be shaken to death by the rapid movement. Katharine got into spirits, and Theodore, to the surprise of Lettice, did the same. They talked and laughed, and stopped to gather woodbine, and they brought the ponies home in a terrible heat, while their master had a colour in his cheek and a light in his eye that made him look quite a different man. And upon the steps of the Priory they encountered General Falconer, who was just leaving the house. The General was looking decidedly vexed, too; but he brightened up on seeing the occupants of the pony carriage. He came forward, and helped Lettice to alight—this was no sinecure, as the girl, being shortsighted, had a perfect talent for tumbling rather than jumping out of that phaeton. Then Theodore alighted, and then the servant came and took the reins from Katharine, grinning as he looked at the ponies. Katharine had to get out now, although she did not in the least know what to say to the General, and sincerely wished herself a mile off. From long habit, Theodore went in at once, then turned, and seeing the General helping Katharine to gather up her flowers, wished he had waited.

‘So, Miss Thorold!’ said the old soldier, slyly, ‘this is the way you walk with Miss Charteris!’

‘We are going after luncheon. Miss St. Aubyn is not well to-day, and Mr. St. Aubyn asked me to drive his ponies.’

‘I may bring Kate Kearney to-morrow, I hope?’

‘No, thank you. Do not think about taking me any more, please. I cannot go.’

He looked puzzled, and she rather abruptly ran up the steps; but looking back she saw him gazing after her with a somewhat hurt expression on his handsome, kind old face. Acting on a sudden impulse, she went back to him.

‘Don’t think me ungrateful,’ she said; ‘I have enjoyed my rides greatly. But—to be quite frank with you, people have said things about my riding with you which are quite absurd, but very unpleasant to me. I know very well you only want to be kind to a girl who seemed somewhat sad and lonely; but unless I were really your niece or your daughter, people would talk. So I must ride no

more; but I am not ungrateful, only I think such talk would make us both ridiculous.'

Her voice was low, and her face burned painfully, but she got it all out, and then disappeared with great rapidity, passing Theodore in the hall without a word.

'I hope that will do,' she muttered, as she sped up one flight of stairs after another. 'He must understand now. Oh, I hope I have said nothing that I ought not; but he was very kind, and I could not let him think that I was only capricious.'

The lunch-bell rang before her cheeks were quite cool again. She and Lettice went down together, a little late, so that the rest of the party was assembled. Clare was not there, nor Eleanore, but Theodore was, and declared himself very hungry.

'And, Miss Thorold,' said he, 'you very dishonestly ran off with all the woodbine, though you promised me some of it. I earned it too—which makes your conduct even more unjustifiable.'

'How did you earn it?' asked Mrs. Craven, graciously. Marcia had been schooling her as to her manner, for she had at first intended to be very frozen to Theodore when he returned from his drive.

'We debated for some time as to which of my companions should get out to gather it. Lettice was willing, but Miss Thorold said she was not tall enough to reach it. Then Lettice offered to hold the ponies, and Miss Thorold said they would certainly run away—finally they both went, leaving me to hold the ponies.'

'And he didn't seem at all the worse of it,' said Katharine, gravely; but something in her voice made Theodore redden. Mrs. Craven stole a look at her daughter, for this speech had revealed the hitherto unsuspected presence of Lettice.

'So you took Lettice with you?' said she.

'Oh, yes,' said Katharine. 'I could not go unprotected, you know.'

Miss Thorold was decidedly thorny—Mrs. Craven bridled—Marcia looked amused. Theodore, poor fellow, was both puzzled and nervous; but also persevering, as his next words proved.

'Am I really to have no woodbine?' and he looked rather comically in Katharine's face.

'Oh, yes, you shall. Everybody shall have some. I will run up for it.'

She went for it, and during her absence Mrs. Craven remarked experimentally—

'Katharine has such good spirits!'

'And a bit of a temper,' added Marcia.

'I think her delightful,' said Theodore, manfully. 'She seems so full of life and activity.'

Again looks were exchanged—and again Beatrice distinguished herself by saying what they would gladly, but dared not, say. Beatrice pouted and hunched up one shoulder, saying—

'Clare dislikes her.'

'I hope you are mistaken,' said Theodore, gravely; and then Katharine came in with an armful of woodbine. This was divided among them all, Marcia making herself very pleasant, Beatrice glowering in silence. But when the three Cravens were alone again, Marcia positively danced with glee and mischief.

'Don't look shocked, mamma, it is really too amusing. Our dear Clare has a troubled time before her—this headache was very unlucky for her. The fun of it is, that Katharine will simply box his ears—she evidently thinks him a Molly Coddle; and besides, she is an honest creature, and I have taken care that she knows what is planned for him. Oh, I foresee a great deal of amusement for this frequently-bored little woman, Marcia Craven!'

Beatrice burst into tears.

'But I won't have it!' she sobbed out. 'I won't have him running after Katharine; he wouldn't, if he really liked me! and you all said he did.'

Marcia stopped dancing, and gazed at her younger sister fixedly. She had so convinced herself that Beatrice was a complete nonentity, that to find her asserting herself was quite a surprise. Both Mrs. Craven and her daughter had a good deal of trouble before they could quiet the rebel, and then she only promised to keep quiet for awhile, to see whether it was not all a mistake. Marcia privately advised her mother to give Clare a hint as soon as possible.

CHAPTER IX.

MILES ADDISON.

THE General reappeared at the Priory the very next day, to invite the whole party to spend an evening with him. This at least was the modest way in which he worded the invitation; but it soon appeared that his two sons, Henry and Frank, were to be at home with him for a few days, both to say good-bye. The elder was going to India with his battery, the younger to join his regiment in Canada.

'My eldest and my youngest,' said the General, sadly, 'and all six are scattered now. I promised Frank this dance, and I hope you'll all come. I think my two drawing-rooms will make a good dancing-room, if we take the folding doors off their hinges. What say you, Miss Craven?'

'That dances are such rare delights here, that I'll dance in your kitchen if you like, General Falconer. Oh, how we shall enjoy it. But what music can you get, by the way?'

'I must trust to my lady friends to play for me,' he said. 'There is no getting professionals in this remote place. I hope you will all come. Miss Thorold is not here, but will you tell her, or shall I write?'

‘Miss Thorold is in the studio with Mr. St. Aubyn,’ said Aunt Florence, briskly. She took care not to meet Mrs. Craven’s eye, however.

‘I hope Miss St. Aubyn’s headache is quite gone?’ asked the General, politely.

‘Oh, quite!’ said Marcia. ‘She is in the studio too.’

Yes, Katharine was indeed in the studio again, and the following scene was being enacted. I must premise that Clare had appeared at the breakfast table, looking very pale—*her* headache had been real enough. When the meal was over, Theodore rose, saying—

‘Can I have a sitting to-day, Miss Thorold?’

‘If you like. When shall I come?’

‘There is no time like the present,’ said he. ‘Come now, if you have nothing better to do.’

He opened the door, and Katharine passed out. Then he looked back at Clare, saying—

‘Come, Clare, I want to get a good morning’s work.’

Clare visibly hesitated; but finally she followed her brother, and the three sought the studio together.

‘Why, you’ve painted out the face!’ she exclaimed.

‘Yes; after working hard at it for an hour. Miss Thorold kindly gave me a sitting—a little to the right, Miss Thorold—that’s it, exactly. Now I am going to do better, I hope.’

Clare went for her work and placed herself where she could see both painter and sitter. An hour passed with hardly a word spoken. Then Theodore laid down his brush, saying—

‘There! I can do no better—and it is very bad.’

‘May I come and look?’ said Katharine.

‘Yes; come too, Clare. It is like, I think; but there is no life in it.’

‘Why, Theodore, you have grown strangely discontented! I think this is one of the best single figures you have done.’

‘Yes; so it is. But the fact is, Clare, Miss Thorold is quite right when she says that I want lessons. I don’t *know* anything—I am only dabbling away, trying experiments. I mean to ask you, dear, to write to Mr. Fossman and ask him to find some young artist who would come down here for a few weeks—just to put me in the right way.’

‘This being also Miss Thorold’s idea?’ said Clara, icily.

‘Yes; write this evening, like a dear kind sister, as you always are.’

Clare looked down, remaining silent long enough to make both her companions feel awkward. Then she suddenly said, quite pleasantly—

‘It is a good idea. I will write at once, on one condition. If you find that you are not so well—that you cannot stand it—you will give it up.’

‘Yes; but I shall in that case give up painting altogether. Now,

Miss Thorold, will you complete your kindness by coming into the library and singing "Robin Hood" for me? It haunts me. Do you think me very troublesome?' he added, gently, as they went into the other room.

'No; I am glad to be asked to do things for people. The days are so strange with nothing to do for any one.'

She sat down and sang "Robin Hood" and one or two other things; in the midst of one the swing-doors opened softly and Lettice came in. She waited till the song was over, and then said—

'Katharine, General Falconer is here, and he has asked everybody to a party—a dance, at his house, next Thursday. He was going to write to you, but Marcia said I had better come and tell you. His two sons are coming home.'

'Two of his sons, Lettice,' said Clare; 'pray try to express yourself clearly.'

'Yes, Clare. Two of his sons.'

Katharine sat at the piano with her back to the rest, trying to make up her mind as to her answer.

'What had I better say? I don't know how to dance. Must I go, Miss St. Aubyn?'

'Why should you not go?' said Clare, serenely. 'You need not dance—every one cannot, you know.'

And Theodore said, with a half smile—

'You had better go, Miss Thorold. It would be almost rude to refuse without a good excuse, and I will take care of you. I do not dance either.'

'You, Theodore,' exclaimed Clare, quite thrown off her balance by this declaration. 'Why, you never went to a dance in your life! It would be simple madness!'

'I feel so much better, Clare; and I should like to see a dance—it must be a pretty sight. I can come away if I get tired. Come, let us go to the drawing-room, and give the General his answer.'

The matter was soon settled between the two gentlemen, and the General departed, coming back from the door to say that he hoped Miss Charteris would come with the rest. Poor Lettice! she crimsoned and gasped and looked to Clare—but Clare did not speak, so she said, 'Thank you, you are very kind,' and the General once more said good-bye. The young ladies were all busy preparing for the party. Katharine trimmed up her black silk with some lovely old lace she had among her treasures, and invested a few shillings in pale blue satin ribbon, which she made into bows, wearing the same colour in her sunny hair. This was soon done, and then she and Lettice worked hard to make one of the girl's muslin frocks presentable for the occasion. Eleanore, too, claimed her help in making up a pretty pink gauze—in fact, Katharine had quite enough to do, and was hardly seen downstairs except at meals.

The important evening came. The General's house was so near the Priory that the whole party intended to walk, with (of course) the exception of Clare and Theodore, who were to drive over in the pony carriage. Clare was dressed in black velvet, and looked, as usual, queenly. Theodore looked (Marcia fancied) a little sulky, as if he had been talked to about the party until all idea of pleasure was destroyed, and he only went because he would not submit—and Marcia was quite right. Eleanore looked well, and so did Marcia. Beatrice had chosen to array herself in plain limp white muslin, in which she looked long and ungainly. Mrs. Craven had a cap which was a marvel of beauty. She always said that if a woman of her age had a nice cap, the rest of her dress did not matter, and it must be said that she acted on her principle. Aunt Florence had begged to be excused, and Lettice was not to be seen. Theodore, who was looking at all the gay dresses with considerable admiration, presently missed her.

'Where is Lettice?' said he. 'I don't see her.'

'Lettice is not going,' said Clare, serenely. 'She is not out, and this is quite a party.'

'But General Falconer asked her particularly, Clare—and nothing was said then.'

'No,' said Katharine, whose eyes were looking rather dangerous; 'nor was anything said until this evening when we were all dressing. It is a great disappointment to her.'

'Clare, send for her; surely she might go this one evening. It seems so lonely for her to be left behind.'

But Clare, whose temper had suffered severely from her failure in keeping her brother at home, was determined to show her authority in this matter.

'My dear boy,' she said, 'you really must allow me to know what is best in this matter. Lettice has no dress fit for a party like this; she is a mere child. Let us go on; I am ready.'

She opened the porch door and walked out. Theodore hesitated a moment, glancing at Katharine's indignant face; but he must have felt that it was better not to make a scene, for he turned to Mrs. Craven, saying—

'We can give you a seat, if you like,' and in five minutes they were all on their way, Katharine and Eleanore walking together. Eleanore looked over her shoulder to see that the two Cravens were at a safe distance, and then said, vindictively—

'I should like to choke Clare!'

'It is too bad,' Katharine burst forth, her colour rising. 'I took care she should know. I spoke before her of our difficulty in making that hateful and skimpy dress look nice—and it does look so nice now—and to wait until we were all nearly dressed. Lettice never complains, but it is very hard, for you know she is nineteen.'

'Well done,' said Eleanore, laughing, 'your tongue is unloosed at last. I thought you had scruples about abusing——'

‘You cannot say that I concealed my opinion in her presence,’ said Katharine.

‘No, truly! I wonder she didn’t wither up under your fiery glances. She did it to spite you—she lays Theodore’s rebellion to your door. But listen to me now, niece Katharine, keep fair with her. Give her no excuse for making the Priory too hot to hold you, unless you wish to leave it. Nothing would please her better. Now I’m going to tell you a secret, because I know it will please you. The other day Clare gave Florence a packet of papers to search for some receipt, a bill having been sent in which Florence knew was paid. And among these old bills there were some letters—Florence could not read them, she is such an honourable little dear—but she told me that to the best of her belief they were about some money in the funds, belonging to Lettice. I should be really glad to know that the poor girl is not really dependent on Clare.

‘So should I,’ Katharine answered.

In the phaeton, silence reigned until the General’s gate was reached. Here Theodore observed quietly—

‘Clare, I have been thinking about Lettice; and do you know she was nineteen last birthday?’

‘Impossible, my dear. I beg of you to leave Lettice to me; I know better how to act for her than you do, believe me.’

‘She is really nineteen,’ said Theodore again. And then the house was reached, and they found themselves the first arrivals.

The fashion for country dances had not quite died out in quiet country places in those days, and as soon as a sufficient number of young people had arrived, the General got up a set to dance ‘Haste to the Wedding,’ which Mrs. Freeman declared herself ready to play. Frank Falconer, an impressionable youth, who was always falling in love with a new face, was dreadfully hurt because Katharine would not stand up with him.

‘I never danced in all my life,’ she said, laughing; ‘your father knows that, I told him so. There is Miss Beatrice Craven not engaged yet—see.’

Frank hurried away to do his duty; muttering something about ‘an eel in white muslin,’ by which he probably meant to describe poor Beatrice.

‘Come,’ said Theodore, when Frank was disposed of, ‘come and sit down, Miss Thorold; here is a seat from which you can see the dancing.’

Clare was already seated, leaning back in a high-backed chair, and looking like a queen, whose servants were about to dance for her amusement. She saw her brother and his companion, and knew as well as he did that for the chance of this conversation with Katharine he had come to the party. But, poor fellow, he was destined to disappointment. Mrs. Freeman played so vilely that Katharine could think of nothing else! First she played the jolly old tune as if it

were a funeral march, but correctly, though feebly—her fingers seemed to have no bones in them. But a hurried deputation from the dancers having begged her to play faster, her efforts were really pitiful; she plunged and scattered over the piano, and beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Dancing was almost impossible.

Perhaps I ought to explain that the figure is gone through once for each couple that stands up, and the tune has to be played twice through for each figure. Before three couples were disposed of, Mrs. Freeman was well-nigh exhausted; so was the patience of the unlucky dancers. In the very midst of something that Theodore was saying about the brilliant effect of so many and various coloured dresses, Katharine said—

‘I can bear it no longer!’ And next moment she was standing beside Mrs. Freeman.

‘You look very tired; would you like me to play instead of you?’

Mrs. Freeman gasped assent. Katharine began to play the air high up in the treble, saying—

‘If you will let me sit down, I’ll do very well now.’

Mrs. Freeman bundled out of the seat with a sigh of relief, and the dancers looked round in amazement as the two chords which form a grand feature in the air, came down, pat, pat, right, and in right time for the first time that night. After this the young people could show off their steps. But Theodore had not much chance for conversation, for Katharine was well contented to remain at the piano, and the dancers were more than contented to have her there. She considered herself safely out of the General’s way, but had she only known it, Fate had brought her an ally in Frank Falconer, whose boyish admiration for her awoke his father to the wide disparity of their years. It was not wonderful that, when Clare somewhat drily asked Theodore if he wished to stay any longer, he somewhat sulkily replied that he was ready to go home; and home they went accordingly.

Supper was announced at twelve o’clock, and the General having duly escorted Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Craven to the supper-room, returned to see after Katharine, who had been playing up to the last moment. He met Marcia Craven and her partner—a tall, handsome young man, clerk in the branch bank which had just been opened in Southerton.

‘Who is with Miss Thorold?’ asked the General.

‘Frank has taken possession of her,’ said Marcia. The General passed on, and she looked at her partner in surprise; for he had started, and was very pale.

‘I fear you are not well!’ said she.

‘Thorold—did he say Thorold? It is a northern name,’ he answered, hurriedly.

‘It is; my cousin is from Yorkshire. Her brother is—or was, Mr. Thorold of Kirklands. Do you know them?’

For a moment he looked thoroughly frightened; but recovering his self-command, he answered—

‘Yes; I had no idea she was here. I claim a kind of relationship to the Thorolds, for my mother married their uncle. We—we were brought up together, Maurice Thorold and I.’

Still, he made no attempt to approach Katharine, and there was something strange in his manner. Marcia, intensely curious, was determined to see how these two would meet, and very cleverly contrived to delay until Katharine and the General were near them. Then she turned—of course obliging her partner to turn too—and said—

‘Katharine, here is an old friend.’

Katharine crimsoned all over, bowed coldly, and said, ‘I did not know you were in England.’

But she made no pause, and she and her two cavaliers were soon in the supper-room. Miles Addison—for of course this was Miles—looked after her, with a sad expression on his dark handsome face—not all affected, perhaps.

‘Miss Craven, I expected that. I should have asked you to let me defer my meeting with Katharine until I had ascertained her feeling on the subject; but there was no time now; however, you must allow me to explain. My affairs were mixed up with poor Thorold’s, and I was ruined at the same time. I have but too good reason to know that Katharine blames me. She thinks I led Maurice into—into mischief. Of course she believes what he told her. I always knew that she loved him better than anything else in the world. I must see her, for if she wishes it I shall leave Southerton. May I trust that you will say nothing of all this, Miss Craven?’

‘Certainly; but can I give Miss Thorold any message? She lives at the Priory with us.’

‘Your mother, then, was a Miss St. Aubyn? I am glad to know that poor Katharine has found such kind friends in her need. But I had better write to her, thank you.’

But Marcia had half-a-dozen plots in her head already, and was determined not to lose her opportunity. She took him into the General’s study, found paper and pen, and took charge of the note when written—and sealed—for Miles Addison sealed it very carefully before he gave it up to her. He went away at once, and Marcia put the note carefully away, not to be delivered until the next day.

The party was over. The four girls and Mrs. Craven were walking home together, escorted by the two young Falconers and their father. The General walked with Eleanore—so we may hope that she was happy—Katharine with Frank, and Mrs. Craven claimed the assistance of Henry Falconer, leaving her two daughters to walk together. Marcia took the opportunity to scold Beatrice well for ‘moping and sulking,’ and making herself ridiculous; but Beatrice only said, with a suspicious sniff, ‘I didn’t enjoy myself a bit. How could I? I

didn't care for anything. I think I am being very badly used, and you are very unkind.'

'Beatrice, you know very well it is all nonsense.'

'I *don't* know it! Ever since I grew up mamma has told me about it, and I've put up with Clare's airs and graces, and gone driving, and everything, and now he is deserting me for *that* girl!'

'Well, I always did beg mamma not to tell you,' said Marcia, exasperated, 'and she promised me she never would. I never thought—— But look here, Beatrice, if you will *only* not make a show of yourself, I think I can make him put Katharine out of his head, and then you'll be no worse off than before.'

She then proceeded to enlighten Beatrice about Miles Addison, and her own suspicions that Katharine and he had been engaged—and the poor silly girl was somewhat cheered. But, as Marcia presently told her mother, it was a great pity that the plan concerning her and Theodore had ever been mentioned to her; her head was full of it, and she had come to look upon him as in some sort her own property. 'And,' said Marcia, 'it is easier to put a thing *into* her head than to get it out; and if things go wrong, you'll have trouble with poor Bee.'

Breakfast was somewhat late next day, but all were at last assembled. Marcia threw the note across the table to Katharine, saying—

'There! Mr. Miles Addison asked me to give you that, Katharine. *Poor* Mr. Miles Addison! You were very cruel to him last night.'

'What on earth can he have to say to me?' exclaimed Katharine. She took up the note, and put it in her pocket.

'He told me he is related to you,' said Marcia.

'Only connected. His mother married my uncle.'

'In fact, we may slightly alter Shakespeare, and say, "A little less than kin, and more than kind."'

'I don't wish to talk about Miles,' said Katharine, in her direct way. 'The fact is, Maurice and he are not friends.'

'What a dutiful sister!' said Marcia. '*Poor* Mr. Addison!'

'It is not dutifulness,' Katharine answered quickly; 'but when I say that Maurice has given up an old friend, every one who knows Maurice will know that the friend deserved it.'

'What an estimable brother!' Marcia said, with a laugh. 'And of course he could not be mistaken!'

'Who is this gentleman?' enquired Theodore, looking up for the first time that morning.

'Miles Addison—my uncle Robert's stepson. He is here, in Southerton, it seems, and I thought he was abroad.'

'Oh, thank you!' said Theodore. He looked injured, Katharine could not imagine why. She finished her breakfast, and then went to her own room to read her letter.

'What fun!' exclaimed Marcia. 'I never should have imagined

Katharine the heroine of a sad and sentimental story ; but I suspect this very handsome "connection" could tell us one.'

'I am sure they were engaged,' said Beatrice.

'Ah,' said Clare, 'then I dare say they will make it up now. We must ask him here—it would be only kind.'

Theodore looked sulkier than ever. Marcia hastened to get Beatrice away before she could speak again ; she did not want to be driven to say what had really passed between her and Mr. Addison.

Katharine read the note more than once, and then sat down to answer it. She wrote without any regular beginning.

'I have no wish to injure you, but your letter does not deceive me. Maurice is not a severe judge, and he has dealt very leniently with you, or you would not be here now. Not a word of your ill-doing shall pass my lips, if you will simply leave me alone. It is better to be frank, I never loved you, and if I had I should have been cured by your conduct. But I promise not to injure you.

' KATHARINE THOROLD.'

Having sealed and addressed this missive, she ran downstairs to seek a messenger. There was no one in the drawing-room, but seeing Eleanore pacing up and down a distant walk in the garden, Katharine opened the window and ran down the steps ; but to her surprise she heard a voice call her in subdued tones, and saw Theodore at a window in the south rooms.

'Wait one moment,' he said, 'I am coming out.'

She waited, rather unwillingly, and out he came in a moment.

'I was trying to rest,' he said, 'but somehow I feel restless—the air will do me good.'

He walked rather hurriedly, and seemed far more at ease when they were out of sight of the windows of the south rooms.

'Why, you have no bonnet,' said he ; 'are you not afraid of taking cold?'

'In such weather as this?' she said, laughing.

'Well—of the sun, then?'

'Not a bit. The air is pleasant, is it not? I suppose you were very tired last night—you seldom sit up late.'

'I am not tired now ; but Clare thought I was. You see, I have been such a sickly creature, that she does not understand that I am stronger now.'

'I don't wonder,' she said, absently.

'Why? What do you mean?'

'Because you lead such an idle life—so purposeless, you know. And when a man is well and strong he generally wants to be doing something.

'But I am *not* well and strong,' he said, reddening. 'I am stronger—that is all I said.'

'You would soon be strong if you would leave off thinking about

it. I thought I saw Eleanore here, but if so, she has gone in. But I dare say you can tell me, may I send one of the servants with this note?’

‘Certainly; desire Smiles to send it.’ His manner was somewhat aggrieved—no wonder! but the sight of the note cured him like magic; he suddenly stood still to look in her face, and said eagerly—

‘Miss Thorold, I came out here to ask you a question. Marcia Craven and my sister have taken up the idea that—well—that to invite Mr. Addison here will be a kindness to you. This idea is very unwelcome to me. So will you forgive me for asking—is it so?’

Katharine blushed hotly, and felt very angry, only she was not sure whether it was with Marcia or her present companion. She turned upon him, but was met by such an honest, anxious pair of dark eyes, that she decided hastily that Marcia was the person to blame, and answered slowly—

‘It is not so. He wrote to know if I would keep secret the cause of his quarrel with Maurice, and I have written to say that I will.’

‘And—that is all? I am glad I asked! There is not—there never was—anything more? This man is nothing to you?’

But this was going too far. Katharine drew herself up and answered coldly—

‘Mr. St. Aubyn, your first question was unusual, but I saw you meant it kindly, so I answered it. But I think you must know that I cannot allow you to cross-question me.’

Never in his life had Theodore been spoken to in this tone. Clare governed him, but it was by managing him; she never openly crossed his will. He gasped out, ‘Miss Thorold!’ then in a low voice added, ‘I *have* a right to ask.’

‘None whatever,’ said Katharine. ‘But I have a right to refuse to discuss the subject—and I do refuse.’

She walked away to the house, leaving Theodore in a subdued frame of mind. Nevertheless, he astounded Clare that evening by saying, quietly—

‘Clare, do not ask Mr. Addison here. Miss Thorold prefers not to meet him.’

(*To be continued.*)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THREE years had passed since the day when Bessie had caught that brief last glimpse of Russell Verney at the Hornbridge station; three outwardly uneventful years on Hornbridge Green. Other arrangements had been made for the holidays of the little Verneys, who were now at school for the greater part of the year, and now that neither they nor Mrs. Verney required Alda's thoughts and strength, she had taken up literary work, wrote in magazines and weekly journals, and achieved fair success in her line. Russell wrote to her with fair regularity, but at wide intervals; and perhaps the most human interest in her life was now Elys Maynard and her violin, whose daily visit had come to be an amusement Alda could ill have dispensed with.

Elys had grown into a tall girl for twelve years old, and the languor of growth had in some degree toned down the quicksilver of her spirits. A year and a half before this, Denzil had gone to his first school, and she had missed his companionship sorely. Bessie was still her teacher, and a very efficient one; but somehow her company did not seem to satisfy Elys as she grew older, more especially in the pining for young playmates which beset her after Denzil's departure. One summer evening, when she and Bessie were having their tea under the verandah, Elys suddenly said, 'Mother, I wish I might go to school.'

'What, among strangers? All by yourself?' said Bessie, feeling as if she had received a stab.

'Yes. I shouldn't mind. You see it is awfully dull here, with nobody to play with.'

'I don't approve of schools for girls who can be taught at home,' said Bessie, who had the contempt for them common to county young ladies of a past generation, brought up to consider them as only suitable to the middle class; and who, besides, would never have parted with Elys except on compulsion.

'Why shouldn't girls go to school just as much as boys?' said Elys.

'Boys must; girls have to stay with their mothers, and make their homes pleasant,' said Bessie, trying to speak indifferently and easily. 'Think how solitary I should be without you, Elys.'

'Not more solitary than Dr. Enderby without Denzil, and *he* doesn't mind,' was the cheerful and sympathetic reply.

Bessie did not enter into further argument with the child, but she

proposed that the eldest of the little Bruton girls should come to her and share Elys's lessons. This was tried for a time, but it did not answer. Dora Bruton was a shy, dull child, equal to Elys in nothing but age; she could be made to believe anything that any one chose to tell her, and Elys, finding it impossible to get amusement out of her on any legitimate way, was moved by the spirit of mischief to get it in an illegitimate one. Denzil had come home in the previous holidays with his mind full of ghost stories that some imaginative schoolfellow had told at night when they were all in bed; the invention of ghost legends had replaced the invention of allegories, and he and Elys had a whole private series of turnip ghosts, each more gruesome than the last, and each with its own exquisitely horrible legend. Elys introduced Dora Bruton to these ghosts and their histories, and succeeded in frightening the poor child almost out of her wits; and this being discovered at the Vicarage, Mrs. Bruton came down in a state of natural maternal indignation, and put an end to the companionship by taking Dora away.

Elys reverted again to solitary lessons and walks, and the most amusing incident of her day was to her the violin lesson from Miss Hughes. Why, she pondered to herself over and over again, was Miss Hughes so much funnier and more amusing than mother? Mother of course was much prettier than a little deformed person like Miss Hughes, ever so much shorter than Elys herself; but when Miss Hughes talked you knew you would be made to laugh, and when mother talked, there was no laugh anywhere about it.

What Elys, with a child's innocent heartlessness, put down as a deficiency in Bessie, was really the token of a burdened soul, whose burden seemed to grow heavier as the years went on. She had sacrificed everything she possessed for Elys, and if Elys could always have remained the clinging darling of four she might have thought it even now worth while. But Elys was growing away from her—finding her less and less sufficient for happiness; what if the future should take away from her this one joy that she had left herself? The sense of wrong that Bessie had in her possession of Elys acted upon her love as the sense of wrong sometimes does, when a woman breaks the bonds of law for a forbidden affection; it gave her a sense of perpetual insecurity. If Elys had been her own child, there would have been the consciousness that their relation was not grounded in her own will, but in the eternal laws of the universe—that nothing could undo the fact that they were mother and child, and would be so for ever. As it was, Elys had not been given to her, but she herself had snatched at her; and it seemed to her sometimes as if the relation between them was like a tree whose roots were not on the firm ground, but on some artificial island, against which the waves of time came rolling and sweeping in their resistless might, and which at any time she might expect to see swept away into nothingness when the storm rose a little higher than usual. Then too, besides

her misgivings about Elys's love, she had even more agonizing ones about her own for the child; morbid, indeed, but growing naturally out of her own confused and miserable circumstances. When she thought of Russell Verney, of the gift which had been offered her and she had refused—of their two lives, lonely for ever, which might have been one—a sense of irritation against the child sometimes rose in her mind, and that was the worst misery of all. Any check in ourselves towards the flow of our own love is far worse than any check from outside; and Bessie felt that if the time should ever come when she should cease to love Elys, life would be simply intolerable, and death, if it did not come to her, would have to be sought.

One day she had been especially miserable, and it so happened that Dr. Enderby came in about tea-time for a chat. He did not come nearly so often now that Denzil was away; circumstances naturally had their effect upon his visits, and she had not seen him to speak to for almost a month.

'How is Denzil getting on?' she said.

'Very cheerfully, I think. His Sunday letter was full of robber stories which "the fellows" had been telling one another in their bedrooms.'

'He writes to you about everything that interests him?' said Bessie, wondering wistfully whether Elys would do the same in like case.

'To the extent of two sheets of note paper and the time on Sunday afternoons that they are supposed to devote to home letters,' said Dr. Enderby, smiling. 'I don't expect any more at his age.'

There was a little pause, and then Bessie said from her heart, 'What a terrible loss it must be to you—to get nothing but *that* from him, when you used to know all his thoughts as they came—and to feel that he has begun his independent career, and will never be your real home child again.' Bessie's eyes were misty as she spoke, reflecting her own trouble in Dr. Enderby's, so that he could not think her words intrusive.

'Of course,' said he, 'I did miss him terribly at first; so I do now, for the matter of that; the first fortnight after his return to school is always hard work. But then you see I don't think it would make it any easier for me if I had kept him at home, feeling in my conscience that it was better for him to be at school.'

'I suppose not,' said Bessie, assentingly.

'And then, if you think of it,' said Dr. Enderby, 'after all one's own feelings matter very little one way or the other. Denzil is my boy, and I am his father, and we have, I hope, a thoroughly wholesome relation to one another—human and therefore divine; and if we have to spend our lives apart, or a goodish bit of them, don't you think it would be rather graceless to pity ourselves? Most people have to do the same.'

'But most people,' said Bessie, 'are not so solitary as you.'

‘I don’t feel as if I deserved your pity as much as you think,’ he said, with a strange sweet smile on his face, which made Bessie feel more than ever as if he lived in a region, to whose entrance door she did not hold the key. ‘But where is Elys?’

‘She ought to have been back before now—she went to Miss Hughes for her violin lesson,’ said Bessie. ‘I shall have to go and fetch her home after tea.’

And after tea, when Dr. Enderby was gone, Bessie put on her hat and crossed the Green to the Red House. Neighbourhood, and the frequency of Elys’s visits to Alda, had produced by this time familiarity enough for Bessie, finding the front door open, not to ring, but to walk on through the entrance hall to the drawing-room. The door was ajar, and Alda was playing on her violin to Elys, who sat entranced and listening. Bessie entered noiselessly and sat down; but the moment Alda perceived her, a discord crashed through the melody she was playing, and she laid her instrument down with a laugh. ‘I can’t play before critics,’ she said.

‘Oh, mother,’ said Elys, in a tone of deep disappointment, ‘why did you come in before she had finished? Do finish it, Miss Hughes!’

Bessie added her request, as in duty bound, but Alda was inexorable, and Elys went to put on her hat, distinctly cross at the interruption of her pleasure.

‘Elys is growing into quite an interesting companion,’ said Alda. ‘I suppose she quite prevents you from ever feeling dull. I think I shall steal a child some day for society.’

Alda spoke quite lightly and at random, but she was surprised to see the quick momentary change of colour and expression in Bessie’s face. Mrs. Maynard stared at her with parted lips for a moment, then perceiving how lightly the words had been spoken, she turned crimson at her own folly, and said, as well as she could, ‘Yes, on the whole a child is more pleasure than trouble.’

But Alda had seen that her words had startled Bessie in some strange way, and added the circumstance to the other mysteries which had come before her observation respecting Mrs. Maynard.

CHAPTER II.

‘By the way, Mrs. Maynard,’ said Dr. Enderby, stopping her one June day as she was walking with Elys on the Green, ‘did you tell me Elys had had scarlet fever?’

‘Yes; rather severely, when she was four years old.’

‘Oh, that is just as well under the present circumstances! I have just had a telegram to say that there is rather a bad outbreak at Denzil’s school, and the boys are all to be dispersed at once; so the little lad is coming home to-night. I shall keep him away from Elys

for a few days, however ; probably she is quite protected, but there is just a chance the other way.'

Elys was very much disgusted at the imposed quarantine ; but long before it was over her thoughts were diverted into other channels than the hardship of not seeing Denzil. The little boy had brought the infection with him ; two days after his return, he sickened, and on the fourth day it was known in Hornbridge that he had the disease in a very serious form. Dr. Enderby had telegraphed for a hospital nurse at once, but she caught the disease almost immediately, and he came over to the White House to know if Bessie could recommend Mrs. Thomas to take her place. Alda Hughes had carried off Elys, persuading Bessie that if there were the slightest chance of infection, it would be safer for her to be out of the way at the Red House than next door, and thus Bessie was alone in her own domain, when a message from the doctor summoned her to a conference at the door, since he would not come in.

Mrs. Thomas, Bessie told him, was unavailable, as she had a small baby whom she could not leave. He looked very much disappointed. Like most men who have to depend for their service upon house-keepers, he had lately been going through a domestic revolution, and was not satisfied with his present staff ; the housemaid was a silly little giggling girl, all airs and ribbons, and he had suspicions that the cook drank.

'Of course,' he said, 'I can get another nurse in time, but now there are two patients, and it is really difficult to know how to manage ; and I would not for anything trust Denzil to any one who is not thoroughly experienced in his present state, yet I can't be sure of never leaving him.'

'Let me come and help you,' said Bessie. 'Scarlet fever is a thing that I do know how to nurse, thanks to Elys.'

He looked very much tempted ; the thought of the help of a refined and cultivated woman of his own class, who could give him sympathy as well as material help in this trouble, was very attractive to him. Still he demurred, but Bessie urged him. She was one of those people, she said, who never caught anything ; she had nursed Elys through various infantile infectious complaints which she herself had never had, and had never suffered. Elys was safe out of the way at the Red House ; she would come over, at any rate, until the new nurse arrived, and do the best she could.

'It is very good of you,' said Dr. Enderby, who looked worn and haggard, 'especially as I have no claim——'

'You have the claim of unvarying kindness,' said Bessie ; 'and you can't think or know how grateful I am.'

So Bessie established herself at Dr. Enderby's—not in charge of the sick-room, for he was head nurse—but as competent to carry out his orders and see to his wants as well as to the sick nurse and Denzil. Denzil, in his semi-delirious condition, had a horror of strangers, and

when the new nurse arrived, he was so terrified and upset by a new face, and clung so to Bessie, that Dr. Enderby declared that he considered it too great a risk to renew the excitement, turned over the nurse to the care of the other patient, and declared that he and Bessie would nurse Denzil together.

This meant that he took eighteen hours of nursing, and Bessie six, much as Bessie would have wished the arrangement otherwise for his sake, for she feared that his health, which was never very good, would break down entirely under this extra strain. Outwardly he kept himself very quiet and even cheerful, but Bessie could not be brought near him in this close and intimate relation without seeing that this quietness was anything but apathy, and that he had quite enough of the woman in him to suffer far more intensely through his boy's sufferings than through his own. It was a frightfully virulent type of the disease; the hospital nurse who had caught it, died in a few days, and Denzil, though he lived on, and therefore was not in an absolutely hopeless condition, was at times hardly expected to survive from one hour to another.

One day he had been very ill all through the afternoon, and both Bessie and his father had been with him the whole time; Dr. Enderby holding him up in his arms and keeping him alive, as it seemed, by sheer force of love and care; encouraging him when the restoratives were simply torture to swallow, and cheering him with courageous words, good either for life and death, when the boy's heart failed. When evening came he revived, and seemed to be sleeping more peacefully than he had done for some time; and Dr. Enderby suggested to Bessie leaving him in the charge of the nurse (who now took her share in the sick-room), and coming out into the garden for a quarter of an hour's fresh air.

'It will do us both good,' he said.

Bessie looked at him, and thought that he needed it if any one did, such evident exhaustion was written on his face.

They came into the cool garden, aglow with the evening sun, and sat down upon the bench on the lawn, neither of them inclined for more active exercise; and Bessie said—

'Don't you think this sleep is hopeful?'

'For the time,' he said; 'but I hardly know what to wish now. I dread more than I can say another afternoon like this. I trust if the end is to come that it may come without any more suffering.' He closed his eyes, and Bessie saw that he was praying inwardly. 'It is difficult not to be a coward for those one loves,' he said presently, with a smile in his natural voice; 'and of course the suffering will not really hurt my boy, if it is God's will. It is absurd to think that either he or I cannot bear what the Father sends us.'

'Once you said,' said Bessie, unable to resist the question, 'that you had never been through trouble which had no bottom. Do you say the same now—in the middle of this?'

‘Of course I do!’ said the doctor, emphatically. ‘Why, Mrs. Maynard, I almost doubt if it would be possible to live through these things if they had no bottom. Do you think it would? It is in these times more than any other that He brings us out of the mire and clay, and sets our feet upon the rock and orders our goings.’

‘And what is the bottom?’ said Bessie.

‘To set our wills the same way as His will, surely,’ said Dr. Enderby, reverently.

‘And you can?’ said Bessie.

‘Yes, with His help,’ he answered, looking up at the golden sky. After which they said no more, but Bessie thought.

That sleep proved to be the turning-point of Denzil’s illness. He awoke refreshed, with his throat decidedly better, and Dr. Enderby said that the restorative power of nature was slowly conquering the poison of the fever. A few days of persistent sleep and constant feeding, and he was out of danger and going on fairly to recovery; and then, just as Bessie was beginning to think that she had better return to her own house, Dr. Enderby asked her to speak to him in the dining-room, where he had been resting on the sofa. She saw how ill he looked, but his first words startled her.

‘I am in for my turn, I find, now that Denzil is well out of his. Mrs. Maynard, *would* you mind—I know I am asking a great deal, but your kindness makes me bold—would you let me leave Denzil altogether in your charge until he is quite recovered? My head may go, and in any case my life is not a good one; and it would be a great relief to me to think that you will do all that ought to be done for him without reference to me. Take him to the sea, and all that, when it is right, you know.’

‘Oh! I *am* sorry,’ said Bessie, looking at him with misty eyes. ‘But are you sure?’

‘Quite sure—eruption, throat, and all the rest. Don’t look so distressed, Mrs. Maynard, please. We have got Denzil through, so it really matters very little about me.’

‘You never do mind about yourself,’ she said, almost indignantly.

‘In this case I can’t much. My kind friend, don’t you mind either. Cheer up Denzil if I go; and tell him that it will be all right whichever way it is, and that he must not grudge me to his mother, if things should turn out so. And for the rest—God will be with him whether I am or not; and I trust to him to endeavour to lead a godly and manly life till we meet again. Now I have that off my mind, I think I shall hide my head in peace. Thank you—you don’t know what a load you have taken off my mind.’

Bessie stayed on in charge of Denzil until he was well enough to be moved. Dr. Enderby’s illness was not so violent as Denzil’s had been, but it was long and weakening, and the medical man who attended him said the long strain of his anxiety about Denzil had told upon him and weakened the spring of his constitution. He was

gradually mending, but was not yet well enough to leave his room, when Mrs. Maynard, according to her promise, carried Denzil away to lodgings at Sandwater to finish his recovery. He was considered free from infection by this time ; but as his recovery seemed likely to be a matter of some time, Bessie had determined to send for Elys to join them, when a week or two had made her coming absolutely safe. She pined for her child, whom she had not seen for more than a month, and she also thought that her company would greatly lighten Denzil's tedious days of recovery.

It was curious, when she was sufficiently at leisure and had time enough on her hands to think about herself, how much more she seemed to have lived in these weeks than in any equivalent time of the grey quiet life she usually led. She had been taken entirely out of herself, and instead of thinking of her own troubles and eating her own heart as usual, she had been suffering with and for others, and living through sympathy in Dr. Enderby's range of thought instead of her own. The influence of his spirit had so far affected hers, that for the first time for years she felt herself making good resolutions about herself, about Elys, about her poor neighbours ; determining to try to grow brave and helpful and loving, if perhaps by that path she might attain to that region in which Dr. Enderby lived, and win calm and peace like his.

She did not realise that to try to set the superstructure of her life right without rectifying the foundations was about as hopeful as to mow the heads of a bed of weeds, leaving their roots firmly in the ground.

CHAPTER III.

ELYS came to Sandwater, and the ten days or so after her coming was a time which Bessie long remembered as people in a storm remember the calm of the tidal river before they pass the bar at its mouth. It was pleasant to see Denzil gradually picking up health and spirits in the fresh salt air, pleasant to hear him and Elys chaff each other, pleasant to feel, as she did, that she was really taking a burden off Dr. Enderby's mind. The accounts which she heard of him from time to time were not quite satisfactory ; he was not in any danger, but at the same time he was not getting on as well as he ought to have done ; he suffered from rheumatism and other evils, slight in themselves, but rather anxious in his condition of health. He wrote cheerily about himself, however, and hoped that in a fortnight he would be able to join Denzil at Sandwater, and release Bessie from her kind tendance of him.

Denzil was a devoted chess-player, and day after day the three used to encamp with rugs and shawls upon a particular spot on the beach, sheltered by a great rock, a little apart from the more fashionable expanse of sand, patronised by bathing-machines, nursemaids,

and bare-legged children. Here sometimes Bessie read to Denzil and Elys, sometimes played chess with Denzil, while Elys wandered about looking for shells; sometimes left the two together while she paced along the beach, trying to recall the thrill with which she still thought of Dr. Enderby's behaviour during Denzil's danger, and wondering whether she could herself ever attain to anything like it. Denzil was the first invalid Elys had ever come across, and on the whole she was very good to him; for he was not such a superhuman child as to be entirely exempt from the irritability of recovery. Intellectually she was much more of a companion for him than she would have been without the enlargement of her mind from her intercourse with Alda Hughes, and Bessie found that both of them were now equal to something far beyond mere children's stories, and were beginning to become aware of a few of the problems of the grown-up world; while at the same time they remained children in simplicity, and had not as yet at all taken in the fact that their lives might not always go on just as they did now.

Elys had not at all lost her sense of Alda Hughes's fascination, and the only thing that slightly disturbed Bessie's content was to see how close the relations between them had grown during these last weeks. Alda wrote every two or three days, and Elys poured out effusions in answer, scrawly and blotty, which Bessie would have given worlds to see. It was not exactly jealousy on Bessie's part which caused this discomfort; but she had always had an under-sense that Alda was somehow hostile to herself—that she did not thoroughly like and trust her—and in spite of Alda's real neighbourly kindness, she would rather that Elys had become devoted to any one else in Hornbridge than to her.

However, this was a very slight trouble, and one sunny August afternoon, when the sea was blue and breezy, flecked with white breakers, white sea-gulls, and dancing white sails, Bessie sat with her two charges, rejoicing to see how plumpness and colour were gradually returning to Denzil, who was losing his likeness to a half-starved callow bird, and more content in her heart than perhaps she had ever felt there since the day when Russell Verney's face had haunted her at the Hornbridge station. Denzil had persuaded her into getting him 'Zanoni' to read; it was not new to him, but he wanted a second reading of it, and as he was a boy and not a girl, the Dweller on the Threshold only gave him an agreeable shiver down his back instead of keeping him awake at night in dreams of horror, as certainly would have been the case with Elys. Elys, finding him engrossed in his book, had wandered off, and he presently left it open and said, turning to Bessie—

'Mrs. Maynard, do you know father says everybody comes to a time in their life when they have to face the Dweller on the Threshold if they are to do any good with themselves? I wonder what mine will be?'

‘I wonder if it is so,’ said Bessie, dreamily.

‘I thought perhaps,’ proceeded Denzil, ‘it was going to be *that* when I was ill; but that was nonsense, you know.’

‘Why nonsense? I am sure you were bad enough,’ said Bessie, with a vivid remembrance of that afternoon when Dr. Enderby had almost prayed that the boy might die rather than suffer any more.

‘Why, of course it was very horrid,’ said Denzil; ‘but when you are ill, you have just to lie still and *be* ill, you know—— Why, that’s Tadpole!’

A boy in a black suit, followed by two tiny girls also in black, was passing between Denzil and the sea.

‘I say, Tadpole!’

‘Who is ‘Tadpole?’ said Bessie.

‘A fellow at school. How awfully funny that he should be here!’ And forgetting Zanoni, the Dweller on the Threshold, and other mysteries of the kind, Denzil sprang up and went to meet his friend. A nurse who was in attendance came forward, and seeing Bessie, said—

‘I beg your pardon, ma’am, but these children are not long out of scarlet fever, and perhaps you would not wish yours to be with them.’

‘Mine are safe,’ said Bessie, explaining; and Denzil came forward, saying—

‘Mrs. Maynard, may I go for a walk with Tadpole? Isn’t it odd? He must have been having the scarlet fever just when I had!’

‘I suppose you have some other name besides Tadpole,’ said Bessie, smiling at the boy, a pretty fair little fellow, rather younger than Denzil, with eyebrows much darker than his hair, and large dark eyes.

‘My name is Wyndham Ellis,’ said the boy.

‘They are Sir Wyndham Ellis’s children, ma’am,’ said the nurse, a staid respectable woman, with a strong sense of her own dignity and that of her charges.

Bessie caught her breath involuntarily, but mastered herself enough to say, with fair composure—

‘Indeed? And have they lost any relation lately?’

‘The eldest little girl,’ said the nurse. ‘Master Wyndham brought the scarlet fever back from school with him, and Lady Ellis, poor thing, said she couldn’t manage to leave London then, and take him away, and she didn’t suppose he would have it, so he came home to the rest; and then he had it, and all the rest after him, and Miss Edith died, poor little dear.’

‘And are Sir Wyndham and Lady Ellis here now?’ said Bessie, her throat feeling dry as she spoke.

‘They are coming on Saturday, ma’am, if Lady Ellis is well enough. She was awfully upset about poor little Edith; and you see, ma’am, it’s not the first child she has lost. Her eldest was drowned along

with her aunt, going to India they say, and this brings that back too.'

'And did she feel that much too?' said Bessie, unable to help asking the question, in spite of her sense of its strangeness. The nurse looked at her in some surprise.

'I never heard of a mother, ma'am, who didn't feel the death of her children, and I don't suppose Lady Ellis was different from the rest of us,' she answered, drily, and walked on.

Bessie dragged herself back to the corner by the rock where she had been sitting only a moment ago with Denzil, threw herself down and sat there, leaning against the rock, feeling sick and faint with the tumult of her thoughts. Two distinct trains of thought, each puzzling and painful, forced their way into her mind. One—the simplest—was that Wyndham and Bertha were coming to Sandwater on Saturday, and she could not run the risk of meeting them; the other, the conviction, which she tried hard to put away, that possibly in her wilful grasping at what was denied her by the circumstances of her life, she had wronged and pained Bertha far beyond anything she had conceived possible.

It was strange that all these years had passed since the loss of the *Hibernia*, and that this was the first time that the consideration of the possible pain she had caused had forced itself upon Bessie's mind; but after all, if she had realised this at the time, she would hardly have undergone the temptation to which she had yielded. Her passionate affection for the child, combined with her brother's heartless teasing, had made her determined to believe that there was no natural affection for Baby in the Ellis household; Bertha's indolence and apparent indifference had persuaded her that there was no mother-heart in her, and that no one but herself cared for little Elys. But if it was really the fact, as the nurse had said, that Bertha was capable of real suffering for this younger child whom she had lost, how was it possible that she should not have also felt the loss of Elys?

Time had brought gain to Bessie; 'kind calm years, exacting their accout of pain, mature the mind;' and she was less sure now than she had been eight years before that she had judged Bertha quite fairly. In those miserable years at Featherfields, when Bertha had been her fellow-sufferer from Mr. Daubeney-Mallard's tyranny, Bessie had hardly been capable of an unprejudiced judgment of Bertha's capacities; the stronger nature despised the weaker one, and had not in it the divine outgoing warmth which would have helped and strengthened it. But at the same time Bessie's nature was too generous not to shrink from the thought of giving pain, and not to realise the possibilities of having done so far more now than she had been capable of doing in those old days.

She turned away from this at last to the practical consideration of what she had better do to avoid meeting the Ellises. When she remembered how easily Mrs. Thomas had recognised her, she felt sure

that it would be most unsafe to run any risk; and as the two boys were schoolfellows and evidently liked each other's company, it would be difficult to keep them apart. She could leave Sandwater and take the children elsewhere; but then she was not exactly a free agent. Dr. Enderby had a high opinion of the health-giving powers of Sandwater; it had suited Denzil admirably so far, and his father was anxious to come there himself as soon as his rheumatism allowed him to take the journey.

After long cogitation, only one way suggested itself, which was to plead urgent business in London, and to throw herself upon Alda Hughes's kindness to take her place while she was away. Bessie was not fond of asking favours, least of all of Alda Hughes; but she preferred this to showing herself in any way disobliging or uncompliant towards Dr. Enderby, and she could not see any other alternative. It was not quite congenial to her wishes to bring Alda to a place where she might be confronted with the Ellises, and perhaps find out what might lead to the discovery of Bessie's identity; but though this consideration made her sit for a quarter of an hour with her pen in her hand before she began to write, she cast aside the fear as nervous and cowardly, and wrote—

‘DEAR MISS HUGHES,

‘I am going to ask a great favour of you. I find it is absolutely necessary that I should go to London on Friday, and may be kept there some days. I hardly like, however, suggesting to Dr. Enderby that if I do this, I must take Denzil with me, away from this lovely air, which is doing him so much good, into the heat of London in August. If Dr. Enderby is not able to travel yet, as I fear is the case, would you be inclined to come for a week or so and take care of Denzil till he comes, or till I can return? I will leave Elys, or take her with me, whichever you preferred.

‘Yours very truly,

‘E. MAYNARD.’

In two days Alda wrote very kindly, accepting the suggestion, and Bessie told the two children of her proposed departure.

‘Oh, Mrs. Maynard, the place won't be one quarter as nice without you,’ said Denzil.

‘Oh, mother, it *will* be jolly to have Miss Hughes, though,’ said Elys.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXVIII.

1650-1653.

SECOND FRONDE.

It was through the support of the Prince of Condé that Queen Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin had triumphed, and in consequence the Prince assumed intolerable airs of dominion. It was said of him that he preferred gaining battles to gaining hearts, and he really seemed to take pleasure in gratuitously insulting every one, from the Queen and Cardinal downwards. The young nobles, who had served under him and idolised him as a victorious general, imitated his arrogance, and the stiff refined elegance that the Queen had cultivated was broken in upon by studied rudeness and violence.

The Prince's sister, the beautiful Madame de Longueville, put on sarcastic manners that were almost equally provoking, and the family had alienated half the Court.

The Queen and Mazarin thought they might venture to intimidate the whole party by a sudden swoop, in which Condé, his brother the Prince of Conti, his brother-in-law of Longueville, the Duke of Bouillon, and his brother Turenne, and the Prince of Marsillac, the lover of Madame de Longueville, should all be arrested. The Queen hoped to buy the support of the former Frondeurs by promising to grant more influence to the companies in the Parliament.

The day was fixed for the 18th of January, 1650. The Queen, as soon as she learnt that Condé, Conti, and Longueville had all arrived at the Palais Royal to pay their Court, shut herself into her Oratory with the King, then eleven years old, and bade him pray for success. Meantime the Captain of the Guards, Guitant, entered the grand gallery, where the Princes were waiting, and told Condé in his ear of the orders for arrest. The Prince in amazement repeated them aloud. The Chancellor exclaimed that it must be a jest. 'Go and find the Queen, and inform her of the jest. For my part, I consider it that I am arrested,' said Condé.

He demanded to see the Queen, but was refused, and the three were forced to set out. The Duke of Longueville almost fainted, and the Prince of Conti so frightened, that he could hardly move as Guitant conducted them down a back stair and dark passage.

'This savours of the States of Blois,' said Condé, referring to the assassination of the Duke of Guise.

‘No, no, Monseigneur!’ exclaimed Guitant. ‘Were it so, I should have nothing to do with it.’

Coming out into the gardens, the Princes saw a lane of gendarmes, through which they were hurried to a door, where a carriage and a guard of six horsemen awaited them. Some of these had fought under Condé, and as he passed, he said, ‘This is not the battle of Lens;’ but none of them stirred or spoke.

As soon as the carriage door was shut, the horses set off at full speed for Vincennes. Night had come on, and in a bad place in the road the carriage broke down, the prisoners had to get out, and Condé began to look about for means of escape; but Guitant whispered that though he was his Highness’s humble servant, any such attempt would be the signal for instant death.

After two hours the carriage was in a state to proceed, and at ten o’clock at night, it reached Vincennes. No preparation had been made for fear of exciting suspicion, and there was neither bed nor supper. The poor Duke de Longueville, who was ill, and the petted sickly young Conti were very miserable; but Condé, like an old campaigner, swallowed a couple of raw eggs, threw himself on a bundle of straw, and fell fast asleep.

The Duke of Orleans uttered a witticism on the occasion. ‘This is a good haul of the net. We have caught a lion, a fox, and an ape all at once.’

There was a festival at the Palais Royal, and the streets of Paris were illuminated with bonfires; while the two Princesses, mother and wife, were in utter despair on receiving the tidings, coupled with orders to retire to Chantilly, the estate of the elder Princess, as heiress of Montmorency. Mazarin had considered of imprisoning them with the little seven-year-old Duke of Enghien; but he thought this would be too cruel a measure, and useless, as the Dowager Princess was very old, and the younger one was considered dull and helpless, and had no reason to be attached to her neglectful and unkind husband. Madame de Longueville was reckoned a much more dangerous person, and had been summoned to the palace with intent to arrest her; but she was warned in time, hid herself in the house of her friend, the Princess Palatine, and thence escaped, escorted by the Prince de Marsillac, with forty horsemen, to Normandy, hoping to raise that province against the Government. She travelled all night, and reached Rouen; but the Governor refused to assist her against the Crown. Then she tried to gain admission to Havre, but in vain, and next to Dieppe, where she thought herself sufficiently secure to be able to send Marsillac to the Angoumois to stir up the people in her cause.

The Queen set forth with the young King to overawe Normandy. The Governor of Dieppe sent a warning to the Duchess. After confession and absolution, she escaped with a few maids by a postern door, and reached the shore, where a little coasting vessel awaited for

her, to which she was carried in a sailor's arms; but the weather was terrible, and she was driven back and brought ashore unconscious. With undaunted courage she tried to embark again; but she found this impossible, and rode on a pillion to the house of a gentleman, where she took shelter. Again she was going to embark, when she learnt that she had been betrayed, and that as soon as she went on board, she would be given up to Mazarin. After a fortnight's wandering, she was able to get on board an English ship at Havre, disguised as a gentleman fleeing after a duel, and thus reached Holland, where Mary, Princess of Orange, received her with great kindness.

The Bouillon family likewise had warning, and the Duke hurried away to the Low Countries, but the Duchess was in no condition to accompany him. She had only time to send off her little boys under the charge of different servants, before another child was born to her. Guards were placed at the house doors; but as soon as she could move she evaded them, and was on her way to join her husband, when she heard that one of her daughters had the small-pox, and returning to become nurse, she was captured at the bedside. She was a good woman, an excellent wife and mother, and only led into these intrigues to serve her husband. One of the little boys, about five years, Emmanuel Theophile by name, was hidden with a man-servant in a cavern in the park, where their amusement was reading the 'Lives of the Saints.' The man went out at night to obtain provisions, and on his return found the poor little fellow dreadfully frightened by the sight of a glow-worm. Afterwards the faithful servant took the child in girl's clothes to a place of safety.

The Vicomte de Turenne had reached Stenay, a fortress belonging to his brother the Duke Bouillon, where he was soon joined by the Duke himself, and by the Duchess of Longueville, who thought it needful to silence his scruples about drawing his sword against his country, by using all the blandishments of coquetry of which she was almost as much a mistress as Cleopatra herself. Her other devoted lover, Marsillac, had just lost his father, and become Duke of La Rochefoucauld, and making the funeral a pretext, collected 2,000 gentlemen with whom he hoped to surprise Saumur, but found it already guarded.

The most efficient aid to the captive Princes came from the least expected quarter, the despised and neglected Claire, Princess of Condé, only twenty-two years old!

The two Princesses collected their friends and kept a little Court at Chantilly, in which one prominent figure was the young Madame de Châtillon, who had lost her husband in the first Fronde. The Prince's confidential friend, Lenet, joined them, and there were many consultations, all of which gave umbrage to the Court; and a letter was sent in April, ordering them all off to Châteauroux in Berry.

Tiding of what might be expected had, however, reached the ladies.

The elder Princess told the messenger, De Vouldy, that she was too old and too ill to move, and that her daughter-in-law was in bed with a bad cold. In fact, De Vouldy found a lady in bed, who made many bitter complaints, and declared that she should not be fit to move for a week; and he also saw a little boy who went out walking every day on the terraces. Little did he guess that this was the gardener's son, and that the lady in bed was Mademoiselle Gerbier, one of the Princess's ladies.

The real Claire and her little son, dressed as a girl, had left the château on foot, found a carriage and escort prepared by Lenet on the borders of the forest, and after three days' travelling, crossed the Loire at Sully, and reached Montrond, a castle belonging to the Princes of Condé, very strong, but ill-provisioned, and garrisoned by men in their own interest, trustworthy, but few in number. The gentlemen around came to pay their respects to the Princess, who received them with grace and courtsey that gained their hearts. All the bridges and all the roads were guarded, money was contributed, even by the small farmers, and she collected arms and troops from all the neighbouring provinces, although the avaricious old Princess, even while sick to death with grief for her son, could not persuade herself to break into her treasures at Chantilly in his cause.

Nothing daunted, though Saumur and Bellegarde had surrendered to the Royal troops, while Rochefoucauld had been forced to disguise his gentlemen, and both he and Bouillon were reported to be negotiating with Mazarin, the brave young wife declared that she would never take to flight while a single castle remained to be defended, or a single district to be raised in her husband's cause. When Montrond was to be provisioned, she joined the hunting parties, who went out to bring in roebucks, mounted on a pillion, and with her little boy on a pad before a groom, and neglected nothing to put the place in a state of defence.

Under pretext of one of these chases, she assembled a hundred and twenty gentlemen at the castle, and set out under their escort to meet the two Dukes. She rode on a pillion behind the Count of Coligny, and after four days reached Auvergne, the home of the Bouillon family. The two Dukes, with a large body of cavalry, met her on the 13th of May at the village of Anglar, among the mountains. She received them with much grace and gratitude, and the little Duke of Enghien was instructed to say, 'I am not now in truth afraid of Mazarin, since I find you here with so many brave men; and now I hope for my dear papa's liberty from their valour and yours.'

Loud were the shouts of delight at this utterance from the child of the imprisoned hero; and as the young mother and her boy, hat in hand, rode along the ranks, every sword was waved, every voice shouted loyalty to the King and Princes, death to Mazarin.

The Princess became Bouillon's guest at his ancestral seat of Turenne, perched on a high rock, the original 'Tour de Auvergne,'

where she and all her adherents were magnificently entertained. At every meal Condé's health was drunk, bare-headed, kneeling, and with drawn sword; feasts were given to all the neighbourhood, and there were orders and despatches sent out raising troops from the many who were indignant at their victorious hero being kept captive by the hated foreigner. Everywhere in Auvergne, and in many other places, was to be seen the scarf of the 'isabella' colour which Condé had adopted. It is said to have been named from the Archduchess Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, who made a vow never to change her linen till the siege of Ostend was ended, a matter that lasted three years. The hue her garments had reached may be estimated by the fact that the French call a chestnut horse isabella coloured. At the end of a week, the Princess proceeded towards Bordeaux. The royal troops under the Chevalier de La Valette tried to intercept her, but were defeated by the two Dukes at Bergerac, and lost all their baggage. Still it was doubtful whether Bordeaux would receive the nobles in arms against the King. The populace were greatly excited in favour of the heroine Princess, but the Magistracy of the Parliament hesitated. However, the spirited lady embarked on the Garonne in a fishing boat, with merely her son, a few ladies, and her equerries. Her bravery took all by storm; four hundred ships in the harbour saluted her, and 30,000 persons rushed to the landing-place to strew flowers in her path, crowding so that it was very difficult for her to reach the carriage in which she was conveyed to her lodgings, whither the throng followed her, and after she had shown herself on the terrace, spent the whole night in howling out imprecations against Mazarin and the Duke of Epernon, the General of the Royal forces. A messenger was caught bringing orders from the Court to forbid her reception and that of the two Dukes; and such was the rage of the populace that her exertions could hardly save his life.

The next day, the 1st of June, she walked to the Parliament, her son being carried by an attendant. The little fellow did his part well. He besought the Assembly to grant his mother's petition; and this worked much on the feelings of the magistrates. But there were long deliberations, for they could not readily decide on taking a part that would render them guilty of high treason. At last, the Princess, weary of the long suspense, rushed in, leading her son, and made a touching appeal, broken by her sobs. Then the boy, falling on one knee, exclaimed—

‘Messieurs, be a father to me! Mazarin has deprived me of mine.’

Such a sight brought the impressionable Frenchmen to tears; but still prudence held out, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening that they accorded to Claire and her son permission to reside in the city under their protection. The next day the two Dukes crossed the river without leave, and took up their abode in a suburb. The people threatened to murder all who kept them out, and two days later the magistrates made up their minds to admit them.

Condé was much diverted at the tidings. He was the only cheerful one of the captives at Vincennes. The Prince of Conti lay in bed, weeping, the Duke of Longueville was silent and melancholy; but Condé amused himself with singing, reading, playing at battledore and shuttlecock, and gardening. 'Who would have told me,' he said, 'that my wife would be making war, while I am watering pinks?'

The Duke of Epemon besieged Bordeaux, but could not enclose it towards the sea. Three Spanish vessels arrived with Don Jose Osorio, an envoy authorised to offer assistance from the King of Spain. Again the Parliament was loyal in feeling, and passed a resolution to reject aid from the enemy; but Bouillon secretly stirred up the mob to such fury that they came armed with swords, broke in, and almost butchered the councillors. The Dukes refused to interfere; but the Princess, followed by a lady and one equerry, rushed to the Palais de Justice, and standing between, harangued the people, but could not disperse them. A body of respectable citizens marched to the assistance of the Parliament. Firing began—two men were killed—when this gentle lady hurried between the two parties, into the midst of the fire, made them pause, and finally sent them to their homes. The Parliament had, however, been intimidated, and accepted the Spanish offers.

Mazarin saw no time was to be lost. The Parliament of Paris showed sympathy with that of Guyenne, and there were like symptoms in other places. He decided on carrying the young King and his mother to quell the revolt in person, leaving the Duke of Orleans to restrain Paris, but taking Mademoiselle as a sort of hostage. On the news of his advance the Bordelois Parliament decreed that Mazarin should be excluded from the city, and the King be requested to enter without troops. At the same time the Princess of Condé wrote to the Queen, entreating for her husband's liberty, and offering herself as a hostage in his stead. No attention was paid to this offer, and some fighting took place, with advantage on the royal side. The siege was formed, the citizens within at first confidently reckoning on aid from the Spaniards, or from the Vicomte de Turenne. The ladies carried earth to the fortifications in little beribonned baskets, the Princess leading them, and the little Duke visited the outposts on a white pony, or went with his mother among the ships in a pretty little yacht that had been presented to her.

But no succour arrived, and after a sharp encounter the Faubourg St. Surin was taken. An attack on one of the gates was repulsed, and measures were taken for bombarding the city. This alarmed the people, and besides, autumn was setting in, and what would become of their grapes? Deputies from the Parliament of Paris had come down to endeavour to mediate, and the enthusiasm of Bordeaux collapsed! They would do anything for the Princess after the vintage, but not before! So there was a truce of ten days and negotiations commenced.

The city consented to receive the King's whole train, troops and all. Its resistance was overlooked, and the Princess and the two Dukes were to leave it, without suffering in freedom or fortune, but there was no release for the prisoners for whose sake Claire had taken up arms.

The poor lady had been unwell, and had been bled, when, on her leaving Bordeaux, she was advised by all her friends to overcome her feelings, and pay her respects to the King and Queen. She left Bordeaux on the 3rd of October, after having spent four months there, and was followed by the blessings of the whole population.

The Court was at Bourg, and there every one crowded to see one who so unexpectedly had become a heroine. Those who could feel how nobly she had acted, declared that grief had made the little plain woman beautiful; but Mademoiselle could see nothing but that the scarf that supported her arm was put on so awkwardly that it was difficult to help laughing. With much dignity and sweetness she made her speech of apology to the Queen for her act of rebellion, entreating for the freedom of the captives.

'I am very glad, my cousin,' replied the Queen, 'that you are conscious of your fault. You now see that you had taken wrong means for obtaining what you ask. Now that you are going to adopt a very opposite method, I will consider how and when I can give you the satisfaction which you request.'

The Princess retired to her lodging, and when Mazarin called, treated him with the utmost coldness. When the Cardinal would have kissed the Duke of Enghien's hand, the child withdrew it angrily. The Princess proceeded to settle some business matters on her own estates, and then returned to Montrond, while the Court returned to Paris.

The captives had been moved first to Marcoussy, and then to the citadel of Havre, probably because Vincennes was so near the frontier that Turenne might have made a descent from Stenay and carried them off. He was still there, and there, too, was Madame de Longueville. Her mother, the old Princess, died at Chatillon on the 2nd of December, in a very devout frame of mind. Her last message was: 'Tell the poor benighted creature at Stenay the state in which you see me, and let her learn how to die.'

The old lady was said to have died of grief for her son's imprisonment, but she had endured it for nearly a year, and refused to sacrifice her treasures for his liberation. Immediately after, the resolute Claire sent an urgent petition to the Parliament of Paris for her husband. Her first attempt seemed to have failed; but it had, in fact, roused a strong sympathy, and the Parliament of Paris began to intercede with the Queen in a most determined manner. La Rochefoucauld came to Paris, and had secret interviews with the Cardinal, in which much was promised, but nothing ever came of it. A new Fronde was beginning. A secret treaty was formed between Rochefoucauld, the

Coadjutor, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Chevreuse, the Princess Palatine, and the rest, for the downfall of the Cardinal. Even the Duke of Orleans was forced to sign their engagement, much against his will.

A few days later, Mazarin, while at Court, likened the party of the Fronde to Cromwell and Fairfax, names of horror in France. Monsieur told the Coadjutor, and the Coadjutor told the Parliament, who felt outraged, brought their indignation to a climax, and carried up a petition for the dismissal of the Cardinal. The old hatred broke out, bonfires were lighted in the streets, and Gaston was carried along by the excitement, and joined the party.

The Cardinal saw that he must yield. He made the Queen give him an order for the Commandant at Havre, desiring him to obey the Cardinal implicitly with regard to the prisoners. Armed with this, Mazarin took leave of her on the 5th of February, 1651, quitted Paris in the disguise of a gentleman, in a hat and feathers, and proceeded with a small escort to Havre.

Meantime, the Queen tried to get an interview with Gaston of Orleans, to win him back to her cause, but he would not come near her, and she decided on carrying the young King out of reach of the Parisians, to prevent his authority from being used against the Cardinal. News of her plan reached the other party, and they tried to get an order from Orleans for her detention; but the Duke, in great terror, went to bed, said he was ill, and would see no one. Then the Coadjutor and the Duke of Beaufort raised the populace, drums beat, guards were placed at the gates, and with one voice the Parisians declared that their King should not leave them to be made the puppet of his mother's minion. Some even forced their way into the Palais Royal late at night, and insisted on seeing the King. Anne of Austria received them with her unfailing stately dignity, and pretended to be very much surprised, and to have no notion of taking away her son, conducting them to see him, either fast asleep or so appearing. They watched him with great admiration, stood there blessing the boy, lying there with his beautiful hair spread on the pillow, and went away pouring blessings on his head.

The next day a formal order for the liberation of the Princes was drawn up, signed, and sealed; and at the same time Mazarin and all his relations were commanded to leave France within a fortnight's time. The good Premier President, Molé, however, said sadly—

‘M. le Prince is free; but the King, our master, is a captive.’

‘He was a captive in the hands of Mazarin,’ returned Gaston. ‘He is so no longer.’

‘He is so no longer!’ cried all the Counsellors joyfully.

Mazarin had waited near Paris to see how things were going, and only arrived at Havre on the 13th. The Governor did not welcome him, and would not admit any of his escort into the Castle, only undertaking to fulfil the Queen's orders respecting the prisoners.

Mazarin had meant to bargain with them, and wring concessions from Condé as the price of the liberation, as an act of grace from himself; but the news of the decree signed in Paris disconcerted this plan, and all he could do was to obtain admission as the bearer of the good news.

Condé treated his strange visitor with the most deferential politeness, and listened gravely to his assurances that the imprisonment was none of his doing, and was wholly due to the Duke of Orleans and the Frondeurs, and the release was gained by his intercession. Afterwards the Prince invited the Cardinal to dinner, and was civility itself; but never uttered any reply to the Minister's attempts at reconciliation and union with him. At the last, just as Condé was stepping into the carriage which was to convey him to Paris, the Cardinal actually threw himself in the way and embraced his boot, but obtained only a formal bow and the words, 'Adieu, M. le Cardinal.'

He retired to the domains of the Elector Archbishop of Cologne at Brühl, whence, however, he directed all the counsels of the Queen, being, as there is every reason to believe, really her husband in secret.

The liberated captives were received with every demonstration of joy by all Paris and the Frondeurs, including the Duke of Orleans. The Queen, melancholy, and perhaps really ill, lay in bed to receive their visit of cold ceremony; but the Duke of Orleans gave them a grand supper, and there was universal joy at being rid of Mazarin. The Duchess of Longueville came from Stenay, and the Princess of Condé from Montrond, to enjoy what was the happiest interval of her sad life, for her husband showed himself grateful, and was really attentive and courteous to her, so that Mademoiselle saw her for the first time bright and lively, and attributed it to pleasure at having so much company in her house. There was a promise to assemble the States General, while Condé thought himself governing the kingdom, and as usual his arrogance gave offence in various quarters. One article in the compact which had gained his liberty was that the Prince of Conti should marry Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, but this alliance offended the pride of the elder brother, and he broke the marriage off hastily and haughtily. Madame de Chevreuse, much offended, repented of the aid she had given, went over to the Queen's party, and took with her the Coadjutor, who was devoted to the rejected daughter, and could always sway the mob of Paris. So many persons had thus come to desert the cause of the Prince that Anne of Austria thought of again arresting him, and it was even proposed to do so in his bed.

Troops were collected at the Palais Royal, and Condé and his friends began to live in a state of continual alarm. On the 6th of July, at two o'clock in the morning, some of these troops, chancing to be sent out to arrest some smugglers who were bringing in wine, were seen by the

attendants of Condé, and a gentleman rushed into his bedroom, crying, 'Monseigneur, your hotel is invested!'

Condé started up, dressed himself in haste, and rode out with only six followers by the Porte St. Michel. He waited outside the city for the Prince of Conti, till, hearing a trampling of hoofs, he supposed that a troop of cavalry was in pursuit; and galloped off headlong to Meudon. There was plenty of joking over the hero of the time having been put to flight by what proved to be only market people with their donkeys. However, Condé would not return, but went to his château of St. Maur, where his family and friends joined him, and he held a kind of Court. Queen and Parliament both sent entreaties to him to return, but he disdained them all, and made the condition of his return the dismissal of the secretaries whom Mazarin had left. The Queen, most unwillingly, made them retire, and Condé did return for a short time; but he was haughtier than ever, and openly complained of Mazarin's influence, making every preparation for a civil war.

Strangely violent scenes took place. In the '*Salle de la Justice*,' the great hall of the Parliament, on the 19th of August, the Prince accused the Coadjutor of being the author of all the calumnies against him.

'At least,' replied the Archbishop, 'no one can take from me the honour of never having broken my word.'

Condé laid his hand on his sword. The halls and galleries were filled with armed men. In another moment four thousand swords were drawn; but the Prince recollected what it would be to have a massacre in the Parliament itself of an Archbishop and his friends, recovered his self-command, and restrained his adherents.

Two days later, at the next meeting, the Coadjutor took care to have his friends and those of the Queen present in such full force, that the Prince's party could hardly get in, and found themselves hemmed in on all sides by armed men looking down from the galleries of the great hall.

The Prince, sincerely anxious to avoid bloodshed, being probably far better aware what it would be than were the civilians, made a formal complaint of the state of the Palais de Justice, choked with men armed with swords and pistols. 'It was a great pity,' he said, 'that any one in the kingdom should dare dispute precedence (*disputer le pavé*) with him.'

'Nobody will dispute *le haut du pavé* with your Highness,' replied the Archbishop; 'but there are those who by their rank should only yield it to the King.'

'I will make you yield it,' said Condé.

'It will not be easy,' was the answer.

Here the Presidents hurried in, and entreated both the disputants to respect the temple of justice and the safety of the city. The Prince gave way, and turning to la Rochefoucauld, begged him to lead away all their partizans; and the Coadjutor undertook to remove

all his own. Presently these two met in the entrance to the waiting-room, '*la Salle des pas perdus*,' and as the Coadjutor came between the two folding doors, the Duke closed them on him, letting fall the iron bar that fastened them, so that the unfortunate prelate stood, with his body on one side of the doors, his head on the other, with the iron bar on his spine, the leaves of the door choking him, so that he was black in the face, while the Duke, holding the bar, called out to his friend Chavaignac to stab him. Chavaignac answered that he had no orders, and a gentleman sent by Molé, coming up, released Paul de Gondî from the strangest death that ever threatened a prelate. Stranger still, Rochefoucauld, who tells the story in his memoirs, does not seem in the least ashamed of it, but rather to regret the loss of the opportunity! Monsieur was much frightened, as well he might be, but the Queen paid no attention to him, for her secret wish was to drive the Prince to such extremities as might justify the recall of Mazarin. However, the Chancellor, and some of the remaining adherents of her favourite, assured her that had this disturbance been fatal to either the Prince or the Archbishop, there would have been a commotion, endangering royalty itself, out of hatred to the Cardinal; she yielded so far as to forbid the Coadjutor to appear at the Parliament the next day.

He was in fact engaged in conducting a grand procession for Christmastide. It met the Prince, who devoutly alighted from his carriage, knelt down, and received the Episcopal benediction, but immediately after he quitted Paris, went to Chantilly, and decided on war.

Mazarin wrote to the Queen that the most prudent course would be to ally herself with the Parliament to crush the Princes. After they should have been put down the Parliament would be easily dealt with. She acted on this advice. The elections for the States General were beginning, but in order to quash them, and cancel all her promises, the Queen decided on proclaiming the majority of the King, and thus the close of her own regency. It was of course a farce, since he had only just entered his fourteenth year, and his mother still conducted the Government; but it made a new beginning, and was an occasion for stirring up the loyalty of the people.

The Court went in state to the Parliament, and there Louis, seated on his throne, surrounded by his brother, his uncle, the dukes, peers, and marshals, and all the great officers of State except Condé, declared—

"Messieurs, I am come to my Parliament to declare that, according to the law of my State, I take the government on myself; I hope in God's grace that it will be with piety and justice."

The Queen Mother declared that she rejoiced in resigning her authority to him, and he embraced her, saying, 'Next to myself, I desire that you should be the chief of my counsel.'

Homage was then tendered by each of the princes, peers, and

officers, and two edicts were read by the registrars, one against blasphemy, the other against duels. A declaration was made of confidence in the fidelity and loyalty of the Prince of Condé, and another cast the blame of all grievances on Cardinal Mazarin, forbidding him ever to return to the kingdom. There was a prodigious festival at the young King's expense, and tuns of wine were drunk in his honour.

Every one knew that these two declarations were merely to please the populace; but Condé was unwilling to begin a civil war, and was only driven into it by his sister's persuasions and those of his friends.

'Remember,' he said, 'if I once draw the sword, I shall be the last to return it to the scabbard.'

On the other side, Anne of Austria said, 'Monsieur le Prince shall perish, or I will.'

From Montrond Condé directed his forces to take possession of the cities in Guyenne, and he afterwards proceeded to Bordeaux. On the other hand, Mazarin repaired to Sedan, and contrived to raise an army in the frontier cities, with which he marched to join the King and Queen at Poitiers.

War was raging again still as the Fronde, though there had been a general change of sides, the Parliament being now for the Court, and the Princes against it, the Duke of Orleans in a state of selfish agitation between the two. Learning that the royal army was advancing to his own appanage of Orleans, and fearing that the city might open its gates to them, he sent off his daughter, Mademoiselle, to keep the citizens to what he called their duty to himself. She went with only two ladies and her servants, and received a message by the way that the magistrates would not admit her. However, on she went, and found the gates closed against her. She went to a little inn outside, where she amused herself by opening everybody's letters brought by the courier from Bordeaux, and the Governor of the town sent her out some sweetmeats, though he durst not admit her, more especially as the *Garde de Sceaux* was thundering at the opposite gate, demanding entrance in the name of the King and Queen.

By-and-by Mademoiselle grew impatient, and went out walking along the moat. The ramparts were crowded with people, shouting '*Vive le roi ! Vivent les Princes ! Point de Mazarin !*' She answered with, 'Let me in ! Fetch the keys ! Call the magistrates !' But nobody stirred. Coming to another gate, the guard presented arms, and she called to the officer to open the gate. He bowed and said he had no keys, and to all her threats he responded by low bows, though they became more and more violent. Presently she came to the Loire, where the boatmen surrounded her with shouts of '*Vive Monsieur ! Vive Mademoiselle !*' declaring that it was a shame to lock her out of her father's own city. She told them to row her to the water-gate; but they said there was an old gate close by, which

they could easily break down. Two boats were laid across the ditch as a bridge, and a ladder raised to the door, where a hole was cut in the door, and she squeezed through it under the iron bar. As soon as her head appeared, drums beat, and cries of applause greeted her. A wooden chair was brought on which she was enthroned, and carried towards the Hôtel de Ville, where she took the command of the embarrassed magistrates, and effectually kept out the Garde de Sceaux; though, on the other hand, she admitted no soldiers of the Prince's party, although she was much inclined to them.

She went out to a little inn to hold a council with the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, and had to mediate between them in a violent quarrel, when they drew their swords against one another. Indeed, Condé's party was ill agreed; he had even quarrelled with his sister, and she had broken with De la Rochefoucauld!

The Duke de Bouillon and his brother Turenne were now on the Queen's side, and the command of the royal army was conferred on the Viscount.

Condé, with only eight persons, dashed across France, to take the command of the army over which Beaufort and Nemours were disputing. The very morning after he arrived, Turenne saw by the disposition of the troops, who must be opposed to him. 'M. le Prince is come,' he said.

They were the two greatest captains of the age, and they fought almost in sight of the King and Queen, at Bleneau. But though there were skirmishes, no decisive engagement took place. It was a struggle of manœuvres, and in this Condé had the disadvantage. His wife meanwhile gave birth to another son at Bordeaux, and was for some time in such extreme danger that Mademoiselle again began to entertain hopes of being able to marry her hero! She passed through his camp on her way back to Paris, and bridled at his courtesy in making her name of Anne the watchword of the night.

She was able to render him an important service. Week after week the two armies had watched one another, till at last Condé was driven up to the walls of Paris, and there the gates were closed against both armies.

Condé was at St. Cloud, whence, on the 2nd of July, he endeavoured to lead his army round to Charenton at the confluence of the Seine and the Loire; but when he came in front of the Porte St. Antoine, he found that a battle was inevitable, and that he was caught in a trap, where, unless he could escape through the city, his destruction was inevitable. He barricaded the three streets that met there, heaping up his baggage as a protection, and his friends within, many of them wives of gentlemen in his army, saw the situation with despair; but no one knew how to act.

Mademoiselle rushed to her father, who—as usual when in perplexity—stood whistling and tapping on the window, saying he

was not well enough to leave the house. She gave him no peace till she had extracted from him a letter to the magistrates, saying that she would inform them of his intentions. Armed with this, she proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where she found all the officials in great anxiety. She would not sit down, but gave them her father's letter, and as the town guard had been called out, she bade them send 2,000 men to the Prince, and to put 400 under her orders.

They did this, but demurred when she demanded a passage for the Prince's troops through the city, lest they should bring on it the horrors of war. She represented that if they let the Prince's army be massacred at their gates, Turenne's would burst in on them; then she threatened them with an appeal to the people, and after raving at them for some minutes, she prevailed, and went off to the Porte St. Antoine, at every step of the way meeting gentlemen badly wounded being carried in on mattresses, doors, boards, or ladders.

At last she was close to the spot near the Bastille. She went into a house, and having secured passage at the gates for her people, she sent a message to the Prince, who came to her all over dust and blood, his cuirass dented all over with blows, and his sword in his hand. He dropped into a chair panting for breath before he could speak. 'You see a man in despair,' he said; 'Nemours, Rochefoucauld, Clinchamp are all mortally wounded. I have lost all my friends!'

She took his hand and comforted him, being able to assure him that one at least of these was doing well; and after thanking her vehemently and swallowing some wine, he rushed off again to try to save the rest and secure their entrance into the city. So eagerly did he fight, that Turenne declared it was as if not one, but twelve Princes of Condé were in the field.

Mademoiselle now repaired to the top of the great square tower of the Bastille, whence she could see the terrible conflict carried on in the three suburban streets which converged at the Porte St. Antoine, and beyond, on the heights of Charente at a distance, were more royal troops, the young King riding among them. The main body of his army was in the hollow beneath, and Mademoiselle from her elevation descried a number of them being detached to coast along the moat, and thus cut off the Prince's troops from the refuge in the city. She instantly despatched a page to the Prince with the intelligence, and with equal promptitude caused the canon on the Bastille to fire on the advancing columns. It was the saving of the Prince's army. Turenne was obliged to draw back, and at last Condé brought his army into the city, where they encamped in the open space of the Pré des Clercs, and Mademoiselle sent them wine and refreshments.

Condé unworthily requited the hospitality wrung from the city. He was resolved to overcome the neutrality of the Parliament, and in concert with Beaufort, instigated the mob to violence. Many

soldiers were disguised as artizans, and mingled with the rabble, when, on the 4th of July, he went to the Hôtel de Ville ostensibly to thank the magistrates, but really to demand their support against the Crown.

These loyal men, however, by a majority of votes, decided on a petition to the King to return without Mazarin. On this Condé exclaimed publicly, 'This, gentlemen, will do nothing for us. They are Mazarinists. Treat them as you please.'

Then he retired to the Luxembourg with Gaston, while Beaufort let loose the mob. The Hôtel de Ville was stormed, the rabble poured in at doors and windows, while the disguised soldiers fired from the opposite houses, and the magistrates were threatened and pursued on all sides. They had one advantage, that they knew their way through the intricate passages and the mob did not. The first who got out rushed to the Luxembourg to entreat the Duke and Prince to stop the massacre; but Monsieur only whistled and beat his tattoo, and Condé said he knew nothing about sedition. Nor would Beaufort interfere till the disturbance had lasted many hours; but after all many more of the rabble were killed than of the magistrates.

It was the last remarkable scene in the strange drama of the Fronde. The Parliament suspended its sittings, and the King transferred it to Pontoise, whither Molé and all the other Presidents proceeded, leaving Paris in disguise. This last ferocious proceeding of Condé's, though he tried to disavow it, had shocked and alienated every one, and he soon after fell sick of a violent fever. Meanwhile, his castle of Montrond was taken after a year's siege, Nemours was killed in a duel by the Duke of Beaufort, and the party was falling to pieces.

On the other hand, the Duke of Bouillon died, and Monsieur's heart was so entirely broken by the death of his only son, that he never again appeared in public life. Mazarin saw the opportunity, and again left the Court for the German frontier. This was all that was wanting to bring back the malcontents. Condé offered to make terms, but was haughtily answered that it was no time for negotiation, but for submission.

Upon this, he proceeded to the Low Countries, and offered his sword to the Spaniards. The King entered Paris in State and held a Bed of justice, in which he proclaimed an amnesty, excepting from it Condé and Conti, and some others of their party, and forbidding the Parliament to interfere in State affairs. The Coadjutor, who had become a Cardinal, was arrested, and imprisoned until he made his escape, dislocating his shoulder in his fall from the window, but finally reaching Rome, where he lived till the Fronde was forgotten, but never becoming Archbishop of Paris.

Madame de Longueville, after sighing that she could not enjoy innocent pleasures, went to her aunt, the widowed Duchess de Montmorency. There the pious feelings of her girlhood returned,

she repented deeply of her wild course, and spent the remaining twenty-seven years of her life as an exemplary wife and mother most devout, and a protection to the Port Royal nuns.

When all was quiet, Mazarin returned, in February, 1653, without the slightest opposition, and thus ended the Fronde, in the entire triumph of the Crown. The Parliament had been noble and patriotic, but the factions of the nobles were only out of ambition and jealousy. The misery, distress, and disease caused by these wars of the Fronde were unspeakable. There was nothing to eat in the provinces where they had raged but roots, rotten fruit, and bread made of bran. In Picardy the carcasses of dogs and horses were eaten. A man near Guise unearthed a dog that had been dead three days and devoured it. Others ate slugs and snails, and such furniture as they had was seized by soldiers sent to collect the *gabelle*, or salt-tax. The hospitals swarmed with dying wretches, and the cruelties of the soldiers were worse than all. A man and his wife were scourged to death with thorns, while their tormentors betted which would die first; and this was but a single instance of the horrors that went on.

The Courtyard of Port Royal aux Champs was filled with peasants supported by the bounty of Mère Angélique; and St. Vincent de Paul, the parish clergy, the Capuchins, Jesuits and Sisters of Charity toiled incessantly. They found the country between Etampes and Pontoise strewn with corpses of those slain by hunger and disease. Etampes itself was a fearful spectacle, houses destroyed, streets impassible, dead and dying everywhere.

Five of the brethren who accompanied Vincent died of the infection, besides several Sisters; and this was only one out of many places where agonies worse than death had been suffered by hundreds. And through no worthy cause—merely the selfish ambition and intrigue of the nobility! *Là Misère de la Fronde* was long a proverbial expression in France.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXII.

CONFIRMATION.

Susan. Is not Confirmation one of the seven Sacraments reckoned by the Roman Catholic Church?

Aunt Anne. It is a Sacrament, but does not entirely fulfil the definition in the Catechism of the two greater Sacraments.

S. 'An outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace given unto us.' Yes, all that it is. 'Ordained by Christ Himself.' No, we do not know that it was.

A. You remember the first mention?

S. When the Samaritan converts had been baptised by St. Philip the Deacon, St. Peter and St. John came to lay hands on them that they might receive the Holy Ghost (Acts viii. 15, 16).

A. Again, look at the reception of the Ephesians in Acts xix.

S. I see; they were baptised first and then St. Paul laid his hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost. But then they spoke with tongues.

A. Yes; in those first times, when faith had to be built up, manifest tokens were vouchsafed of the supernatural presence and gift. No doubt this was specially needful in a city full of lying wonders like Ephesus.

S. You did not mention the time when St. Paul and Silas went round Syria and Cilicia confirming the Churches (Acts xv. 41).

A. Because that probably only means strengthening their faith, as in the previous chapter, where with St. Barnabas, St. Paul is said to have confirmed the souls of the disciples at Iconium, and Antioch in Pisidia. So far as appears, the usual custom was for the attendants, whether priests or deacons, to baptize the converts, and the Apostle, immediately after to lay his hands on them to convey the gift of the Holy Spirit. Look at Hebrews vi. 1, 2.

S. 'Baptisms and laying on of hands.' Yes; they are coupled together as part of the foundation. But how do we know that Ordination is not here meant?

A. It may possibly be included as the laying on of hands is the medium in both rites; but what is said here is evidently meant to be of universal application.

S. Then it was the completion of Baptism.

A. Not it was, but it is, the Seal—Sphagis—as the Greek Church still calls it, in continuation of St. Paul's words (Eph. i. 13).

S. 'Ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the

earnest of your inheritance.' And again, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye were sealed unto the day of redemption (Eph. iv. 30). In both the verses the verb is from sphagis.

A. You know what is involved in that sealing? Look at the terrible 9th chapter of Ezekiel.

S. That is where the Angel with the ink-horn sets a mark on the foreheads of all the men of Jerusalem who sighed and cried at the abominations thereof, and who were to be spared by the angels with the slaughter weapons, who were to slay all the others by famine, disease, and sword.

A. Do you know what that mark is as in the Septuagint, and I believe the original. It is T, the Tau—the Cross. Now go to Revelation vii.

S. Where St. John beholds—

‘By Angel’s grace,
The four strong winds of heaven fast bound,
Their downward sweep a moment staid;
On ocean cove and forest glade,’

and he heard the cry, ‘Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of God in their foreheads.’

A. And do you know that in allusion to this, that on the coffin of Dr. John Mason Neale, to whom we owe, among other things, our best adaptations of ancient hymns, was marked beneath his name, ‘*Cum Signo Tau.*’

S. But one thing—how do we know that this precious mark that is to save us is not our Baptismal Cross?

A. Because that, as we have it, is peculiar to our own Church.

S. And may not the mark be, as is Ezekiel’s vision, gained by a holy life, keeping out of sin?

A. It may be lost by an unholy life. But the explanation connecting this Seal with Confirmation is really derived from the chain of Church teaching and practice. You see, the East called the rite the Seal from Apostolic times. So did the Latin Church, indeed. It was called *signaculum* till the fourth century, when St. Ambrose uses the word Confirmed which, after a time, superseded the other word.

S. But it was the angels who gave the seal in St. John’s vision.

A. True; but remember that the message to each of the Seven Churches is addressed to her Angel. I believe that the Ministering Spirit of each Church acts in some manner through the line of Bishops, and that we are thus sealed by the Angel with the Seal of the Holy Spirit.

S. Marked for redemption.

A. It is also called the Unction. Look at 2 Cor. i. 21.

S. ‘He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.’

A. And again, 1 John ii. 20.

S. 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One.'

A. And the writings of the Fathers distinctly connect this unction or chrism with the Sealing as Confirmation.

S. Was there not actual anointing?

A. Yes. The Eastern Church holds the anointing to be so much the essential point, that every priest keeps a store of oil consecrated by his Bishop, and therewith seals the newly-baptised infant; nor is the imposition of the Bishop's hands there viewed as necessary.

S. But the Western Church retained the laying on of hands.

A. Yes, as the most evidently Scriptural part of the rite. The chrism was disused at the Reformation. Bucer had a great dislike to it as superstitious.

S. Is not that a great pity?

A. We must remember that when our Blessed Lord was anointed with the Holy Ghost, there was no material oil used, and as the laying on of hands is the only point specified in Scripture, we may trust that we receive the same spiritual unction as truly as if we were outwardly anointed.

S. And it is through the Christ, as His members, that we are anointed with the Holy Spirit.

A. As the 133rd Psalm is often applied, the precious ointment on the head of our true Great Aaron, the High Priest, flowing down to all His members, and thus anointing them to be like Him, Kings and Priests for many a royal priesthood.

S. 'And there shall come a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall arise out of His roots, and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of Wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of Knowledge and of the fear of the Lord, and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord (Isaiah xi. 1, 2, 3). That is repeated in the Confirmation Collect, except that it has 'true Godliness.'

A. 'To us dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.' Here is Canon Morris's summary—

Wisdom, to choose the one thing needful.

Understanding, to know how to attain it.

Counsel, the habit of asking guidance of God.

Might, to follow where He shall lead us.

Knowledge, to know God.

Godliness, to grow like Him.

Holy Fear, Reverence, and Adoration.

S. Those, then, are the special gifts of Confirmation in distinction to those of Baptism.

A. Baptism gives us Regeneration, and releases us from Satan's slavery. Confirmation seals us as belonging to Christ's family, and bestows His anointing with the Holy Spirit on us, to enable us to persevere manfully in His service.

S. The laying on of hands is the real Confirmation and sealing.

A. Yes; the first part of the service is an addition made in 1552. Up to 1661, the Bishop asked such questions from the Catechism as he thought fit. The address is a compendium of five rubrics, and in it the words 'ratify and *confess*' were altered into ratify and *confirm* apparently because it was thought to sound better, and from this word seems to have risen the whole idea. The essence of Confirmation was the personal acceptance of the vow, instead of the strengthening and sealing, or, as I have heard it stated, that it was something done by ourselves instead of done by God to us.

S. Was there no vow, no 'I do,' till 1661?

A. Only the 'Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will'—by which children really renew their vows every time they say the Catechism. If the revisers could only have foreseen the misapprehensions the change would lead to, they would never have made them.

S. You mean people thinking themselves not responsible for their faults before 'taking their sins on them.'

A. Yes; that senseless mistake was made by some, and, in general, when much more attention began to be paid to the rite, much more was made of the preparation to take the vow, than of the blessing, the real Sacramental and Apostolic ordinance. So the age was put off from seven till nearly double those years, and that has led to much neglect of the rite, where young people have gone out into the world, out of reach of those who know them, and care for their souls.

S. There must, I think, be, judging from what I have known, a kind of marking point between childish religion, and that of the more grown up character.

A. Exactly so. The Roman Church marks it by the first Communion; the Eastern by the first Confession to a priest; the Continental Protestants by Confirmation; and our tendency has been to do the same. I will not say that this is always inexpedient, a great deal depends on character and circumstance; but I do not think that where the young creature has to begin standing alone without the guards of early childhood, that the Seal of the Holy Spirit of might should be withheld.

S. Certainly not for the sake of making the vow more intelligently. Then comes the actual Confirmation, as each child kneels before the Bishop.

A. The old form was thus: 'Sign them, O Lord, and make them to be Thine for ever by the virtue of Thy Holy Cross and Passion. Confirm and strengthen them with the inward unction of Thy Holy Ghost mercifully unto everlasting life. Amen.' Then the Bishop signed each with the Cross, and laid his hand on each head, saying, 'I sign thee with the sign of the Cross, and lay mine hand on thee, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' And the versicle and response followed.

S. Is not the Cross still used in Scotland?

A. Yes. In 1552 the words were altered to the present form—

more of prayer than positive authoritative blessing, and the rubric prescribing the sign of the Cross was omitted. Mr. Blunt, however, thinks that it was still optional, and that Catholic-minded Bishops used it; and he cites a sermon preached in 1619 by the Bishop of Oxford's chaplain, showing that he held it to be still enjoined, because the rubric of 1549, though omitted, had not been revoked. But it was with so much difficulty that the Cross after Baptism was retained, that no doubt there was an unwillingness to do what excited so much prejudice, and might deter some from coming to Confirmation at all. It is a loss, but it is not essential. The rubric was given in the Scotch Prayer-book, and the custom has been kept up there. In 1661 the versicle and response were restored, having been omitted in the Second Prayer-book, and the Lord's Prayer was added, also the second collect, probably to include the whole congregation.

S. It is from those at the end of the office for the Holy Communion. Is the other an old one?

A. It came from Archbishop Hermann's proposed Prayer-book for Cologne. Let me say one thing more in case you have to do with dressing girls for Confirmation. There ought to be as little distinction as possible between rich and poor. To send the well-to-do girls looking like brides is promoting vanity, curiosity, and jealousy at the time when these ought to be banished.

S. But a veil is the right thing to wear.

A. To cover the head is the right thing. All should either wear caps, or all veils. And now that scarcely any one wears such a cap in common life, so that one is useless to a poor girl, I believe it is the best way to keep a stock of very simple muslin veils, and let them be returned when the hats are put on again. Then they are, as it were, part of the rite, and excite no vanity.

READING AS AN ART.

BY GRACE LATHAM.

‘Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.’

CHAPTER I.

READING, our first study, and our last occupation, from the time when we painfully learn a b, ab, to the days when, though pen and needle are laid aside, we still read or listen to a favourite author. But although it is thus universally practised, the art of reading is less cultivated than any of the others, than any, at least, of those which can be carried on successfully in the family circle. Among even educated men and women it is quite surprising to find how few can read understandably and inoffensively. If we have been in the habit of going to mothers' meetings, work societies, lecture halls; to places, in fact, where we hear a succession of untrained readers, we shall find that, putting excellence aside as out of the question, it is rare to meet with any one who can read his own language steadily, clearly, and pleasantly.

And yet this should not be; few arts give such general delight; the little children, the sick, the aged, all love to be read aloud to; and every family remembers with pleasure how they assembled round the fire to listen for the first time to some now world-famous novel.

This art also has the advantage of requiring no costly instrument, like a piano or violin, no cumbersome paraphernalia of brushes, canvas, and easel; Nature has provided us with the machinery necessary for its exercise; but, and this is an emphatic but, we must train it and study how to use it, just as we must learn scales and exercises before we can expect our fingers to play on the pianoforte. It seems to be a generally received opinion about reading, as it is about acting: ‘Anybody can do it; you have only to speak as you do in everyday life.’ Yes, but that is just the point, nobody does read as he or she speaks; they take an artificial tone; they hesitate and drawl; they lose their breath; they stumble and jerk; they have no manner of control over their voices, which rush up and down the scale in the wildest and most inappropriate way. The reason of this is that in conversation we know exactly what we are going to say, and what we mean by it, and therefore unconsciously put the emphasis in the right place, while our feelings of the moment produce a fitting tone; but in reading the matter is new to us, and usually foreign to our feelings, and it requires careful, thoughtful study, to master the exact sense of what we deliver, and then to make our organs of speech express it accurately

and pleasantly. Even in straightforward, inexpressive reading, such as newspaper articles, the effort of at once taking the ideas in with the eye, and giving them out with the voice, so increases our difficulties, that the little tricks and flaws of ordinary speech become magnified, and it is usually a painful effort to listen to the reading of an untrained person, while in anything approaching the dramatic—in poetry, for example, where each word has its special value in the line, and must have its own special intonation—the effect produced by a careless or incompetent interpreter is much the same as if a child, just knowing its notes, were to try to stumble through a sonata of Beethoven's.

'A science teaches us to know and an art to do,' says Professor Jevons in his 'Elementary Lessons in Logic,' and the meaning of the word art is 'practical skill guided by rules,' or literally, 'skill in joining or working,' probably from the Greek *aro*, to fit, and never was a name more appropriate; earnest, steady labour can alone give us the smallest genuine success in art. And as there is no truer maxim than that everything in life has to be paid for in one way or another, an art will give no lasting pleasure, either to ourselves or to others, unless we are willing to pay for it by hard work. The object of these papers is to be of some help to those engaged in such work; first, by giving a few practical hints as to the proper use of the organs of breath and speech; and secondly, as to the manner in which different classes and styles of literature should be rendered.

The first thing to be learnt is to take breath fully, deeply, and without effort; the sound of our voices is made by the breath, which sets the vocal cords vibrating more or less rapidly, according to the place in the scale of the note we wish to produce, and if we breathe wrongly, the tones of our voices will be wrong also. When we inspire, we should throw out the lower part of the ribs, which covers the larger ends of the lungs, and take in as large a supply of air as is possible without feeling strained; the moment we are conscious of making a great effort, or of a slight fulness in the head and chest, when the lungs are filled with air, we are using too much energy, and must go to work more quietly, for over-exertion of the respiratory organs is always dangerous, and a little gentle practice will quickly increase the capacity of the lungs for taking in and retaining the air. This method of breathing, by supplying a stronger current of air, will make the vocal cords move easily, and we shall be able to continue using the voice without fatiguing it or the chest for a far longer time than if we breathed from the upper end of the lungs, which is thinner, narrower, and less capable of sustaining any strain upon it; and it is most important that all those whose duty requires them to speak much, whether by reading, teaching, lecturing, or reciting, should bear this in mind.

In speech, the muscles of the throat should be held perfectly loose, and the jaw slightly dropped, so as to have the larynx, or voice-

producer, quite free from pressure. It is one of the commonest faults among untrained readers to stiffen the throat and jaw, especially when they wish to increase the loudness of the voice, to such an extent that the delicate internal muscles of the larynx are pulled all awry, and are not able to act properly; thus obtaining a hard, unpleasant tone, often unsteady, and rising quite unexpectedly to a high, thready squeak from the excessive but irregular strain on the vocal cords. The throat and mouth must never feel or look tight, and the student should carefully observe the quality of the sounds he makes, and the moment they become harsh, quavering, or that their position is some notes higher or lower in the scale than he intended them to be, he may be sure that he is shutting his throat, and hurting his voice, and must stop, take breath, and begin again with his throat and jaw in the proper position, when the sound should always be round, soft in quality, and perfectly steady. Many people speak even in daily life with a closed throat, and this is the cause of half the sore, relaxed, and other throats of which we so often hear.

The next attempt on the part of the student should be to do what seems so much a matter of course that it is superfluous to mention it: viz. to read absolutely correctly. Not at all; most people begin with a complete indifference to stops, and strictly original views on the subject of pronunciation; vowels are twisted from their proper sound; body, for instance, becomes bady; perfect, pafect; truthful, tr'thfle; ever, eva; consonants are slurred or omitted, especially the strong terminal ones; most turning into mose; that, into tha; greatly lessening the clearness of the reader and the comfort of the listener to even the simplest book; and the effect is even more disastrous, as we shall see later, when we attempt to render poetry or the drama. As habits of pronunciation are generally very hard to get rid of, the best plan for doing so is to practise daily lists of words, saying them slowly and thoughtfully, and taking special care that the vowel sounds should be perfectly correct, as the expression given to a word is chiefly concentrated on them. A spelling-book, an advertisement column, anything will do for this purpose, that is not so keenly interesting as to draw our minds from the manner to the matter of our reading; but it is not a bad plan to use a dictionary, as it will give us the accepted pronunciation of each word. The eye also must be trained to perceive, and the voice to pause, at the stops; but we shall have less difficulty in keeping them as we learn how important they are to the reader, and what a world of meaning they may be made to convey.

We have now spoken sufficiently of the production and cultivation of the voice, and will turn to its employment.

For elocutionary purposes we may divide all literature into two classes, each requiring a different style of reading, and each of which may be subdivided into other classes needing other treatment for their beauties to be fully apparent.

The two principal divisions may be defined: (1), as that in which

the *sense* of the words is superior to their *form*, and (2), that in which the form is equal, if not superior, to the sense of the words. By 'form' we mean the choice and arrangement of the words; the length of the sentences; the manner in which they are grouped; the number, choice, and position of the stops. The first class comprises newspapers, novels, travels, scientific works; all writings, in fact, in which the meaning of the author is expressed by the *sense* of the words only; the stops being mere divisions of the sentences. It is by far the largest of the two classes, and we shall probably read more books belonging to it, than to the second. In doing so absolute clearness and correctness are what is chiefly necessary; every stop must be rigorously kept, lest the sentences should seem involved to the hearers; every syllable and every letter must be clearly sounded, lest listening should be an effort, or a word should seem other than that chosen by the author.

For in this class of literature the *sense* of the *words* is everything; a writer may intend us to think out his propositions; an active imagination may bring a scene he has described vividly before us, but the words themselves contain all he desires to express; nothing is left to be indicated by their sound or arrangement, and the reader merely holds the subordinate position of a mouthpiece. Hence, he should avoid any graces of style, which might draw attention to himself, as a striving for notice which is in very bad taste, and must content himself with using a pleasant tone, natural to his voice, that listening to him may be agreeable, which is an absolute necessity; free from all sense of effort, that he may not be fatiguing; his intonations must be sufficiently varied not to be monotonous; and finally, he must use just so much emphasis, and so many pauses as will make the meaning of his author quite clear.

The following example is taken from an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on 'Female Education,' written by the Rev. Sydney Smith, in the days when a smattering of accomplishments was considered the only right and proper education for women—

'One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation;—and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology—though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images, and illustrations;—it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be farther from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing, that it is not now a very common thing to be interested

by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament, that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.'

In this paragraph nothing is expressed but calm common sense, and the stops and dashes with which it is strewn should form a sufficient guide to the manner in which it is to be read.

We must begin in the quiet level tone of everyday life, which should be the one chiefly employed in reading of this class, whatever the subject matter: 'One of the greatest pleasures in life is conversation;—' a semicolon, and a dash, by keeping which we at once point out to our hearers that 'conversation' is the word in the sentence to which we desire to draw their attention; then we continue: 'and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge:' a rather slower articulation, for the last three words will be enough to mark them as the most important ones of this group; then, keeping the colon religiously, for these two sentences contain the gist of the whole paragraph, and must be carefully separated from the context, we continue lightly, and rather more quickly; for the next few lines form a parenthesis, and are as it were part of the padding of the article. The comma after 'angles' should be carefully observed, that the sentences may not become entangled and obscure, and after the pause that follows 'philology' our tone may become a little deeper, the next few words forming a kind of aside remark; then another semicolon, and we come back to our original tone of voice with our return to the chief subject matter.

'But let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage.' Here a slight emphasis on, 'prodigious difference,' 'well educated,' 'not,' and 'advantage,' will at once make the meaning clear. In the succeeding list of the benefits of education every comma must receive full time, every word a clear articulation, 'it would be so easy to jumble up and confound the widely separated ideas here expressed. The next group of words after the dash should follow more quickly; by this slight change of time we shall avoid monotony, which in reading must always be guarded against; the comma before 'and,' and an emphasis on 'trifling,' will make the sense quite clear. The pithy remark: 'The subjects themselves may not be wanted on which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick,' will be made quite as prominent as is necessary by the full stop at its beginning and end, cutting it off from the rest of the paragraph, and by the semicolon, which separates it into two distinct parts. Then we come to the practical application of the whole to the subject under discussion, which is heralded and pointed out by the words: 'Now, really,' each of which is made prominent by the

comma pause after them, so that we mentally exclaim, 'What is coming now?'

With one exception emphasis and pause only have been sufficient to render the whole of this passage perfectly clear and intelligible, and we shall realise at once that for this description of reading previous training and practice are rather necessary than special study of the thing to be read; practice, to enable the eye to run on before, to seize the sense and arrangement of the sentence following that which the mouth is at that moment speaking. It is merely a mechanical operation, and we shall see that it is so, if we consider that we can do elaborate pieces of needlework while we are reading aloud; a quick eye taking in as much of a paragraph as can be spoken while two or three stitches are being set. We have already indicated the necessary training of the organs for producing speech; in addition it is indispensable for us to cultivate the ear, the directing and controlling power. It alone can tell us if we have lost our mellow, easy tone, and have allowed the voice to become harsh, and strained; it must judge whether our emphasis is rightly placed, whether a pause conveys all we desire. But it is a curious fact that although we all think ourselves qualified to judge of a voice used in song, we are mostly deaf to its beauties and peculiarities when employed in speech; though it is then far more characteristic and expressive, owing to the constant use it receives in that capacity. Even those who have read much aloud, and have studied what they read, will entirely neglect the training of the ear until their attention is directed to its necessity. To such a pupil we may often hear a teacher say: 'Close this sentence with an upward movement of the voice,' and giving an example; the pupil tries to imitate, but the voice falls instead of rising as before.

'No,' says the teacher, 'finish on an ascending tone, thus.'

'I thought I did!' answers the astonished pupil.

The ear has not been trained. Again, a teacher of elocution will say—

'This fact is most important; make a slight pause before it, that the attention of your hearers may be directed to it.'

'I meant to do so!' cries the pupil.

The intention was there; the mind was so full of it, that the reader imagined it had been executed, and the ear was not sufficiently acute to perceive the failure in doing so. Only constant observation by the student of his fellow-men and women, and of himself, both in the speech of ordinary life, and in his hours of study, will give him a discerning ear, a valuable possession when reading literature of the first class, and an indispensable one should he attempt anything belonging to the second. When we leave the calm domain of criticisms, scientific arguments, etc., and touch on ground where feeling of any kind is excited, the task of the ear instantly becomes more onerous. In a novel, for example, even in the unsensational ones of dear Jane Austen, the mind of the reader must so enter into the

thoughts and feelings of her puppet world, that his voice must indicate them all in turn. Only indicate; for her matter and manner are too unemotional for strongly-marked tones to be appropriate to her calm style; and nothing is so objectionable as over-dramatic reading for this class of literature; as it contains no hidden meaning to be interpreted, too much expression has the effect of obtruding the reader on our notice when we wish to think only of the book.

As an example of novel reading, let us take the picture of Mr. Woodhouse's supper table in 'Emma'—

'Upon such occasions poor Mr. Woodhouse's feelings were in sad warfare. He loved to have the cloth laid, because it had been the fashion of his youth: but his conviction of suppers being very unwholesome, made him rather sorry to see anything put on it; and while his hospitality would have welcomed his visitors to everything, his care for their health made him grieve that they would eat.

'Such another small basin of thin gruel as his own was all that he could, with thorough self-approbation, recommend; though he might constrain himself, while the ladies were comfortably clearing the nicer things, to say,—

"Mrs. Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome. Searle understands boiling an egg better than anybody. I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else,—but you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see,—one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help you to a *little* bit of tart—a *very* little bit. Ours are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you to *half* a glass of wine? A *small* half glass, put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you."

Here we feel at once that while our former extract was written by a man who talked well, and for effect; every stop and dash being calculated to arouse or sustain the interest of the reader, now we have to do with the work of a great observer, to whom the ideas she has to express are even more than her manner of putting them. Her excellent style reads like the conversation of a modest, unassuming lady, whose shrewd remarks are the result rather of a natural instinct for observation, than of a desire to shine. This brings us to the fact that every writer of any mark has a style peculiar to himself, which must be read so as to bring out its characteristics, if we would give full force to his writings. Miss Austen therefore is best rendered in an easy, chatty manner, with the slight changes of tone of ordinary conversation.

The first paragraph of our extract is descriptive, and should therefore be given in the tone we use when telling a story; the first full stop being carefully kept, as unless it is we shall lose much of the meaning of the opening sentence. Then we should continue, slightly accentuating the principal words. It is a curious fact, that we may observe for ourselves at any time, that, excepting people who, like actors, have trained themselves to articulate, most of us slur over half

our sentences; the few words spoken distinctly containing the pith of our talk. In reading, these are the words on which our emphasis should fall. Here, for example, we must mark: 'Loved, cloth laid, fashion, youth, conviction, suppers, unwholesome; sorry, anything, put, on it; hospitality, welcomed, to everything, care, health, grieved, would eat;' and if we read this list we shall find that it conveys no bad idea of the meaning of the sentences from which it is taken; a slightly superior emphasis must be laid on 'would eat,' as it forms the climax of the paragraph. Of course where so many words are marked the emphasis on them must be of the slightest, or our reading would become very jerky and unpleasant, and we shall see that where effects are more forcible they are also fewer; in literature of the first class the great art is to make all our effects with the least possible change of voice, etc.; our painting, to use a metaphor, must be grey on grey. When we reach the dialogue we must drop the narrative tone, and take one of courteous appeal. 'Mrs. Bates,' a pause indicated by the comma, during which the kind old gentleman is supposed to wait till the lady's attention is attracted; he continues in the same tone, passing to one of reassurance for: 'An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome,' then with a little pride in his cook: 'Searle understands boiling an egg better than anybody.' A pause, and with much gravity: 'I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else.' Another pause, and he continues reassuringly: 'But you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see,' then after a pause, and with pressing courtesy: '—one of our small eggs will not hurt you.' A very slight accent should fall on the 'our,' Mr. Woodhouse prides himself on the wholesome character of his table. The comma after 'Miss Bates' is another pause of appeal, but the emphasis which the authoress directs us to place on 'little' and 'very' must not be encouraging but deprecatory; we have been told that Woodhouse wished to be hospitable, but was too careful of his friends' health to desire them to eat. Again the touch of pride in '*Ours* are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves *here*,' and he goes on with real concern, 'I do not advise that custard,' concluding with a confidential, 'I do not think it could disagree with you.' We almost see the dear kind old gentleman, full of old-fashioned courtesy, turning in the pauses of his speech from dish to visitor, from visitor to daughter.

To pass to another of Miss Austen's creations, Miss Bates, a different manner should be used to give meaning to the worthy woman's incomplete sentences; change of tone is still our chief agent; though for clearness sake the many pauses must be rigorously kept—

'Miss Bates and Miss Fairfax, escorted by the two gentlemen, walked into the room; and Mrs. Elton seemed to think it as much her duty as Mrs. Weston's to receive them. Her gestures and movements might be understood by any one who looked on like Emma; but her words, everybody's words, were soon lost under the

incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking, and had not finished her speech under many minutes after her being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard,—

‘So very obliging of you!—No rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—Well! (as soon as she was within the door), well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable! Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up! Jane, Jane, look! Did you ever see anything? Oh! Mr. Weston, you must really have had Aladdin’s lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. “Oh! Mrs. Stokes,” said I—but I had not time for more.’ She was now met by Mrs. Weston. ‘Very well, I thank you, ma’am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache! seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it indeed—Ah! dear Mrs. Elton, so obliged to you for the carriage; excellent time; Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh! and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been. But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbours. I said to my mother, “Upon my word, ma’am.” Thank you, my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse’s. I made her take her new shawl,—for the evenings are not warm,—her large new shawl, Mrs. Dixon’s wedding present, etc., etc.’

The beginning of the extract must be treated like the opening of our last, the important words being accentuated. Miss Bates’ speech begins rapidly, changing to an emphatic ‘Well,’ followed by a slower, admiring: ‘This is brilliant indeed,’ and returning to the old quick pace, but not to the old tone, until she gives a little cry of ecstatic delight: ‘Jane, Jane, look! Did you ever see anything?’ and her host passing at that moment she breaks off in her sentence and turns to pour out her admiration on him. The little touch of description: ‘She was now met by Mrs. Weston,’ must be given in a narrative tone; the better to break the long speech and avoid monotony, and then Miss Bates continues with the politeness of one lady to another, but still not with finished courtesy, for she is but a rough diamond. Again she break off, to give jovial thanks to Mrs. Elton, and the sense that she suddenly sees this lady may be given by a sharp, exclamatory sound to the ‘Ah!’ and an affectionate tone to the ‘dear Mrs. Elton.’ Miss Bates’ kind heart instantly leads her to think that she may have overlooked the equal goodness of her older neighbour; for with another exclamation she cries, ‘Oh! and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score,’ and here the ‘oh’ should have the sound of a thought suddenly remembered. She runs on, till she stops abruptly, without finishing her sentence, to reply to an enquiry for her mother, for which we may use the graver tone in which we commonly reply to such questions, passing with the next sentence to the narrative tone for the account of where Mrs. Bates is spending the

evening, and the history of the shawl. The speech is too long to quote entirely, but this style must be used for the whole of it. It might easily be broken up with more varied intonations, but though it might thus receive greater point and character, it would then be inappropriate to the style of reading with which we are now dealing, and would have to be treated as belonging to the second class of literature.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.*

'In our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily lives.'

—*The Excursion.*

Mary. What do you think of the last book by the author of *John Inglesant*?

Constance. *Sir Percival*, the last volume published? I am quite sure that it will not be so popular as other works by the writer, and I am very nearly sure that one's first impression is correct—it is not so strong a work as usual.

M. Is it because one now expects so much from Mr. Shorthouse? Do you recollect that amusing little sketch of a novelist whose career was destroyed by his successful story?

C. Perfectly—in *The Lady and the Tiger*; and really I knew a man, who had made quite the most remarkable hit of the past few years, saying, in all seriousness, he was afraid that his reputation would never recover from it! However—apart from expectation, and with full admission of the genius of Mr. Shorthouse for expressing the feeling of spiritual life—in my opinion, formed after repeated reading, *Sir Percival* is neither so well written nor as attractive as its predecessors.

M. Can you say why you think so?

C. Going beyond personal preference, one is obliged to look for reasons to support judgment, even if one is only a woman! But very likely they are not satisfactory.

M. I suppose that criticism is not first hanging and then trial; but that, till you have seen the effect, you cannot tell why a work is a success or failure of the kind that the maker wanted?

C. I wish that more critics did think of an author's intentions. I can't call myself a critic, when I am just talking things over with you; but, feeling slightly disappointed with *Sir Percival*, I did try to discover the reason. No one likes *Dreams* more than I do, so the fault did not lie with my want of appreciation of the class of tale. The subject sounds well-worn, but, having the privileges of personality and proven power, writers with a name escape need to *pretend* that they have new subjects as well as new conceptions of them.

M. So you allow them to choose their own subjects?

C. Very kind of me, isn't it? But now we come to the structure of the book, which to my mind is most inartistic. Allowing for the narrative form, there is still a monotony of effect in the earlier

* 'Sir Percival: a Story of the Past and of the Present.' By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co., 1886.

chapters, and disproportion between the introduction of many characters and the part they play.

M. What do you mean by allowing for the narrative form?

C. This: that to other kinds of fiction a narrative is as an herbaceous garden to arrangements of plants in formal borders; where one only asks for plenty, fragrance, and variety.

M. And quaint unexpected bloom in odd corners? I see what you mean. I wondered if the repetitions and somewhat complex sentences were deliberate imitations of the way in which some women speak and most women write. You see, your namesake, Constance Lisle, tells the story, looking back on these days from about the year 1920. Naturally she would dwell on detail, and defer that part of the story which concerned herself.

C. That may be. Still, in a small book from a deliberate writer, one feels a little defrauded if every page is not perfect, and when proportionately so many are taken up by quotation—for instance, from the *Simeon Memoirs* recommended in the preface. They are really scarcely likely to attract the younger generation to whom they are introduced, if I may venture to differ from Mr. Shorthouse. However, they were published by Hatchards in 1848, and on pp. 452, 473, etc., of a closely-printed volume of six hundred pages, you will find what is said in *Sir Percival* from pp. 47–58, about a man who, without undue flippancy, must to many have been more attractive than are his *Memoirs* to me. But of course one never knows why an author puts anything into his writing; it is often most amusing, over works in manuscript, to see how fondly writers cling to ideas which every one else thinks ought to be struck out. And another reason may have influenced the author of *John Inglesant*—I don't know whether it did. Most of his types of religious people have been those educated under differing schools of thoughts. It is well for every one to remember that men are before methods. And one other count I have against *Sir Percival*.

M. What is that? Want of definite point?

C. No; I think that there is point in the story, though with a sheath on it. But I miss not thought, but thoughts—gems which one remembers apart from context. Next to our irritation when we fancy that anything is sacrificed to sentences arranged by an effort, the effect of which is visible, comes our disappointment when a man does not exercise his gift, if he is one of those who seem to have an instinct for expressing exquisite feeling in striking form.

M. But then you are a little exacting. Haven't I caught you skimming a book for what others call padding?

C. I venture to declare that I know as much about the book as you do!

M. Don't you think that it would be difficult to give a fair idea of the book to any one who had not read it?

C. Because the touches which redeem it from the trivial are too

subtle to be told but by themselves—innumerable little surface hits—observations of a born observer they appear to be. There is sometimes quite a mine of knowledge in half a sentence, and several passages, becoming studiously slight where one expects diffusiveness to continue, are most suggestive. In their very different styles, I think that the hints of the relations of the two heroines throughout—the development of the perception of Percival, and of his want of perception—the sketch of Lady Elizabeth, seen at disadvantage—the humorous contrast of the gravity with which the Duke treats the spoilt Chablis and the gentle curiosity with which he returns to the young guest's statement as to that effete superstition of Christianity—are examples of fine direct painting.

M. I was wondering how one might tell the story. Would this do? You are told a great deal about the house and its inmates and its neighbours, but the plot is that Sir Percival comes down to stay in it; he is good-looking, and his money may, and his brains probably will, increase; he thinks that he is falling in love with Constance Lisle, when Virginia Clare (to be alliterative), agnostic, yet attractive, appears, and he leaves Constance, weekday services, and *Christian Year*, for Virginia, modern magazines, and Sundays spent over Shelley. Virginia dying—after some three years, he asks Constance to marry him; knowing that he does not care for her, she refuses him. He is fond of her as a sister, and when he dies, or is killed, he contrives to write to her before his death—— No; I can't tell it, and I don't believe that many other people could. I see very well all the touches that you call subtle, yet how can one pass them on in a few words?

C. You'll excuse me then for finding *something* lacking in your version! I am afraid that you do not give me the faintest recollection of the feeling with which I closed the book; these works have for me a subdued sort of association like the grey-green light from the clerestory when the sun shines without a still cathedral. But I notice that in Mr. Shorthouse's stories one gets the strongest effect before one reaches the end—the finish seems to fade off.

M. Yet I like the close (I think it must have been suggested by a real story, but that is a guess). Sir Percival, pressing on through the unsilent heathenese, reaches a doomed missionary Bishop, not to rescue, but rather to record his death. As the Law holds the soldier's will good, whatever be its form, so the Church, in olden days, adapted her ceremonial requirements to necessity. Together the two Englishmen share what by them are considered as Sacramental Elements. The packet in which this is told reaches Constance Lisle, but the manner of Sir Percival's death is only 'known to the savage heathen, and to God.'

C. The last chapter is headed, 'The Finding of the Grail,' and the title-page has for motto, 'I sawe a damoyssel as methoughte, alle in whyte, with a vessel in both her hands, and forthwith I was whole.'

M. Then has this story any allegorical meaning?

C. Once I saw a letter which was privately written by Mr. Shorthouse, giving the key to the inner meaning of the *Little Schoolmaster Mark*, which we talked of when it came out.* I don't think that there can be any objection to my quoting a few words: 'In both parts of *Little Mark*,' says the author, 'I have tried an experiment which I did not attempt in *John Inglesant*; viz., *Whether it is possible to teach philosophy in a story which shall be absolutely perfect as a work of art*, that is, in which every character shall act as though there were no moral or no higher meaning in the story at all.' I must say at once that Mr. Shorthouse carefully guards himself against being supposed to consider his own writing as perfect in any other sense; but I have no *right* to quote even these words, which were shown to me because I enjoyed *Mark* so much. Knowing that Mr. Shorthouse never writes but for a purpose, and a high purpose, I made a resolve that in future I would not be content till I had secured not only the obvious, but the underlying, meaning of any work of his.

M. Then has this story a complete allegory like that in *Mark*?

C. So far as I can see, not in the same fulness. But there is a thought-story,—since all life is symbolical.

M. And that is?

C. What I am not sure of! I followed three lines of thought, perhaps they are all justifiable, and may be suggestive for you, if you care to hear about them.

M. You always see further into those stories than I do. Please go on.

C. To quote from Mr. Shorthouse elsewhere, one of his special teachings is—'Where there is love there must be sacrifice, and no life is perfect without love.' Very natural merely as contrasted pictures of actually existing types of feminine feeling; Constance, pale and pensive, but with vivifying spiritual life, Virginia, winsome and lovely, with splendid physique and power over the passion and vitality of him whom almost irresistibly she attracts; the two girls are also types of womanhood in a wider sense, potent, each in her own way, to energise and develope those they meet.

M. 'The yea, and the nay, of that good for which men are striving.'

C. Yes; I do not think that loss of womanliness is necessarily a consequence of disciplined work any more than I think that idleness or ignorance is a good preservative of graciousness; but, sometimes, the hands that have none of earth's treasures to fill them seem the more ready to be the keepers of the Grail: those are most quick to hear the signal—

'Who rather wearily would wait,
Than lose the Master's footfall at the gate.'

M. I liked very much all that part where Constance accepts her

* See 'Monthly Packet,' April, 1885.

fate; have you not noticed in life how *wise* unselfish people often are?

C. Frequently. Womanhood has varying work; the two calls not being combined, as often happens, the apparently lower is bravely faced as most natural, therefore most helpful; a bold touch; there are some life-lessons worth studying in this.

M. I like that thread, but it only takes in the love story.

C. True. The same thing may be said if, still taking the girls as the chief figures (for Sir Percival is subsidiary, as he ought not to be, I think), one then interprets them in a wider sense. Constance may stand for the Consecrated Life. Elsewhere Mr. Shorthouse points out that 'there is no such thing as the secular life.' '*Call nothing common*;' but there are many who only treat life as secular. Virginia represents, so to speak, the human side of life, that loves its fellow-men, in the flush of youth, generous impulse still unchecked, and is influenced by the companionship of one filled with ideals of Christianity. Virginia is ready with practical and unpractical suggestions, resents selfishness in religion, as if, contrary to her theory, it were really, after all, of value, and she acknowledges that the Church has something which to her at best is incomprehensible. Against her verbal protest of *I go not*, she does work in the Vineyard at times. Have you ever thought that this human thoughtfulness is a Martha whom unconsciously Mary's enthusiasm for the TEACHER may influence? It is only fancy, but I have wondered sometimes if that was how Martha first learnt that the Master was worth her anxious service! You see we take Virginia, as one who, intensely natural, has a better creed than she knows; but not in the least softening the blank—the want of completeness—in life and in death.

M. If Constance is the Church, of course it becomes easier to see why she is as it were the guardian of the Grail.

C. And that brings us to the third thought-story—the legendary whisper heard behind the latterday narrative. The tale of the present touches its counterpart in the dream of yore. The refined but material surroundings of well-bred people, the essentially nineteenth-century characters, differ from those the knight of old met with on his quest; yet, as ever—to the woman in her acceptance of the cross invisible to others sharing her seclusion, and to the man on duty in court or camp—to the single-hearted the vision is given.*

M. Did you notice the dedication of this volume to Canon Morse? Here is the *Guardian* of October 6—ten days before Sir Percival was published—with an In Memoriam notice of Canon Morse written by Mr. Shorthouse.

C. I meant to show you that. Look at this passage: 'This perfect naturalness, combined with the fact that he had seen God, and had therefore a positive message to deliver, was the secret of his

* Cf. 'The Idylls of the King.'

power.' And now in this light look at the allusions to Mr. De Lys, and to Mr. Simeon, which in one aspect appear so disproportionate.

M. Yes; some of those sentences recalled what you said last year about Christian Platonism, an expression which is used here, I think. This is a passage I like: 'Religion is a spell for all necessities of life, but in no necessity is it more beneficent and powerful than in that of mental effort and concentration.' But I don't quite see what you mean?

C. This; the keynote to all the writer of *John Inglesant* has to say is the motto on the seal here described, *Scio cui credidi*: I know in whom I have believed. I know of one case in which *John Inglesant* may have done harm; it is hard to say;—a young life roused by its teaching passed thence under influence which was undesirable. You cannot go to these works for definite guidance. You cannot go to find a very strong champion able to meet an attack with real power. That matters less, as it is always dangerous to fight unless a very distinct call comes—especially with other people's weapons.

M. But why do you say that? I do not think that Sir Percival is against Agnosticism; I remember that we heard it was.

C. That's why I want to show you exactly where it can and does oppose those who profess themselves Agnostics. It slightly ridicules—that's all they are worth—those delighted to give 'the unnecessary information that they know nothing!' But some are content not to know because they are fortunate. He points out, not only salient points in heathenness by striking allusion, but that the *prosperous* have in all ages proved the hunger for spiritual food by inventing spiritual luxuries.

M. I had not thought of this application of Virginia's words.

C. I think that it is meant. And then, last and best, is that idea shadowed two or three times when Constance is questioned. There are some who say, in all sorrowful sincerity, that they do not know. We need not mistake the contrary assertion for a complete and logical answer to attacks cleverer than we may be able to meet; though, indeed, in one sense, all is answered by it, for those who can truly make that reply:—There ARE those who know; men and women of varied capacities; of different classes; with instincts seeming entirely dissimilar; spirits trained in opposite schools; seekers pursuing the quest by every route; seers who through perception of law and beauty have been led up to God; they know, and we know in part. 'Lord, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, are the words which close this book. This idea is present in the writings of Mr. Shorthouse.

M. But specially in this?

C. Perhaps specially by intention. But as I said at first, and as I cannot help repeating, this volume as a whole will not be a favourite of mine. I hope that it will not be long before we have another to think about; he ought to write who can hold the public ear for good.

Mr. Shorthouse is an author who has power to restore to us hours in which we have felt deeply; to help us to see the subtler influences which lead us unless we use them: we need witnesses who will be listened to when they tell others with personal conviction that there is a real spiritual world, and that he who lives in this Kingdom of Heaven knows that day by day new messages come, new revelations are made. There are many—some who glory, some who sorrow—who really, 'do not know' anything at all of the higher life; but there are also those who do know—know as surely as experience can teach, that this spiritual world has law for the philosopher, depth for the thinker, height for the mystic, and for (the largest class of the needy) those in loneliness—as for all—Infinite Love.

G.

Arachne adds a few notices of books since received, and well worth noting. *Goldhanger Wood*, by Maud C. Lee, is another of the National Society's charming prize books, and is about adventures with smugglers. *Not so very Long Ago* (Shaw), is an unusually delightful autobiographical story of a move by a clergyman's family from London to the country. The nursery party watch their own feather beds packed into the furniture van, and speculate whether those were the things with which the Princes were smothered. There is another charming scene when the clergyman tries to drive a costermonger's donkey, reported never to go except on being sworn at. Happily growling at him, that he is a quadruped of the solid singular species, or hissing *s-c-élér-at* proves equally effective. We hope there may be a correction of Mademoiselle's botanical lecture. Another very nice book is Miss Guernsey's *Through Unknown Ways* (Shaw), which is a well studied tale of life in the reign of James II., written in a very fair spirit. *Character*, by M. E. Bramston, is reprinted by Messrs. Hatchard.

In the mention of Miss Croome's *Practical Teaching in Sunday Schools*, for Strand, read Stroud.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

A PERVERSION FROM THE PERSIAN.

BY ELLEN PERRONET THOMPSON.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN the learned Princess Ida abandoned her glorious plans for the elevation of woman, and settled down to domestic life with her Prince Hilarion, the change was received with various feelings by the different members of her community. It would be a libel to say that they all welcomed it, and hastened to follow the example of their illustrious mistress. No, there was one, and this one not the oldest, nor the ugliest, nor the least attractive, who treated it as a falling away, and a retrograding, and everything to be deplored. And certainly it was hard on the fair Parthise, of whom the severe and erudite Lady Blanche had formed the very highest expectations, and who looked forward to nothing less than becoming First Wrangler, and gaining a Fellowship with a nice little income for life. It was hard, I say, on her, to be told all at once that she must turn out, and go home to a bad-tempered old uncle, who hated learned women, and who had only consented to her entering the College because of her assurances that she should carry off a certificate which would enable her to become a first-rate governess, and relieve him of her maintenance. Parthise looked again at the official circular announcing the sad break-up of everything, then at the little private note conveying Lady Blanche's regrets at losing so promising a pupil. She pictured the future—the sneers of sarcastic acquaintance, the grumblings of the old uncle, his regrets that she had not stayed long enough to become sick of her books, and run away. No, she could not go back to that. And Parthise rose to her feet, slammed the door of her study, and dragging out her tricycle from the coach-house (she was too poor to keep a horse), she began to work off her feelings by riding up and down the garden paths at a tearing pace.

In her excitement she forgot her steering, and was brought up suddenly by her machine running over the border, and striking against the boundary-wall. The coping-stone rocked with a force out of all proportion to so slight a blow ; it must have been loosened before.

'If this were living rock,' thought Parthise, 'I should say there had been an earthquake nine million years ago, and a volcano four thousand years before that.' But as things were, it was far more

probable that this was the spot where Hilarion and his companions had scaled the wall, and blighted for ever this peaceful Eden.

'These walls are made less to keep the men out than to keep the maidens in,' the wicked Cyril had said. Alas! hitherto what maiden had needed keeping in? Parthise, for one, had never dreamed of asking for a Saturday out. But now, 'It is not I that leave the College, it is the College that leaves me,' thought Parthise, as she took out her Pocket-book of Trigonometry, and proceeded to measure the points on the wall's surface which would afford foothold. There was no time to lose; her uncle's housekeeper was expected every minute to fetch her. Parthise drove her machine homewards, snatched up her Gladstone bag, which stood ready packed; then, with a prayer to the Fates to preserve the back-hair glass which she had packed in the folds of her tea-gown, she mounted the wall, and in fear and trembling, let the bag drop over the other side. As for sending her tricycle after it, there was no difficulty, for it was that new patent kind which will take to pieces, and pack away into its own lantern-case.

I.

A FORTNIGHT had passed since the breaking-up of the College, and the wedding of its Principal. People were settling down into their normal quiet, when there arose a new commotion in, of all places in the world, the obscure little town of Gamaville.

The landlady of the Tourists' Rest was wringing her hands. Such a thing had never happened before, she said—but then she had not kept house many months—never had she been forced to turn a traveller away from the door. Travellers used to be so few—only the young ladies going to College, and their papas and mamas to look after them—all nice-mannered people, who did not spill on the table-cloth, nor grumble at the charges. And here was a horde of nasty foreigners, Double-Dutch Professors, and travelling students from Tierra del Fuego, all crowding round the doors, and clamouring for admission.

'No, sir,' said the young lady at the desk (she had turned her back to get out the Visitors' Book, and did not look round again to see whether the latest comer was man or woman), 'we have not a room, not a stall in the stable to give you. We have been sending people to the Commercial Hotel, and now that can take no more. Try the Railway Inn; it is not such a house as *our* customers would fancy, but it may find you a hole for the night.'

The traveller, who was none other than Parthise, turned away disheartened, for it was raining hard, her lamp had gone out at least five times, she had been obliged to dismount and drag her machine through the mud, and the damp was soaking into her Hygeia boots. The Railway Inn seemed a mile out of the town, but she reached it

at last, walked straight through the bar into the kitchen, and asked for shelter.

The hostess paused with the saucepan in her hand.

'Well, we are sore put to it now; but still, to accommodate a lady—yes, the two maids can go to their grandmother's for one night. Jane! Susan! clear out half your drawers and lock the others. And for you, Miss—goodness me, how wet you are! Won't you take off your—is it a riding-habit, Miss?' (Parthise was wearing a beautiful Rational tricycling suit), 'or sit by the fire till we get supper ready?'

Parthise gladly accepted the offer, and while drying herself, she asked the cause of this extraordinary influx of travellers.

'Why, bless us, don't you know? Ah, I forgot, it is kept a close secret, or we should have all the world and his wife here. Tomorrow is the day of the opening of the Cavern of the Apple-Blossom Mountain.'

Parthise looked curious. As a child, she had often gathered cabbage-leaves on the Apple-Blossom Mountain, but that was nothing remarkable. All the Gamaville folk get their cabbage-leaves to make apple-pies there.

The hostess was too busy to explain; however, one of her guests was passing through the kitchen, and she seized upon him.

'This gentleman will tell you all about it. I am sure, sir,' raising her voice, for he was very deaf, 'you will be so good as to tell this young lady about the cavern, and the books, and the old wizard whose name would puzzle a Welshman.'

The guest obediently sat down, almost in Parthise's pocket, and with his mouth close to her ear, began to discourse in a high-pitched tone. He was the ugliest old man Parthise had ever seen, short and thick-set, bald, with a long red beard beginning to turn grey; he wore blue spectacles and limped with one leg; but he seemed amiable, and a chance word which he dropped conveyed to Parthise that he was, like herself, a believer in the Undulatory theory of Light as opposed to the Corpuscular, and upon that, she felt that he was indeed a philosopher and a brother.

'Centuries before you were born or thought of, my dear young lady, the sage Chick-Chuck-Chuckabeddin prepared this cavern to contain the Books of Magic which he left behind when he was translated to higher spheres. He had collected twenty thousand treatises on the Philosopher's Stone alone, beside others on the arts of transforming men to beasts, drinking the seas dry, and such simple things. Judge, Madam, what we poor scholars of other lands would give for the use of this library! And Chick-Chuck-Chuckabeddin actually bequeathed it to us, but with restrictions. Once a year he sends out cards—"strictly private," like the fixtures of a very exclusive hunt—to announce that on such and such a day the great gates will open, and whoso will may enter the cavern and take

out a book. Only we have to be speedy, for in ten minutes the gates close again, and the unhappy loiterer is a prisoner, to die of thirst and hunger before next year's opening.'

'How delightful! But I fear the collection must be much reduced by this time.'

'Ah, no, my dear Madam, the Enchanter has provided against that. Whoever takes out a book is bound to return it the next year. If he fails to do this, he is devoured by bookworms.'

'I wish all libraries had that rule,' said Parthise, thinking of the Recreation-room book-case at the College, where 'Monte-Cristo' was *never* in. 'Then to-morrow is the opening day, and you are going there?'

'Omnibus starts at 8.30 to-morrow,' put in the hostess; 'stops twenty minutes on the way to change horses. Arrive at 2 P.M. precise, start again at three, and get back in nice time for nine o'clock supper.'

'I shall go,' said Parthise.

The little man almost jumped out of his skin.

'Madam,' he faltered, 'pardon me, but I am not aware that our illustrious patron contemplated the admission of ladies.'

'But he did not positively exclude them?' said Parthise. 'No? that is well, the masculine includes the feminine—*vide* the new Latin Primer, and the last Franchise Act. Think you I can afford to travel for pleasure? No; it is to gather some knowledge out of which capital may be made. Women, good sir, need bread as well as men; and some, poor souls, have to work for it.'

'That is true indeed,' said the old man, softening at once. He took off his spectacles, wiped them, then put them on again, and looked at her tenderly. 'I did not think of that,' he muttered. 'Poor thing, poor young thing! If only she would value the privilege! but one knows the most she will make of it. A trashy magazine article, or something for an illustrated paper, three sovs. the column—well, poor thing, one never knows with girls. There may be a bed-ridden mother to keep, or some scapegrace of a young brother. Well, well, we'll see to-morrow. An old fogey like me can do anything—I'll pass her off as my grand-daughter.' And taking up a flat candlestick, he ran out of the room head foremost.

'This is a glorious chance for me,' thought Parthise; and she went to bed and dreamt that, by magic art, her right hand had created a hound that could never fail of catching a fox, and her left hand, a fox that could never be caught.

Next morning an Alpine horn sounded in the yard, and everybody sprang up from breakfast and rushed to the door. Parthise went with the stream, but in the passage a hand grasped her dress, and a paper was thrust before her eyes.

'You will please pay last night's bill, Miss, before starting,' said

the landlord. 'One never knows—there may be an accident in the cavern any day, and then we poor folks should lose by it.'

Parthise saw the justice of this, but she wished she had been warned earlier, for the omnibus, which had already called at the superior inns, was very full, and there was a fight for places. She got away at last; the conductor called to her 'In, in, Miss! quick!' He gave her a hand up the steps, and she made her way to the vacant seat at the far end. Then she looked round for her friend of last night. He was not there!

As they rattled out of the yard, however, there was heard a 'Hi! hi! hollo!' and behold, in the distance the little man, staggering under an immense folio, and signalling frantically with his umbrella.

'One more place,' said the conductor, poking in his head.

Hereupon everybody made himself as big as he could, and a Double-Dutch Professor growled out 'No room.'

'There is room!' cried Parthise (there was as much space between that Professor's knees as would make sitting-room for two ordinary people). 'Countrymen! hearts of oak! sons of the waves! surely you will not ride and see an old man walk?' But this appeal fell flat, for she was the sole representative of her nation. 'Then to you turn I, brethren from beyond sea'—she addressed the foreigners in their own tongue. 'A warrior-nation are ye, and the warrior should of the weak ever the protector be. In learning ye excel, and a learning-bond is there between the of every nation aspirants after wisdom. How! no response! Then to him my place up-give I.'

She tried to rise, but her neighbours on either side were sitting upon her skirts, and as they were of two hostile nations, neither would obey a request that was made in the language of the other. While she was struggling and imploring, the omnibus rolled out of the yard, out of the town, and was cantering along a road bordered with poplars.

Parthise sat down resignedly, though for her own sake she had cause to regret the absence of one who might have shielded her from many a slight, many an expression of dislike from studious hermits, and Fellows of Colleges who were too old to take kindly to innovations. The frequenters of the cave know a newcomer by his having no book to return. Wherefore prudent people on their first visit take with them a double volume of the *Graphic* bound in brown calf with marbled edges.

At last the Mountain came in sight, white with apple-blossom on all sides but one, where uprose a great dark-coloured rock (a mixture of porphyry and argillaceous conglomerate, Parthise noted down), and a sign-post pointed to Student's Walk. Here the omnibus stopped. The stone parted asunder with a noise like seven thunder-claps; a vast cavern was revealed, and in a moment was alive with students pushing and crowding into it. The books, ranged on ivory shelves, were lettered on the back in luminous paint, shining with

equal light far and near, so that it was impossible to judge of distances.

‘To the left,’ growled a Professor, as he elbowed Parthise out of his way. ‘There’s the “Art of Beauty” and “Love Potions”—that’s the magic young ladies come after.’

But Parthise disdained such trifles; her eye had marked ‘The Greatest Happiness,’ and thither she pressed as best she could. It was further, however, than she had at first supposed.

‘How goes time, I wonder?’ thought she, as having outdistanced the crowd, she looked round and saw the doorway reduced to an alarmingly small speck of light. Alas! even if she had turned that moment she would have been too late. The clock gave its first stroke—lingerers round the door seized their books and ran out—and when Parthise came up, headlong and breathless, her outstretched hands struck against the solid rock.

For a moment she stood transfixed, then she uplifted her voice, but all in vain; she could not even hear the rattle of the departing omnibus, much less would it hear her. Sick with apprehension, she groped with her fingers over every square inch of the wall, she climbed up the shelves, she pulled every single book out of its place, but never a crack could she find. The luminous titles shone mockingly through the darkness; she opened ‘How to Bore through Rock without Vinegar,’ but the inside was in ordinary print, and of course was now invisible. Ah, had food for the mind been left to her, the pangs of hunger would have been unregarded, and she would have passed away in euthanasia.

‘Oh, cruel fate!’ she cried, as she sank exhausted on the ground. ‘Those foreigners! if they had not pushed so, I could have got in and out in half the time. Or if my nice old man had been with me! But now, I cannot even hope that next year’s party will find my bones, and immortalise me in a new edition of ‘Martyrs of Science.’ No, the spirits who rule this place will take care that no traces are left of their victim. Oh, Hilarion! why did you cast us upon the world? or, Ida, why did you listen to him? If you had but held out till Christmas, when Uncle Kleon had promised to give me a silver watch, and I should have known how long it was safe to venture. But you, at any rate, shall know your cruelty.’

‘When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And all men fast asleep,
In glided Parthise’ grimly ghost,
And stood at Ida’s feet.’

II.

THERE flashed before her eyes, as it were a streak of white lightning, and putting out her hand, it caught something cold and slippery,—she could not tell what, but it was alive, and of marvellous strength, to judge by its struggles, and as she held on to it, it drew her down

—bump, bump, down one or two steps—into a narrow passage, where Parthise was half-stifled, and cruelly grazed against the stone, but she did not mind that, she was only thankful that her Rational Dress had no bustle, or she could never have squeezed through. Splash! she was overhead in a basin of clear water, and as she struggled up, a lot of gold-fish scuttled away, and then stood upright on their tails, pointing to her with their fins, and whispering together.

Parthise took a good drink of the water, and then there bobbed against her lips a nice French roll—it had but just been thrown in, and was not yet unpleasantly sodden. Then, as her strength revived, she saw that there grew round the pond fine watercress and water-buttercups with real butter in them, so there was everything to make a light sandwich, such as in happier days she used to enjoy at College afternoon teas. And in a minute or two, one of the fish swam up, and bowing, hoped that she was none the worse for her tumble. Parthise assured him, ‘Not at all.’

‘That is well,’ said he. ‘We are the souls of the Fontainebleau carp, Madam, and we should be grieved if you were displeased with your reception.’

‘Nay, rather, I should apologise for my abrupt entry,’ said Parthise. ‘I am not quite clear how I got here—how was it?’

‘Ah, for that you must ask this old fellow,’ pointing to a fish who was being supported between two others, who were offering him sherry-flasks. ‘He is very old—turning silver about the gills, Madam; and for him to skip and jump like one new-hatched is most unseemly.’

Here the fish thus reproved advanced, and blushing till his gold was copper-colour, protested that he did not know what had come over him. He was a good age—he remembered Henry of Navarre making the Saut perilleux, but never had he dreamed of emulating him till this minute, when a desire had possessed him to try if he could leap like a salmon. And when he felt himself seized upon, he was frightened out of his wits, but his instinct was to get home again, and he was sure his brethren would forgive him, after bringing so charming an addition to their society.

So all the fish acquiesced, and clustered round Parthise to entertain her. Not one was less than three hundred years old, as might be seen, for each carried his certificate of birth engraved on silver and hung round his neck; and they were eager to tell their reminiscences of past days. Parthise expressed her fears lest she should tire them. ‘Don’t mention it, Madam,’ said they. ‘If you only knew what a treat it is to us to find an intelligent listener!’ However, she thought she ought to be going; she stepped out, and oh, joy! as soon as her clothes were out of water they were as dry as a bone. She looked round, and saw a distant sign-post, on which, when she took out her pocket telescope, appeared the words, HYDROTHERAPEUTIC ESTABLISHMENT.

‘A water-cure,’ said Parthise. ‘Well, I may say I have had one already, but it will shelter me for the night. Good-bye, fish; my feet are unapt to move without the treadles under them.’

She walked till eventide, when, turning into a green lane, she came upon such a pretty water-mill—so like a drawing-master’s copy in black and white chalks upon tinted paper, that she almost doubted whether it were real. Beside the mill was a cottage, and in the porch sat an old woman knitting; across the green there passed a young man carrying a great sack on his back, and out from the mill came the miller, clad in white with an enormous hat. Him Parthise accosted—‘Can you direct me to the Hydrotherapeutic Establishment?’

‘Willingly, Miss.’ He pointed to the mill door. ‘Walk in, Miss. This is the Hydrotherapeutic Establishment.’

Parthise pondered a moment. ‘I see—your mill is served by water—a good name for it.’

‘Well now, I like you!’ cried the miller. ‘Forty years have I worked this mill, and never got such a sensible answer. Every one that passes puts the same question, and every one says to me, “Oh, my good man, you are mistaken. Therapeutic means healing—you don’t know Greek.” Don’t I? I know what Liddell and Scott tell me, that *θεραπεύω* means in the primary sense “To be an attendant, do service;” and “To treat medically,” comes quite far down, as the sixth meaning. I don’t hold with the doctors taking all the long names to themselves. But come in’—he drew her to the cottage door—‘come and sit down. Mother!’—this to the old woman—‘a bowl of porridge and a hot girdle-cake. And you, young fool,’ turning to the lad, who had set down his sack, and was gazing with all his eyes, ‘go into the garden and get some radishes, and don’t pull my parsley by mistake as you did last time. I wish I had brought you up to have more wits.’

There was bustling to and fro, and soon a rustic feast was set before Parthise. The old woman pressed her to eat, the youth ran about to wait upon her, while the miller, seated on the jockey-bars—he liked warmth, he remarked—pulled out a pair of blue spectacles.

‘I beg pardon,’ cried Parthise, struck with a recollection, ‘but are you not—’

‘Chick-Chuck-Chuckabedding, at your service, Madam.’

‘The Enchanter? But I thought he was on Olympus.’

‘Ah, so I was for a few hundred years. But I grew sick of sitting on a feather-bed of clouds, so I came down and rented this mill, for something to do. And you are right, it was I whom you met at the Railway Inn. I come up every year to see if my Free Library is really a boon to mortals. (Get away, boy! the lady does not want you.) Yes, and your civility in the omnibus has not been forgotten. But for that, you might have rotted in the Cave, like many a lingerer

before you ; but I opened a passage to my fish-pond, and I inspired a fish to leap for you to catch hold of him. Nay, don't thank me. I aid the distressed when it pleases me. Would you believe it? my housekeeper is a queen in exile.'

'And myself heir to a throne,' the lad put in.

'Silence, you fool.' The Enchanter seemed unreasonably sharp with this poor youth. 'A throne he will never get: his father was slain by an usurper, and the widow was turned out into the streets with her baby; so I took her to keep house for me, and the boy I brought up to do the rough work. I am a Red Republican, my dear, and it delights me to humble the great; and contrariwise, the lowly exalt. So I offer you the post of my librarian.'

Parthise accepted with joy, and a happy life began for her. The miller showed her a private door into the Cavern.

'No one will disturb you here,' he said. 'Fate has decreed that, save on Apple-Blossom Day, the gate to the outer world shall never open till a young man and woman shall sacrifice a creature of eight feet before it.'

So Parthise sat and read all day, and in the evening the Queen-mother, good old body, would have a hot supper ready for her; and the Prince would set an arm-chair by the fire for her, invariably upsetting it, or tumbling over it himself.

'He is clumsy, poor boy,' said the Queen, as the Enchanter looked up in wrath at the clatter; 'but he has always been a good son to his mother.'

Then the Prince would bring in the finest flour for cakes for her; and when he could be spared from the mill, he would shoot chamois and wild-fowl for her supper, or wolves, whose skins would make warm mats for her feet as she sat in the Cave. When she talked of gramarye with the Enchanter, he would linger near, and listen with great reverence. His master ordered him back to his work.

'Nothing else he is fit for, my dear. I gave him no education, that he might never regain his kingdom.'

Parthise thought this unjust; but she could not say so to the Enchanter, who was so kind to her, and paid such compliments to her intellect. True, he kept her hard at work, searching out references and making abstracts for him; but he promised her this should be only for a time, till he had finished his great work of magic—for he had a great work on hand, he would repeat every morning, with a mysterious smile, as he retired to his laboratory. And what this work was Parthise must not know yet, but he was sure it would please her when it was finished.

III.

ONE evening the Prince was brought home frightfully mauled by a wild boar.

‘Now, Parthise,’ said the Enchanter, as the Queen was weeping over her son, ‘show what you have learned. Let us see him alive and kicking in three days from now.’

So Parthise had him carried into her bower, and then she circled round him, and repeated her spells, and laid bay-leaves crosswise on the pillow. Soon she perceived a movement, and a faint voice whispered—

‘Not too quick—not too quick.’

Parthise bent over him to catch his meaning.

‘I like lying here—don’t cure me too quick.’

‘Oh, shame!’ cried Parthise, ‘are you a man? Think of the mill standing idle, and the wolves running riot! You are raving, I shall take no notice of you,’ and she continued her incantations. ‘Now,’ said she, ‘there is nothing but what your mother can do for you. Good health to you’—and off she walked.

On the third day, as she was placing the library-steps against the shelves, she heard a foot-fall, and turning round, there was the Prince kneeling at her feet, and kissing the hem of her skirt.

‘Oh, rise from this cold floor,’ she said, ‘you are not fully restored to health.’

‘Oh, but indeed I am,’ he replied; and proved it by skipping up the ladder and bringing down the great folio she wanted. Parthise thanked him, and sat down again to her work. But still he lingered, and as she raised her eyes from the page a moment, he spoke.

‘Madam, you are very clever—could you strike a man dead who offended you?’

‘I could,’ said Parthise; ‘and I would, too!’

‘Ah, then you will do it to me! No matter; it will end my misery. Madam, since first I set eyes on you I have adored you!’ And straightway he was at her feet again, pouring out his love and his humility. ‘Madam, I know the difference between us: you are the wisest of women, and I the stupidest of country louts. But, Madam, the words will not be kept back!’

So he went on, and Parthise, for maidenly dignity, did not assure him at once that his distress was quite unnecessary, she liked him very well, and was quite willing to have him; she did not put it so bluntly as this, but in a discreet and proper way, she gave him to understand that he might dare to hope; that, in fact, his suit was acceptable to her.

Evening gloom stole over the cavern.

‘Oh dear!’ cried Parthise, ‘I have not done half-a-day’s work. Never mind, the Enchanter will excuse us when he hears all. Go you and tell him that we are engaged.’

‘Must I tell him?’ said the youth, hanging back. ‘Madam, you are ready of speech, and you are used to talk fearlessly with the master.’

‘Nay, but it is your place to do it. He is no guardian of mine; his consent has not to be asked; but it is only civil to let him know how things stand between us.’

So the Prince went into the house, and Parthise sat down in the porch, ready to present herself on the scene at the fitting moment. Soon out came the Enchanter in a towering rage.

‘What’s this, Parthise?’ he cried. ‘My serving-lad swears that he has spoken of love to you, and that you have not chastised his insolence! Speak, fair and wise, and tell me his slow brain has turned.’

‘I hope it has not,’ replied Parthise calmly, ‘for that would be a bar to my marrying him.’

‘What! you say it too! Then I must believe it. You are demented, the lad is a born and bred fool! Ah, women, women! you are all alike—dazzled with a title!’

‘Indeed, I am not!’ cried Parthise. ‘It is not his rank, it is his devotion that has won me. He has been most attentive to me ever since I came here, and has shown an infinity of delicate tact and good sense. He is not a born fool,—I say nothing about his being a bred one.’

‘Well, I never was so disappointed before. Parthise, you have spoilt such a pleasant surprise which I had for you. Think you that when I shut myself up in my laboratory, and toiled all day, and employed you to read up gramarye for me—think you I sought my own profit? No! it was to create a man for you—a *Man*, ingrate, gifted with all perfections of body and mind—a fit mate for one whom I fondly deemed wise above her sex! Girl, be advised; wait another six months for the work to be completed, then marry the creature that is worthy of you, and I will treat you as my daughter-in-law.’

‘Oh, my dear sir, I am so sorry! Cannot you find another bride for this creature, or create one to match, that will be best. For, indeed, my heart is given, and I cannot take it back. I doubt not the man you would make for me would be a triumph of creative art, but know, Enchanter, that a woman likes best the man of whom she has herself been the making.’

‘Now be our friendship ended!’ cried the Enchanter. ‘I’ll never vote for female suffrage again! I’ll found no more scholarships at Girton! Girl, you shall know what it is to provoke a mighty wizard. In the name of all evil spirits, I wish——’

But Parthise was too quick for him. In a twinkling, she turned a wishing-ring on her finger, and said: ‘I wish you in bed with a bad fit of the gout.’ Straightway her ears were deafened with the shriek of the Enchanter, as he was whirled through the air and half-smothered in flannels.

Then Parthise wished her lover at her side—no elaborate spell was needed for that—and then she wished them both in the cavern. It was high time, for the Enchanter had wished himself well again, and was calling all the fiends of the air to pursue them. Taking down a book, she ran over a line or two, and there rose up an immense wall to bar the Cavern, behind which were heard the howls and roars of a legion of hell-dogs.

‘Now, which will hold out?’ said Parthise, when she had taken breath. ‘I have the books at hand to refer to, but the Enchanter has the fruit of a thousand years’ study in his head. I am really sorry to turn his instructions against himself, but he declared war first. Oh!’ as the wall shook beneath the on-rush of fifty demons, ‘if we could but find the beast of eight feet, that should open us a passage to the outer world! But alas! this island seems singularly devoid of the larger Fauna. Well, happily I am wiser than when I was shut up here before. I can wish ourselves a constant supply of food and drink.’

‘And, Madam,’ said the Prince, humbly, ‘could you not wish us a priest to marry us?’

‘Nay, I can do better than that. I will wish that we had been married this morning.’

She handed two papers to the Prince. ‘Look, these are our marriage lines, and this is the account of the ceremony in the local evening paper. Ah, I forgot, you cannot read. But think for yourself, do you not remember it?’

‘Ah, indeed I do,’ said the Prince; and sure enough, recollections came rushing upon him. ‘In the early morning . . . it was a beautiful day, such bright sunlight . . . I wore lavender trousers and necktie . . . and you, dear wife, were all in white.’

‘With sixteen bridesmaids, all in crushed white-currant, with old-brass trimmings.’

‘The metropolitan Archbishop performed the ceremony, assisted by the Bishop of * * and the Dean of * * *.’

‘The cake was from Gunter’s, a yard in diameter, with almond as thick as——’

‘Stop a moment, my dear,’ cried the Prince, ‘I see a spider on your gown.’ And Parthise, who still retained one feminine weakness, jumped back and shook herself. ‘Oh! kill it! kill it!’ The Prince trod it under foot. That moment a sound was heard—Parthise had heard it before, through the window of an omnibus. The rock parted asunder, a blast of earthly air rushed in; the young couple, clasping hands, bounded over the threshold and stood on earthly soil, just as their hastily built wall fell with a crash, a hundred frightful beasts, with yells of triumph, rushed into the Cavern, and then stood vainly grinning and girning at the door—their power extended no further.

The Prince, for once, was the quicker of wit. ‘My wife,’ he said, as they stood gazing back, hardly realising that they were free, nor how they had become so, ‘how many legs has a spider?’

IV.

THEY slept that night at the Railway Inn—Parthise would not hear of deserting that for a better one. The landlady received them with open arms. ‘Goodness me! is it you, Miss?’ Then she told what a turn it had given her to see the omnibus come back and no young lady—she had kept Miss’s queer perambulator-thing in mourning ever since. Here she opened a barn-door, and showed a mass of rusty iron shrouded in crape. ‘However, she saw Miss had got a good husband, and that was worth going down into the bowels of the earth for.’

Then Parthise asked how public affairs were going.

‘Why, very ill.’ Good King Hildebrand was dead, and the throne of Hilarion was menaced by the king of a neighbouring country, or more truly the usurper, for, wicked man, even the kingdom he now ruled was not his; twenty years ago he had killed the rightful sovereign, and turned the poor widow and child out into the streets.

The Prince changed countenance. ‘That is *my* usurper!’

‘Then you must crush him,’ said Parthise, ‘and save Hilarion and Ida—poor Ida, I feel in charity with her now. Obey the promptings I put into your mind, and you shall win your throne.’

Next day they crossed the border into the Usurper’s kingdom. And in the first frontier town, they saw sitting on a bench in the Place, a most aristocratic-looking old gentleman, with a face of deep sadness.

The Prince accosted him. ‘Lord Duke and High Chancellor of the Exchequer.’

‘Who calls me by titles that are no longer mine?’ said he.

‘It is I, the son of your beloved King. Do you not recognise me?’

The old Duke looked him in the face. ‘Surely it is so,—there are my dear master’s eyes, his nose, his every feature. But let me not deceive myself. Young man, give me a token.’

‘Aye, that will I. Remember, Duke, one fine morning in June you came down from the Council-chamber a little put out—had the Emerald Members been obstructive? As you passed through the Palace garden, your pet dog fawned on you with dirty paws, and you kicked him away and made him howl. Then, Duke, a baby Prince, left alone in his perambulator while his nurse listened to the honeyed words of an under-gardener, held up his finger, and said “Naughty!”’

The Duke fell on his knees and kissed the youth’s hand. ‘Ah, how well I remember that! I have thought of it every day these twenty years. Indeed, indeed, you are that little Prince,—I could never forget the voice that rebuked me.’ He wept tears of joy, while Parthise stood by, secretly admiring her own skill in making people remember a thing that had never happened. For in truth, the Revolution had taken place when the Prince was but six weeks old, too young to speak, or even to sit up in a perambulator.

Then the Duke told how he had been deprived of lands and title for his fidelity to the late King. And he led the Prince about, and introduced to him sundry other gentlemen in distress, all burning to revenge their wrongs. By all of these the Prince was recognised, and was assured that the people were ripe for revolt, and only waiting for a leader. And to all the Prince gave a private and convincing token of identity. Once only was he at a loss, when he was shown a patriotic article in a prohibited newspaper. 'Read it to me, my dear,' he was obliged to say. Parthise did so, explaining that her Royal consort was unluckily very short-sighted; and then everybody remembered that the King his father had the same deficiency, and found in it an additional proof that he was of the true blood.

'So far, so good,' said Parthise to her husband that evening. 'But you don't know yet what a brilliant success I have planned for you.'

That night the Usurper had a dream. An evil being, all black, with eyes of flame, approached his pillow, and whispered, 'Great King, your throne is menaced, and by more than mortal forces. Accept my aid, I can bring into the field a hundred thousand demons.' The Usurper grasped at the offer, for he never felt over-secure in his throne. The Usurper, we say, was asleep, but Parthise was awake, and feeling herself as great as Zeus when he sent the lying dream to Agamemnon.

The Counter-Revolution broke out: the Prince was served by his countrymen to a man, and by a legion of good spirits in white armour conjured up by Parthise; the Usurper could muster only his foreign guards, together with the black spirits which Parthise had sent to deceive him. The Prince, on a white charger, led his troops to the attack, while Parthise, on a perfect lady's hack and hunter, and wearing a safety habit with a scarlet waistcoat, directed manœuvres from a neighbouring hill, and taught her Black Spirits when to make a show of winning, and when to yield before the White.

It was a glorious fight, and well-contested. Thrice rose the cry, 'The rebels are vanquished,' but thrice the Prince's men rallied, and when evening fell, the Usurper lay dead on the field, his guard was flying, and of the Black and White Spirits, thousands had left on the field the bodies which they had assumed for a day. Among the mortal warriors, many had received honourable wounds, but Parthise had allowed only two of the Prince's side to be slain, and of these two, one had been in life a disappointed lover, and the other a martyr to neuralgia.

'I owe all to you,' said the Prince to his wife on the Coronation Day, while the acclamations of the multitude rang in their ears. 'How this will please my poor old mother! We will send for her, and she shall sit at our right hand and knit only thread with diamond needles. And the Enchanter—do you think he will forgive us?'

‘Certainly,’ said Parthise. She had a congratulatory note from him in her pocket, received by Psychic Post that very morning. ‘Wizards are like other people—if you have a success, they proclaim that they always expected it.’

Parthise paid a visit to her sister-Queen Ida, and received her gracious thanks for deliverance from a dangerous neighbour. Lady Psyche was at the Court, as blooming as ever, and delighted with her Cyril. Little Aglaia, however, being oppressed with a fashionable governess and long music-lessons, regretted the days when she was the College plaything, and declared that she believed in nothing but solid acquirements. At present Parthise and her husband are away on their wedding-tour, and as expense is no object, it will probably be prolonged; but when they return, it is promised that we shall see another Women’s College, with the latest improvements; and all fears of its breaking down like the first will be obviated by the fact that its Lady Principal is married already.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it, or is it not, desirable for a woman (not forced to earn her living) to take up a definite line of her own in life?

The papers on this subject have been so nearly unanimous, and, with one or two exceptions, have followed so nearly the same lines of argument, that Chelsea China begs leave to depart from her usual practice, and to summarise the contents of the majority, adding a few remarks on the matter that have occurred to herself.

Of the twenty-three papers received, all, save perhaps one, decide that an independant line is, on the whole, good for a woman; and all, with varying degrees of emphasis, fence their decision with one or both of two warnings; first, of course, the superior claim of home duties; and secondly, the interference with the gains of other women who depend on their exertions; and several writers attempt to show that these 'home duties' may constitute 'a definite line of her own' for a woman. Nevertheless, a very great many earnestly advocate some special training and study, even while home is still sweet home—to prepare for the possible days of solitude when it is broken up. And many recognise that the question has been forced upon young women by the fact, that so many among the upper and middle classes marry either late or not at all, so that a tone of social feeling quite applicable to the days when home life usually ended at twenty, is out of place when it very commonly extends to forty.

Now there has probably never yet been a debate to which the only true answer was not, 'It depends upon circumstances,' so that the good we get from them, is perhaps chiefly from being able to analyse the circumstances. If a single woman is absolutely necessary to the welfare of her home, she has as definite, though perhaps a more selfless object in life, as a married one; and is equally precluded from taking up what was meant by a line of her own, independently of it. In that case she must consider the subject, as many of us should, with regard to others over whom we have influence or authority. That is a clear case; but there are two cases which are, theoretically, not so clear. The first is of course when it is to the *will* and not to the *needs* of others that she must yield her own life; and for this, the difficulty of the days in which we live, it seems impossible to lay down any law. Age, personal character on both sides—and, it seems, also the strength of the faculty that longs for expression, must be taken into account both by those who win; and by those who yield, a reluctant consent to independent action. And it is not only the

rising generation, in these days of change and intercourse, whose views modify, with the strong current of the 'spirit of the age.' But Chelsea China does not personally think, on the one hand, that any other call to leave the home life, has precisely the Divine sanction given to marriage; nor does she, on the other, consider that 'the caprices of relations,' who have no authority, should be regarded by a full-grown woman.

The other difficulty commonly felt is where the woman's special line is not in itself incompatible with home life, or even with home duties. The old idea of the division of labour in raising the great building of the world's work, was that men were as the bricks that form it, women as the mortar that binds them together, and fills up the holes. A woman with a profession is usually occupied in the endeavour to fill both places; and, however hopeless the effort may seem, it is nevertheless true that many women do more or less succeed in doing so; and, though the mortar with which they seek to fill up the family holes is too often gritty, and their bricks not seldom crack from being baked in a hurry, they do manage to build up their bit of wall almost as well as other people.

With regard to the interference with those who depend on their exertions, it may be observed that the whole status of women's work is raised by some who share in it; so that the struggling ones are as much helped by example, as injured by competition.

Chelsea China cannot altogether pass over the papers which have been sent to her, which seem to show that some who have long since made the sacrifice now feel as if their characters had failed under the strain it required. What can she venture to say to such, or to those who, at the cost of their own daily happiness, have prevented such sacrifices from being made? Only that though sacrifice is sacrifice to the end, it has been promised a reward.

But how about the constantly increasing class of maidens who are allowed and encouraged to choose their line and follow it out? Authorities are not always obstructive. It sometimes happens now, some papers sent in have shown it, and it *will* happen often, that the shrinking back is on the girl's own part, that higher education, art study, or what not, is freely offered, and that it is the girl herself and not her mother, who fears to break the charm of charming young ladyhood. Now, if there is any special capacity, and if this reluctance springs from mere love of 'having a good time,' it may be sufficient to remark that, taking life through, a much better time will be secured by cultivation and employment. If it comes from the perhaps unacknowledged fear of being less charming to the other sex, and so lessening the chances of marriage, the fear has not been hitherto, and is not still, in old-fashioned circles, wholly imaginary; and who can say it is inexcusable? But it is a danger which must lessen every day. In classes where independent occupation for girls is the rule, there neither is, nor is supposed to be, the slightest loss of feminine

charm, nor is it found necessary always to sacrifice *even* feminine folly. And to the individual maiden, putting to herself, perhaps, an individual case, what is the gain of any admiration, any love, which is not given to her truest self, to the real creature as she is, and not as she thinks another would like her to be?

And for all who have missed, either by neglect or by sacrifice, their chief chance, many writers combine in the advice to do the best they can, *now*.

Papers received from *Lisle, Daffodil, Alys, Elaine, Omnia Sperans, Madame la Baronne, Haphazard, Fantail, Wild Iris, One unsigned, Bino, T. D., Dorothea, Amertume, Marghasieve, Ivy Tree, Taffy, Rosebud, Titania, April, East-Ender, Excelsior* (very good).

Petronilla contributes as her answer a question: ‘Is it a good thing for a woman to have a *strong* will and *decided* opinions?’

Sister, in an interesting paper, quotes from Emerson, ‘The things that are *really* for thee, shall gravitate to thee.’

A Learner concludes by saying: ‘It is grand in a woman patiently to accept a humdrum life because she recognises the call of duty; but how much grander in accepting to conquer it. Engraved with the impress of a soul’s individuality, can her life fail to leave its mark?’

SUBJECT FOR JANUARY.

Has second-rate or third-rate work, literary, artistic, or philanthropic, a place in the world which first-rate work *could* not fill?

A favourite idea of Chelsea China’s own.

Answers to be sent in by the first of February to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

October Class List.

First Class.

Robin	39	Moonraker	
Bluebell }	38	Fieldfare	
Kettle }		Water-wagtail }	35
Marion		Bladud }	
Speranza		Apathy }	34
'Αμύχανος		Lisle }	
Cherry Ripe	37	Apia }	33
Fidelia		Emu	
		Vorwärts }	32
		Deryn	30

3. Describe the political reforms attributed to Servius Tullius.

4. Relate briefly the Legends connected with the four attempts made for the restoration of King Tarquin the Proud.

Subscription, one shilling. Prizes will be given for the highest and next highest number of marks obtained in the course of the year.

RULES.

Answers to these questions are to be written *from memory*, after careful study of the subject. Passages transcribed from books are not admissible. The answers must be written on foolscap paper (one side only), and must not exceed five pages of such paper. They must be signed with a *nom de plume*, and sent, on February 1st, to 'Clio,' under cover, to the Publisher of the 'Monthly Packet.'

N.B.—Papers not conforming to these regulations are liable to be disqualified.

Books recommended:—'The Student's Rome' (7s. 6d.); Arnold's 'History of Rome'; Ihne's 'History of Rome'; Creighton's 'Rome' (primer, 1s.); 'Epochs of History' (Ancient), etc.

Notices to Correspondents.

Query, the source of—

'My soul is in Thy hands, I have no fear,
In Thy dear might prepared for weal or woe.'

And,

'My only refuge is the Love Divine,
Which from the Cross stretched forth its arms to save.'

CHIARA.

Katinka asks where to get Mrs. Sherwood's 'Governess' or 'The Little Female Academy, being the history of Mrs. Teachem and her pupils;' also what are 'Consecration Crosses,' such as are on the walls of Edington Church, Wilts.

E. L. I. begs to add another sun-dial motto to be found, she believes, at New College, Oxford—

'Periuntur et im putantur.'
(They perish and are imputed.)

On the Town Hall of Saltash, Cornwall, there is a dial given to the town in 1727 by a quondam schoolmaster named Edward Stephens. It is a vertical slab of slate from which the metal gnomon has perished. The inscription remains, quaint, original, and characteristic. There is in it just a suspicion of the pedagogue's self-conceit—

'Lux me, vos umbra regit.'

The prices of the new edition of the Pictorial Map of Palestine: Mounted on Linen and Varnished, with Roller and Handbook, 9s. 9d.; size, 68 inches by 34 inches. Unmounted, 6s. 6d. Sheet of the Map, illustrating Lives of Samson, David and Joshua, Unmounted, 2s.; Mounted and Varnished, with Roller, 3s. 6d. Handbook, 6d. extra. Post-free from the Author, Miss Wood, Elmwood, Bromley Road, Beckenham, Kent.

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

THE actual moment of a parting is often softened by the confusion of departure. That of the Merrifield family took place at the junction, where Lady Merrifield with her brother remained in the train, to be carried on to London.

Gillian, Valetta, and Fergus, with their aunt, changed into a train for Rockstone, and Harry was to return to his theological college, after seeing Mysie and Primrose off with nurse on their way to the ancestral Beechcroft, whence Mysie was to be fetched to Rotherwood. The last thing that met Lady Merrifield's eyes was Mrs. Halfpenny gesticulating wildly, under the impression that Mysie's box was going off to London.

And Gillian's tears were choked in the scurry to avoid a smoking-carriage, while Harry could not help thinking—half blaming himself for so doing—that Mysie expended more feeling in parting with Sofy, the kitten, then with her sisters, not perceiving that pussy was the safety-valve for the poor child's demonstrations of all the sorrow that was oppressing her.

Gillian, in the corner of a Rockstone carriage, had time for the full heart sickness and tumult of fear that causes such acute suffering to young hearts. It is quite a mistake to say that youth suffers less from apprehension than does age; indeed, the very inexperience and novelty add to the alarms, where there is no background of anxieties that have ended happily, only a crowd of examples of other people's misfortunes. The difference is in the greater elasticity and power of being distracted by outward circumstances; and thus lookers-on never guess at the terrific possibilities that have scared the imagination, and the secret ejaculations that have met them. How many times on that brief journey had not Gillian seen her father dying, her sisters in despair, her mother crushed in the train, wrecked in the steamer, perishing of the climate, or arriving to find all over and

dying of the shock; yet all was varied by speculations on the great thing that was to offer itself to be done, and the delight it would give; and when the train slackened, anxieties were merged in the care for bags, baskets, and umbrellas.

Rockstone and Rockquay had once been separate places—a little village perched on a cliff of a promontory, and a small fishing hamlet within the bay; but these had become merged in one, since fashion had chosen them as a winter resort. Speculators blasted away such of the rocks as they had not covered with lodging-houses and desirable residences. The inhabitants of the two places had their separate churches, and knew their own bounds perfectly well; but to the casual observer, the chief distinction between them was that Rockstone was the more fashionable, Rockquay the more commercial, although the one had its shops, the other its handsome crescents and villas. The station was at Rockquay, and there was an uphill drive to reach Rockstone, where the two Miss Mohuns had been early inhabitants—had named their cottage Beechcroft after their native home, and, to justify the title, had flanked the gate with two copper beeches, which had attained a fair growth, in spite of sea-winds, perhaps because sheltered by the house on the other side.

The garden reached out to the verge of the cliff, or rather to a low wall, with iron rails and spikes at the top, and a narrow, rather giddy path beyond. There was a gate in the wall, the key of which Aunt Jane kept in her own pocket, as it gave near access to certain rocky steps, about one hundred and thirty in number, by which, when in haste, the inhabitants of Rockstone could descend to the lower regions of the Quay.

There was a most beautiful sea-view from the house, which compensated for difficulties in gardening in such a situation, though a very slight slope inwards from the verge of the cliff gave some protection to the flower-beds; and there was not only a little conservatory attached to the drawing-room at the end, but the verandah had glass shutters, which served the purpose of protecting tender plants, and also the windows, from the full blast of the winter storms. Miss Mohun was very proud of these shutters, which made a winter garden of the verandah for Miss Adeline to take exercise in. The house was their own, and, though it aimed at no particular beauty, had grown pleasant and pretty looking by force of being lived in and made comfortable.

It was a contrast to its neighbours on either side of its pink and grey limestone wall. On one side began the grounds of the Great Rockstone Hotel; on the other was Cliff-House, the big and seldom-inhabited house of one of the chief partners in the marble works, which went on on the other side of the promontory, and some people said would one day consume Rockstone altogether! It was a very fine house, and the gardens were reported to be beautifully kept up; but the owner was almost always in London, and had so seldom been

at Rockstone, that it was understood that all this was the ostentation of a man who did not know what to do with his money.

Aunt Adeline met the travellers at the door with her charming welcome. Kunz, all snowy white, wagged his tight-curved tail amid his barks, at sight of Aunt Jane, but capered wildly about the Sofy's basket, much to Valetta's agony, while growls, as thunderous as a small kitten could produce, proceeded therefrom.

'Kunz, be quiet,' said Aunt Jane, in a solemn to-be-minded voice; and he crouched, blinking up with his dark eye.

'Give me the basket. Now, Kunz, this is our cat. Do you hear? You are not to meddle with her.'

Did Kunz really wink assent—a very unwilling assent?

'Oh, Aunt Jane!' from Val, as her aunt's fingers undid the cover of the basket.

'Once for all!' said Aunt Jane.

'M-m-m-m-ps-pss-psss!' from the Sofy, two screams from Val and Fergus, a buffetting of paws, a couple of wild bounds, first on a chair-back, then on the mantelpiece, where between the bronze candlestick and the vase, the Persian philosopher stood hissing and swearing, while Kunz danced about and barked.

'Take her down, Gillian,' said Aunt Jane; and Gillian, who had some presence of mind, accomplished it with soothing words, and, thanks to her gloves, only one scratch.

Meantime Miss Mohun caught up Kunz, held up her finger to him, stopped his barks; and then, in spite of the 'Oh, don'ts,' and even the tears of Valetta, the two were held up—black nose to pink nose, with a resolute 'Now, you are to behave well to each other,' from Aunt Jane.

Kunz sniffed, the Sofy hissed; but her claws were captive. The dog was the elder and more rational, and when set down again took no more notice of his enemy, whom Valetta was advised to carry into Mrs. Mount's quarters to be comforted and made at home there; the united voice of the household declaring that the honour of the Spitz was as spotless as his coat!

Such was the first arrival at Rockstone, preceding even Aunt Adeline's enquiries after Mysie, and the full explanation of the particulars of the family dispersion. Aunt Ada's welcome was not at all like that of Kunz. She was very tender and caressing, and rejoiced that her sister could trust her children to her. They should all get on most happily together, she had no doubt.

True hearted as Gillian was, there was something hopeful and refreshing in the sight of that fair, smiling face, and the touch of the soft hand, in the room that was by no means unfamiliar, though she had never slept in the house before. It was growing dark, and the little fire lighted it up in a friendly manner. Wherever Aunt Jane was, everything was neat; wherever Aunt Adeline was, everything was graceful. Gillian was old enough to like the general prettiness; but it somewhat awed Val and Fergus, who stood straight and shy till

they were taken upstairs. The two girls had a very pretty room and dressing-room, the guest chamber, in fact, and Fergus was not far off, in a small apartment which, as Val said, 'stood on legs,' and formed the shelter of the porch.

'But, oh dear! oh dear!' sighed Val, as Gillian unpacked their evening garments. 'Isn't there any nice place at all where one can make a mess?'

'I don't know whether the annts will ever let us make a mess,' said Gillian; 'they don't look like it.'

At which Valetta's face puckered up in the way only too familiar to her friends.

'Come, don't be silly, Val. You won't have much time, you know, you will go to school,' and get some friends to play with, and not want to make messes here.'

'I hate friends!'

'Oh, Val!'

'All but Fly, and Mysie is gone to her. I want Mysie.'

So in truth did Gillian, almost as much as her mother. Her heart sank as she thought of having Val and Fergus to save from scrapes without Mysie's readiness and good-humour. If Mysie were but there she should be free for her 'great thing.' And oh! above all, Val's hair—the brown bush that Val had a delusion that she 'did' herself, but which her 'doing' left looking rather worse than it did before, and which was not permitted in public to be in the convenient tail. Gillian advanced on her with the brush, but she tossed it and declared it all right!

However, at that moment there was a knock. Mrs. Mount's kindly face and stout form appeared. She had dressed Miss Ada, and came to see what she could do for the young people, being of that delightful class of old servants who are charmed to have anything young in the house, especially a boy. She took Valetta's refractory mane in hand, tied her sash, inspected Fergus's hands, which had succeeded in getting dirty in their infallible fashion, and undertook all the unpacking and arranging. To Val's enquiry whether there was any place for making 'a dear delightful mess,' she replied with a curious little friendly smile, and wonder that a young lady should want such a thing.

'I'm afraid we are all rather strange specimens of young ladies,' replied Gillian; 'very untidy, I mean.'

'And I'm sure I don't know what Miss Mohun and Miss Ada will say,' said good Mrs. Mount.

'What's that? What am I to say?' asked Aunt Jane, coming into the room.

But after all, Aunt Jane proved to have more sympathy with 'messes' than any of the others. She knew very well that the children would be far less troublesome if they had a place to themselves, and she said, 'Well, Val, you shall have the box-room in the

attics. And mind, you must keep all your goods there, both of you. If I find them about the house, I shall——'

'Oh, what, Aunt Jane?'

'Confiscate them,' was the reply, in a very awful voice, which impressed Fergus the more, because he did not understand the word.

'You need not look so much alarmed, Fergus,' said Gillian, 'you are not at all the likely one to transgress.'

'No,' said Valetta, gravely. 'Fergus is what Lois calls a regular old battledore.'

'I won't be called names,' exclaimed Fergus.

'Well, Lois said so—when you were so cross because the poker had got on the same side as the tongs! She said she never saw such an old battledore; and you know how all the others took it up.'

'Shuttlecock yourself then!' angrily responded Fergus, while both aunt and sister were laughing too much to interfere.

'I shall call you a little Uncle Maurice instead,' said Aunt Jane. 'How things come round! Perhaps you would not believe, Gill, that Aunt Ada was once in a scrape, when she was our Mrs. Malaprop, for applying that same epithet on hearsay to Maurice.'

This laugh made Gillian feel more at home with her aunt, and they went up happily together for the introduction to the lumber-room, not a very spacious place, and with a window leading out to the leads. Aunt Jane proceeded to put the children on their word of honour not to attempt to make an exit thereby, which Gillian thought unnecessary, since this pair were not enterprising.

The evening went off happily. Aunt Jane produced one of the old games which had been played at the elder Beehcroft, and had a certain historic character in the eyes of the young people. It was one of those variations of the Game of the Goose that were once held to be improving, and their mother had often told them how the family had agreed to *prove* whether honesty is really the best policy, and how it had been agreed that all should cheat as desperately as possible, except 'honest Phyl,' who *couldn't*; and how, by some extraordinary combination, good for their morals, she actually was the winner. It was immensely interesting to see the identical much-worn sheet of dilapidated pictures with the padlock, almost close to the goal, sending the counter back almost to the beginning in search of the key. Still more interesting was the imitation, in very wonderful drawing, devised by mamma, of the career of a true knight—from pagedom upwards—in pale watery Prussian blue armour, a crimson scarf, vermillion plume, gamboge spurs, and very peculiar arms and legs. But as Valetta observed, it must have been much more interesting to draw such things as that than stupid freehand lines and twists with no sense at all in them.

Aunt Ada, being subject to asthmatic nights, never came down to breakfast, and, indeed, it was at an hour that Gillian thought fearfully early; but her Aunt Jane was used to making every hour of the day

available, and later rising would have prevented the two children from being in time for the schools, to which they were to go on the Monday. Some of Aunt Jane's many occupations on Saturday consisted in arranging with the two heads of their respective schools, and likewise for the mathematical class Gillian was to join at the High School two mornings in the week, and for her lessons on the organ, which were to be at St. Andrew's Church. Somehow Gillian felt as if she were as entirely in her aunt's hands as Kunz and the Sofy had been!

After the early dinner which suited the invalid's health, Aunt Jane said she would take Valetta and Fergus to go down to the beach with the little Varleys, while she went to her district, leaving Gillian to read to Aunt Ada for half-an-hour, and then to walk with her for a quiet turn on the beach.

It was an amusing article in a review that Gillian was set to read, and she did it so pleasantly that her aunt declared that she looked forward to many such afternoon pastimes, and then, by an easier way than the hundred and a half steps, they proceeded down the hill, the aunt explaining a great deal to the niece in a manner very gratifying to a girl beginning to be admitted to an equality with grown-up people.

'There is our old church,' said Aunt Ada, as they had a glimpse of a grey tower with a curious dumpy steeple.

'Do you go to church there?'

'I do—always. I could not undertake the hill on Sundays; but Jane takes the school-children to the St. Andrew's service in the afternoon.'

'But which is the parish church?'

'In point of fact, my dear, it is all one parish. Good morning, Mr. Hablot. My niece, Miss Gillian Merrifield. Yes, my sister is come home. I think she will be at the High School. He is the Vicar of St. Andrew's,' as the clergyman went off in the direction of the steps.

'I thought you said it was all one parish.'

'St. Andrew's is only a district. Ah, it was all before your time, my dear.'

'I know dear Uncle Claude was the clergyman here, and got St. Andrew's built.'

'Yes, my dear. It was the great work and thought with him and Lord Rotherwood in those days that look so bright now,' said Aunt Ada. 'Yes, and with us all.'

'Do tell me all about it,' entreated Gillian; and her aunt, nothing loth, went on.

'Dear Claude was only five-and-twenty when he had the living. Nobody would take it, it was such a neglected place. All Rock-quay down there had grown up with only the old church, and nobody going to it. It was a great deal through Rotherwood. Some property here came to him, and he was shocked at the state of

things. Then we all thought the climate might be good for dear Claude, and Jane came to live with him and help him, and look after him. You see there were a great many of us, and Jane—well, she didn't quite get on with Alethea, and Claude thought she wanted a sphere of her own, and that is the way she comes to have more influence than any one else here. And as I am always better in this air than anywhere else, I came soon after—even before my dear father's death. And oh! what an eager, hopeful time it was, setting everything going, and making St. Andrew's all we could wish. We were obliged to be cautious at the old church, you know, because of not alarming the old-fashioned people. And so we are still——'

'Is that St. Andrew's? Oh, it is beautiful. May I look in?'

'Not now, my dear. You will see it another time.'

'I wish it were our Church.'

'You will find the convenience of having one so near. And our services are very nice with our present Rector, Mr. Ellesmere, an excellent active man, but his wife is such an invalid that all the work falls on Jane. I am so glad you are here to help her a little. St. Andrew's has a separate district, and Mr. Hablot is the Vicar; but as it is very poor, we keep the charities all in one. Rotherwood built splendid schools, so we only have an infant school for the Rockstone children. On Sunday, Jane assembles the older children there and takes them to church; but in the afternoon they all go to the National Schools, and then to a children's service at St. Andrew's. She gets on so well with Mr. Hablot—he was dear Claude's curate, you see, and little Mrs. Hablot was quite a pupil of ours. What do you think little Gerald Hablot said—he is only five—"Isn't Miss Mohun the most consultedest woman in Rockquay?"'

'I suppose it is true,' said Gillian, laughing, but rather awestruck.

'I declare it makes me quite giddy to count up all she has on her hands. Nobody can do anything without her. There are so few permanent inhabitants, and when people begin good works, they go away, or marry, or grow tired, and then we can't let them drop!'

'Oh! what's that pretty spire, on the rise of the other hill?'

'My dear, that was the Kennel Mission Chapel, a horrid little hideous iron thing; but Lady Flight mistook and called it St. Kenelm's, and St. Kenelm's it will be to the end of the chapter.' And as she exchanged bows with a personage in a carriage, 'There she is, my dear.'

'Who? Did she build that church?'

'It is not consecrated. It really is only a mission chapel, and he is nothing but a curate of Mr. Hablot's,' said Aunt Ada. Gillian thought a little venomously.

She asked, 'Who?'

'The Reverend Augustine Flight, my dear. I ought not to say anything against them, I am sure, for they mean to be very good; but she is some City man's widow, and he is an only son, and they have

more money than their brains can carry. They have made that little place very beautiful, quite oppressed with ornament, City taste, you know, and they have all manner of odd doings there, which Mr. Hablot allows, because he says he does not like to crush zeal, and he thinks interference would do more harm than good. Jane thinks he ought not to stand so much, but——'

Gillian somehow felt a certain amusement and satisfaction in finding that Aunt Jane had one disobedient subject, but they were interrupted by two ladies eagerly asking where to find Miss Mohun, and a few steps further on, a young clergyman accosted them, and begged that Miss Mohun might be told the hour of some meeting. Also that 'the Bellevue Church people would not co-operate in the coal club.'

Then it was explained that Bellevue Church was within the bounds of another parish, and had been built by, and for, people who did not like the doctrine at the services of St. Andrew's.

By this time aunt and niece had descended to the Marine esplanade, a broad road, on one side of which there was a low sea wall, and then the sands and rocks stretched out to the sea; on the other a broad space of short grass, where there was a cricket ground, and a lawn tennis ground, and the volunteers could exercise, and the band played twice a week round a Russian gun that stood by the flagstaff.

The band was playing now, and the notes seemed to work on Gillian's feet, and yet to bring her heart into her throat, for the last time she had heard that march was from the band of her father's old regiment, when they were all together!

Her aunt was very kind, and talked to her affectionately and encouragingly of the hopes that her mother would find her father recovering, and that it would turn out after all quite an expedition of pleasure and refreshment. Then she said how much she rejoiced to have Gillian with her, as a companion to herself, while her sister was so busy, and she was necessarily so much left alone.

'We will read together, and draw, and play duets, and have quite a good account of our employment to give,' she said, smiling.

'I shall like it very much,' said Gillian, heartily.

'Dear child, the only difficulty will be that you will spoil me, and I shall never be able to part with you. Besides, you will be such a help to my dear Jane. She never spares herself, you know, and no one ever spares her, and I can do so little to help her, except with my head.'

'Surely here are plenty of people,' said Gillian, for they were in the midst of well-dressed folks, and Aunt Ada had more than once exchanged nods and greetings.

'Quite true, my dear; but when there is anything to be done, then there is a sifting! But now we have you, with all our own Lily's spirit, I shall be happy about Jane, for this winter at least.'

They were again interrupted by meeting a gentleman and lady, to whom Gillian was introduced, and who walked on with her aunt

conversing. They had been often in India, and made so light of the journey that Gillian was much cheered. Moreover, she presently came in sight of Val and Fergus supremely happy over a castle on the beach, and evidently indoctrinating the two little Varleys with some of the dramatic sports of Silverfold.

Aunt Ada found another acquaintance, a white moustached old gentleman, who rose from a green bench in a sunny corner, saying: 'Ah! Miss Mohun, I have been guarding your seat for you.'

'Thank you, Major Dennis. My niece, Miss Merrifield.'

He seemed to be a very courteous old gentleman, for he bowed, and made some polite speech about Sir Jasper, and as he was military, Gillian hoped to have heard some more about the journey, when they sat down, and room was made for her; but instead of that, he and her aunt began a discussion of the comings and goings of people she had never heard of, and the letting or not letting of half the villas in Rockstone; and she found it so dull that she had a great mind to go and join the siege of Landcastle. Only her shoes and her dress were fitter for the esplanade than the shore with the tide coming in, and when one has just begun to buy one's own clothes, that is a consideration.

At last, she saw Aunt Jane's trim little figure come out on the sands and make as straight for the children as she could, amid greetings and consultations; so with an exclamation, she jumped up and went over the shingle to meet them, finding an endeavour going on to make them tolerably respectable for the walk home, by shaking off the sand, and advising Val to give up her intention of dragging home a broad brown ribbon of weed with a frilled edge, all polished and shiny with wet. She was not likely to regard it as such a curiosity after a few days' experience of Rockquay, as her new friends told her.

Kitty Varley went to the High School, which greatly modified Valetta's disgust to it, for the little girls had already vowed to be the greatest chums in the world, and would have gone home with arms entwined, if Aunt Jane had not declared that such things could not be done in the street, and Clem Varley, with still more effect, threatened that if they were such a pair of ninnies, he should squirt at them with the dirtiest water he could find.

Valetta had declared that she infinitely preferred Kitty to Fly, and Kitty was so flattered at being adopted by the second cousin of a Lady Phyllis, and the daughter of a knight, that she exalted Val above all the Popsys and Mopsys of her present acquaintance, and at parting bestowed on her a chocolate cream, which tasted about equally of salt water and hot hand—at least if one did not feel it a testimonial of ardent friendship.

Fergus and Clement had, on the contrary, been so much inclined to punch and buffet one another, that Miss Mohun had to make them walk before her to keep the peace, and was by no means sorry when

the gate of 'The Tamarisks' was reached, and the Varleys could be disposed of.

However, the battery must have been amicable, for Fergus was crazy to go in and see Clement's little pump, which he declared 'would do it'—an enigmatical phrase supposed to refer to the great peg-top-perpetual-motion invention. He was dragged away with difficulty on the plea of its being too late by Aunt Jane, who could not quite turn two unexpected children in on Mrs. Varley, and had to effect a cruel severance of Val and Kitty in the midst of their kisses.

'Sudden friendships,' said Gillian, from the superiority of her age.

'I do not think you are given that way,' said Aunt Jane.

'Does the large family suffice for all of you? People are so different,' added Aunt Ada.

'Yes,' said Gillian. 'We have never been in the way of caring for any outsider. I don't reckon Bessie Merrifield so—nor Fly Devereux, nor Dolores, because they are cousins.'

'Cousins may be everything or nothing,' asserted Miss Mohun. 'You have been about so much that you have hardly had time to form intimacies. But had you no friends in the officers' families?'

'People always retired before their children grew up to be companionable,' said Gillian. 'There was nobody except the Whites. And that wasn't exactly friendship.'

'Who were they?' said Aunt Jane, who always liked to know all about everybody.

'He rose from the ranks,' said Gillian. 'He was very much respected, and nobody would have known that he was not a gentleman to begin with. But his wife was half a Greek. Papa said she had been very pretty; but, oh! she had grown so awfully fat. We used to call her the Queen of the White Ants. Then Kally—her name was really Kalliope—was very nice, and mamma got them to send her to a good day school at Dublin, and Alethea and Phyllis used to have her in to try to make a lady of her. There used to be a great deal of fun about their Muse, I remember; Claude thought her very pretty, and always stood up for her, and Alethea was very fond of her. But soon after we went to Belfast, Mr. White was made to retire with the rank of Captain. I think papa tried to get something for him to do; but I am not sure whether he succeeded, and I don't know any more about them.'

'Not exactly friendship, certainly,' said Aunt Jane, smiling. 'After all, Gillian, in your short life, you have had wider experiences than have befallen your old aunts!'

'Wider, perhaps, not deeper, Jane,' suggested Miss Adeline.

And Gillian thought—though she felt it would be too sentimental to say—that in her life, persons and scenes outside her own family had seemed to 'come like shadows to-depart,' and there was a general sense of depression at the partings, the anxiety, and the being unsettled again when she was just beginning to have a home.

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER X.

A COUNTRY WALK.

FOR a day or so after the conversation last recorded, Clare began to hope that her hints and insinuations had worked her will, and that Theodore's unaccountable fancy for Katharine had died out. The fact being that poor Theodore had not quite got over the snubs he had received on that occasion. Used to be king in his little court, he did not understand being snubbed, nor did he like it. Before he had quite recovered, his promised teacher came from London; a clever and promising young artist who had been very ill, and was glad of change of air and scene. Theodore set to work with real ardour, and, curious to say, it was now discovered that Beatrice Craven had all her life longed to learn drawing! Theodore, perfectly innocent of understanding Clare's plans, made very little objection to her joining him in the studio, and she certainly gave a great deal of time to her work, and made a kind of mechanical progress, which quite contented her. In fact, she was perfectly happy, and only Marcia made any objection. She said plainly that she had no hope, now, that the match would ever come off, and she was sorry that Beatrice was placed in a situation which might increase her liking for Theodore, and make her position a very unpleasant one when he 'took his own way,' concluded Marcia, vaguely. But, as usual, Clare's calm conviction that her own plan must be the best, prevailed, and Marcia only succeeded in making her mother uncomfortable. Theodore worked really hard, and was quite absorbed in his painting, intending to astonish Katharine with his progress presently. For to that plain-spoken maiden his thoughts turned very much oftener than Clare suspected.

It was rather a gay time at Southerton—picnics and garden parties were tolerably frequent, and Katharine, unused to society of even this mild type, was so well amused that she did not observe for some time that poor little Lettice was fretting sadly over being excluded from everything. She was sometimes asked, but Clare kept her busy with needlework, and always declined for her; and in truth the girl did not care to go unless she could have some garments of a less peculiar cut than those she now wore. Till Katharine came, she had never greatly cared about these things, but Katharine's companionship had roused her up, and she felt it very hard to be

treated like a baby, and not allowed to dispose of any portion of her time as she wished.

But one lovely day, as a gay party was setting out for a long walk, to end in tea and a pleasant evening at Admiral Freeman's, Katharine caught sight of such a sad little face peeping from a window on the stairs, that her heart smote her.

'Oh, Marcia!' said she, Miss Craven happening to be near her, 'why may not Lettice come with us? The poor child looks so woebegone.'

'Clare would not hear of it; and, to be frank, neither will I! Lettice is really too much of a good thing, with her ridiculous dress and her gauche manners.'

'She would not be gauche but for the dress,' said Katharine. Eleanore, hearing what was being said, came back and whispered—

'There is no use in trying, Katharine. Florence took pity on the poor little goose, and actually asked leave for her to-day; but she got a snub that she will not forget in a hurry.'

'Well, at all events, I will go back and get her to take a walk with me. I am ashamed of myself for neglecting her so. Say nothing unless I am missed, Eleanore, and make as little talk as may be about it. Good-bye.'

If Eleanore had any wish to remonstrate, she had no time to do so—Katharine was out of sight in a moment. She ran upstairs and knocked at the door of Lettice's room.

'Who is that? Oh, don't come in! Oh, is it you, Katharine? I thought you were all gone.'

'Eleanore and Marcia are gone. I shall not go to-day. Come out, Lettice; it is a lovely day, and we will have one of our pleasant long walks.'

'But I cannot have you staying at home for me! And, besides, Clare wants me for the school work. And—— Oh, don't think I am ungrateful, but it is of no use. You cannot give up all the others for me, and I cannot join them. Clare will—Clare wants me.'

'I must answer all that categorically, my dear. The best way to prevent my staying at home with you is, to come out for a walk. Clare must let you get air and exercise—I will go and settle that with her. And I shall not think you ungrateful, for you have nothing to be grateful for. I like you better, twenty times, than any one else here, and yet I have been letting you feel lonely and neglected from sheer idleness. Oh, Lettice! what would I not give for something to do! I feel so idle—and I'm falling into such selfish, do-nothing ways. If I could only find something to do that really wanted doing, if it were only an old woman to read to, how glad I should be.'

'There are the old ladies in the almshouses,' said Lettice, in a queer doubtful voice.

'I went once or twice with Clare, and she said she would only

introduce me, so that I might take her place occasionally. But she has never asked me to go—and never will. She sends you.'

'Only to change their books. I never do more than that.'

'Why?'

'I do not know. Clare told me not to stay.'

'It is all the same; look at my class in the Sunday-school. I am sure I should get on with those boys. Sam Halliday is a particularly fine lad. But I am not allowed to teach them regularly. On one excuse or another Clare takes them herself every second Sunday or so—though she can't manage them a bit. Ah, it is all the same—all seeming—no reality!'

'What do you mean?' said Lettice, looking startled.

'I ought not to have said that—it is breaking our contract, you know. Come, get ready, and I will run down and get leave of absence for you. Some day, Lettice, I feel I *must* speak out; but not now, for I have not made up my own mind yet. I feel as if I were in a dream, and that every one I meet is a phantom!'

'But why? What gives you that feeling, Katharine?'

'The unreality of it all—the double-mindedness of it all—the hollowness of it all—the seeming friendships and the crooked little ways—there! I am off to Clare—get ready, Lettice.'

She ran downstairs, passed boldly through the small library, and knocked at the door of the studio. She was determined to ask before Theodore. A voice desired her to come in; Theodore, Beatrice, and the young artist, Mr. Hastings, were hard at work, and Clare sat in her easy-chair with a book in her hand. Theodore flung down his brush, and a bright look came over his face when he saw who it was. But Clare stood up, looking very majestic and unapproachable, gazing at Katharine in a manner calculated to freeze her—and Beatrice exclaimed, in a tone of dismay—

'What brings you here, Katharine?'

'I came to ask if Lettice can be spared; she and I am going out for a walk.'

'Certainly she can,' said Theodore, promptly. 'You do not want her, Clare?'

'I suppose I must do without her,' said Clare. 'I thought all the rest were gone to the Freemans.'

'I had intended to go; but I cannot leave Lettice alone day after day.'

'Lettice does very well,' said Clare, coldly. She had remained standing, and was altogether so ungracious that Katharine began to lose her temper.

'I don't call it well!' she said. 'She frets sadly at being so shut out from the amusements the others enjoy. But I must go back to her,' she added, pulling herself up when she remembered the presence of Mr. Hastings. 'Only, since I *am* here, Mr. St. Aubyn, may I see what you are doing?'

‘No, not yet. I want you to see this when I have finished it. This is my first attempt at anything like a picture since Hastings came. He thinks I am getting on—don’t you, Hastings? You must know that it was Miss Thorold who had the courage to tell me that I knew nothing of painting.’

‘Bad as I am, I did not quite say that,’ said Katharine, laughing. ‘Well, if I am not to look, I’ll say good-bye—and thank you, Miss St. Aubyn.’

Theodore went back to his easel with a glow on his dark cheek, while Clare sank into her comfortable chair, murmuring—

‘Miss Thorold does fatigue me so.’

‘And me, too,’ said Beatrice; ‘and I’m sure she knows very well she should not come here unless she is asked.’

‘Oh, I don’t insist on any such rule,’ said Theodore, hastily.

‘It has always been understood,’ said Clare, in a low voice.

‘Then I must specially invite Miss Thorold to come whenever she likes,’ said Theodore. And Beatrice melted into tears—fortunately no one saw that she was crying, and she had just sense enough to know that she must conquer herself.

Katharine and Lettice were soon at the gate, and having passed through this, the road they had always hitherto pursued lay before them.

‘If we go that way, Lettice, we shall meet the whole party, and I suppose you are too conscientious to say yes, when asked to tea?’

‘Oh, I would rather not, please.’

‘I thought so. Then we’ll get into the fields, and skirt along the Priory wall, and have a look at the country on the other side. I’m sick of this road through the Villas. It is so dull always to go the same way.’

‘But once we pass the Villas, there are other roads,’ said Lettice.

‘I’m sick of them all, my dear. Come, here’s a gate; but when we are out of sight of the road we’ll climb the fences and have a right good ramble. Behaving in a very unlady-like way, and enjoying it highly.’

Lettice, who had never in her life ventured into the fields, was secretly frightened; but being justly convinced that Katharine would laugh at her, she did not say so. They found a gate into the next field too—but also found the field full of cattle. Through these horned beasts Katharine proceeded to walk, stopping now and then to admire some particular cow, and never perceiving that wretched Lettice was shaking with terror.

‘An Alderney!’ she exclaimed, coming to a stand beside a little dun cow. ‘Oh, Lettice! what a little darling. They are so gentle, too—there’s my woman—there’s my pet—so you like your soft ears rubbed, do you. Come here and look at her eyes—these Alderneys have such lovely eyes.’

‘But won’t she run at me?’ faltered Lettice.

‘Not she! why, Lettice, you are as white as a sheet. Why did you not say you were frightened?’

Here Lettice uttered a cry, and turned even paler than before, staring with wide terrified eyes at some object behind Katharine—who turned to look, and found that poor Lettice had some cause for fear this time. From a distant corner, where he had been taking a gentle doze, a fine young bull was walking briskly towards them—just to see what they were about.

‘Oh, that’s unpleasant,’ said Katharine; ‘but he is not angry—nor does he look wicked.’

‘Run, run,’ cried Lettice, turning to fly, with her poor heart thumping against her side, and her knees shaking.

‘Stop! You’ll have him after you without fail. Lettice, dear, you *must* mind me. Walk slowly over to the fence, and get over it; then call out to me.’

Lettice walked slowly—but only because she could not go fast. She was trembling and sobbing, and did not dare to look back. When she reached the fence—a pretty stiff one with a line of low quickset hedge along the top—she tried to climb it, but slipped and fell. Scrambling up, she dashed the tears from her eyes and turned to look for Katharine. To her horror, Katharine stood just where she had left her, with her face turned towards the bull, who had ceased his stately march and stood staring at her.

‘Are you over, Lettice?’ Katharine called out.

‘No, I cannot do it!’

‘Try again, dear. If you can even get on the top, you are safe. But don’t lose time.’

Thus urged, Lettice again attempted the fence, succeeding in seating herself on the top of the fence, after a terrible struggle.

‘I’m up, Katharine,’ she cried, panting; and Katharine, after a hasty glance to see the nature of the ground, began her retreat, keeping her face to the foe. The bull, surely the best-natured of his kind, seemed amused at this proceeding and stood looking on. Katharine went very slowly until she had put a good space between her and the bull; but then she turned and ran. And the next thing Lettice knew, she was standing beside her on the wall.

‘That *was* an adventure, Lettice! but he is a quiet creature, luckily for us. Only it is never safe to run, Lettice; they’re sure to follow. Ha, look at him now!’

Here the bull seemed suddenly to come to the conclusion that he had been made look like a fool. He roared—Lettice shrieked, and all but fell back into the field, but Katharine caught hold of her.

‘Why, he can’t get at you here, child. Indeed, he is not going to try. Look, he is off.’

Lettice ventured to open her eyes, and beheld her enemy galloping away, prancing and snorting, while the cows all got up and followed him at a respectful distance.

‘He’s gone, you see. Get up now, and we will go on into the next field.’

‘How am I to get up?’ said Lettice, dismally.

‘Did you never climb a bank before?’ Katharine said, half laughing.

‘It is a wall, isn’t it?’ said Lettice

‘Not exactly. Just a stone fence, with earth on the top. We have no such fences at home. Take my hand. Now—you see you are up.’

‘I am getting giddy,’ Lettice cried.

‘Shut your eyes, if you like; I’ll get you down.’

They were soon in the field—there were happily no cattle in it. Katharine made Lettice sit down and rest herself—and, moreover, extracted a thorn from her poor little hand, Lettice having grasped one of the hawthorn twigs in her agony.

‘How brave you are, Katharine!’

‘Well, I am not a coward, for a woman; but then, you know, I am used to cattle, and you are not. He was a good-tempered fellow—for a bull. But I never like bulls, and it was very careless of me to go into the field without making sure that there were only cows in it.’

‘But oh! how are we to get home, Katharine? Even *you* would be afraid to pass through that field again.’

‘Yes, I should. But we won’t do that. We will go on through these fields, and get to the Priory on the garden side, and I saw the other day that in one place we could easily get over the wall.’

Even the idea of climbing a wall was better than the bull! so Lettice followed her leader meekly. Katharine helped her over all obstacles, told her what the crops were, and how poor they looked to her Yorkshire eyes—gathered a great nosegay of wild-flowers, every one of which she greeted as an old friend; and in fact made the walk so delightful that Lettice forgot her terrors, felt less tired at every step, and performed feats of climbing and scrambling hitherto undreamed of. Presently they came in sight of the Priory, and easily made their way up to the wall, which here was old and ivy-grown, and Katharine remarked that there must once have been a large gateway, now built up. She pointed this out to Lettice, who said—

‘Oh, yes, I had forgotten it; but I remember now when that gate was taken down, and the drive through the grounds done away with. It was when all these fields were let. It all belongs to Theodore, you know. Your grandfather had a great pottery a little way off—over there—and all this was the park. But when Theodore came into possession, Clare found that the pottery had ceased to pay, so she put an end to it. I don’t exactly remember what happened, but there was great discontent, because so many people were thrown out of work. And she let all the park, and it was broken up.’

‘What a pity.’

‘But what could she do? The kind of clay that made good earthenware was all gone, and the coarse kinds did not pay well. Then the income from the pottery was a great loss, so that Theodore could not afford to keep a great big park, which of course was only an expense. I think Clare did right.’

‘I suppose so; but one pities the poor people. Are there any of them left?’

‘Oh, yes, they make flower-pots and coarse brown pans. But they are very bad people,’ Lettice went on in her simple way; ‘they never come to church, and they drink dreadfully. Clare was obliged to make a rule that their children were not to be admitted to her school, they were so dirty and so bad.’

‘Hum,’ said Katharine; ‘and so she keeps the school for a dozen or two of little sycophants, whose parents could very well pay for their schooling, while these poor little wretches—— Is it far from here, Lettice?’

‘The pottery?’

‘Yes; that is, if the people live close to it.’

‘Not very far—there is a path through the fields to it, from our stable yard. But long ago Clare told me never to go there—none of us ever do. They pelted Theodore and Clare one day with mud. They are dreadful people.’

‘Well, I want to see them, all the same. Perhaps that old woman, for whom I long, is hidden away in these pottery cottages! I’ll help you over the wall, Lettice, and just go and have a look at the place.’

‘No, no; I will go too,’ said Lettice, feeling that if she were there Katharine was less likely to do anything very rash. ‘Come this way, the path leads to the door in the stable yard.’

They soon found the said path, and followed it briskly across the fields which had once been the park. In due time they reached the site of the once flourishing pottery. The sharp, disagreeable smell of burning brick met them, and a huge brick kiln was the first thing they saw. The two girls walked on to the low wall of the enclosure in which the bricks were burning, and looked about them. In this yard there were heaps of red clay, and piles of bricks, some good, some broken—other bricks, in their unburned brownness, lay on the ground—and passing round the kiln, they came upon a knot of rough-looking men busied in the earlier processes of brick-making. These soon became aware of the two ladies, but they went on working, only glancing sulkily at them. Lettice whispered—

‘I told you they were dreadful people. Do come away, Katharine; they will be rude, I know.’

But Katharine, used to be on friendly terms with every working man and woman she encountered, had gone forward, and did not hear this appeal. A rather better-dressed man now lounged up to her with his hands in his pockets, and to him she spoke.

‘I never saw bricks made before, though I have seen potters at

work often. Does any kind of clay do for bricks, or is it some particular kind?’

The man stared at her, but he answered her question gruffly, and as it were, under protest. Katharine asked a second—and yet another. The man, who was the present master of the place, was amused by her evident interest, and soon laid aside his gruff manner and talked away civilly enough. He told her that he rented the ‘consarn’ from Squire St. Aubyn—which he pronounced ‘Stauben,’ all in one; but he said the people were a bad, lazy lot, and he thought he would have to give it up before long.

‘They’d rather be poaching, and worse,’ he said, ‘than earn a day’s wage.’

‘Pretty wage,’ said one of the men; ‘ten-pence a day for breaking your back brick-making.’

‘Well, you’d get a shilling a day from the farmers, why don’t you go to they? Because they know you too well, my lads. Not a man in this hole—the Potteries, as they call it—can get a day’s work from any one but me—that’s the only reason that I can hold on at all. There’s about twenty men, reckoning the big boys, about this place, and when there’s no poaching and the farmers are looking sharp after their fowl, they will work for a spell here. But they come and go; I seldom have ten altogether.’

‘Wages seem very low here,’ said Katharine. ‘I come from Yorkshire—and I think the women there get as much as the men here.’

‘Ay, this is a very poor place, miss. The land’s poor—and the people’s poor.’

‘Well, I must go now,’ said Katharine, ‘for I want to look about me a little; you’ll see me again, I dare say.’

Then by a sudden inspiration, she said—

‘Before I go, may I sing for you? I am counted to have a fine voice

The men gaped—the master grinned.

‘Music aint much in our line,’ said he; ‘but I’ve no objections.’

Without further preface, Katharine began to sing, and to the astonishment of Lettice, who expected to hear her sing a hymn, she sang a ballad which she had heard at many a harvest-home supper in the ‘north countree.’ It recounts the adventures of a fox in search of a supper for himself and family—and Katharine took infinite pains to do justice to the story. She watched the men’s faces—blank amazement—awakening interest—a grin on one or two grimy countenances, and profound attention from all; and when she came to ‘Old Mother Slipper-Slopper’ who jumped out of bed, and out of the window poked her old head, to shout for John, just too late—a regular laugh was heard. The song being over, one very tall man straightened himself, looked very sly, and remarked—

‘That there fox was a bit of a poacher, miss!’

A roar of laughter followed this remarkable sally. Katharine laughed too, and said—

‘Well, if he was, I am sure he got well hunted for it. Good-bye; I’ll come and see you again, if you like.’

Taken by surprise, they with one accord said—

‘Yes, do—and sing for us again.’

‘You live at Southerton, I suppose?’ said the master, curiously.

‘Yes; I am staying there until my brother comes back for me. He is gone to Canada.’

She joined Lettice, and together they left the yard.

‘It is getting late, Lettice; we must go home and come again some other day. I have not found my old woman yet. What is that noise?’

‘Children fighting,’ said Lettice; ‘they went by while you were singing.’

‘Oh! that child is either hurt or frightened,’ cried Katharine, as a bitter cry reached their ears; ‘I must see what is wrong.’

And she ran quickly over some rough ground, guided by the screams of the child.

CHAPTER XI.

POLLY WILL’S CAT.

At the other side of the rough slope up which Katharine ran and Lettice stumbled, there was a large irregular pool of water, formed by the digging out of the red marl for the bricks and flower-pots. On the edges of this a motley crowd of children was gathered. A big boy was standing on a huge stone in the water, out of the reach of those on dry land, and in his hand he held a very unsavoury-looking half-grown cat. Most of the band carried sticks, and those who had none were collecting stones; while two or three held a little girl, who seemed to be the only person present who did not enjoy the contemplated murder of the kitten. She was screaming at the top of her voice, and interspersed with screams came cries of, ‘Oh, my kitty, my kitty, give her back to me,’ and oaths of the most fearful description; threats, too, directed against every separate limb of the boy on the stone.

‘Hold yer tongue, Polly, or I’ll serve you the same way as the cat; toss ye in, and let ye get out if ye can. Here goes, boys! be brisk with the sticks now, or she’ll get off.’

Katharine had not quite reached the scene of action, and her voice was lost in the noise of the children. The kitten was swung above the boy’s head, yelling horribly, and flung into the deepest part of the pool. Polly screamed louder than ever, the rest laughed, whooped and danced, and when the cat reached the shore, she was met by half-a-dozen blows and knocked back into deep water. In the midst of this engrossing diversion, a surprising thing occurred. The boys bending over the water, ready to receive pussy when she again reached the shore, were suddenly thrust aside, the kitten was

snatched from the water, and over the miserable little sinners towered a tall girl with bright hair and flashing eyes, who held the dripping creature in her arms, and confronting the crowd steadily, said—

‘You cruel children, how dare you treat any living creature like that?’

Dead silence for a few moments. Then the big boy jumped from the stone to the bank, and said, with an evil scowl—

‘Give up that there cat, miss; she’s mine, and I’ll do as——’

‘You lie,’ screamed Polly, ‘she’s mine; don’t believe Tim, he’s a liar, and every one knows it. Granny gave me that kitten for myself, and I—oh, she’s my own; she sleeps with me. Don’t give her to Tim.’

‘You hold your noise, Polly, or you’ll pay for it. I’ll give you a hiding this blessed evening, after I’ve done for your beastly cat. Here you, miss, give her up. I’m Poll’s brother, and the cat’s as much mine as hers.’

He brandished his stick, and, inspired by his example, so did some of the other boys. Katharine stood before them, with a perfectly unmoved face, and in silence. This puzzled them, and their warlike demonstrations ceased.

‘Look here, boys,’ said she, when they were quiet. ‘You won’t frighten me, and I am not going to give you the cat. Don’t fancy that I am angry; poor children, you know no better. But it is a sin to be cruel. God, who made us, made the cat, too, and He hates cruelty. He sees whenever we do cruel things to His creatures. Now you must let me give Polly the cat, and I want you to promise me not to touch her again, nor to hurt Polly; and if you do, I will give you, Tim, sixpence for yourself, and a penny to each of the others.’

‘Show us the money,’ said Tim, promptly. But Katharine had her wits about her.

‘No,’ said she; ‘you’d snatch it and run away.’

A loud laugh from an hitherto unseen addition to the crowd made them all start. Lettice had very wisely run back to the brick-yard, and brought the manager and the tall man who had made the joke about the poacher, to rescue her imprudent companion. It so happened that the tall man was Bob Wills, father to Polly and the hopeful Tim.

‘So he would, miss; you may lay your life he would. He’s the worst boy in the Potteries, though that’s saying a good deal. Tim, drop that stick. Off with you; and if I hear that you lay a finger on Polly or her cat, you’ll feel the weight of my fist. Go now—do you hear?’

‘No, no; I promised him sixpence. You will promise, Tim?’

‘Yes,’ said Tim, sulkily.

‘Very well, here’s your sixpence, and here is a shilling; but I have no pence. Have you any?’ turning to the manager.

'Keep your shilling, miss; you're safe enough now, and so is the cat.'

'But I promised them a penny each. Can you give me change? Are there only ten of you? I thought there were more. I'll give the other twopence to poor Polly.'

But Polly cared nothing just then for pence. She had got her kitten and had discovered that it was injured. Katharine stood looking at her—the other children ran off, it may be feared, to play pitch and toss with their pence.

'He's broke her leg,' said Polly; and thereupon she cursed her brother 'up hill and down dale,' as we say in Ireland. The two men laughed, Lettice shivered, Katharine burst into tears.

'Oh, you poor child, don't speak such words. You know no better. Oh, it is not *her* fault. What are you laughing at? This child is yours, and at an age when she ought to know nothing of sin, listen to her words! Where did she learn them? You know that it is a sin. Oh, Heaven help us all—what a miserable thing this is!'

She sat down beside Polly, and examined the kitten gently. With a bit of stick and a strip from her own handkerchief she set the creature's leg, and gave her back to her mistress.

'There, Polly, keep her quiet, if you can. I'll come and see how she is, if you like, and cure her for you. Shall you be glad to see me?'

The girl stared for a moment, then her bold eyes filled with tears—her whole face seemed to change and soften, and she said—

'Do come; don't forget. That's our house,' pointing to a cottage a little way off.

'I will come; if not to-morrow, the next day. Now good-bye; put poor puss in a basket, and give her some milk.'

She got up, and turned to the two men.

'To whom does this place belong?'

'Mr. St. Aubyn, of the Priory. I rent the yard and part of the old buildings yonder, and a hard bargain he made with me—at least, I don't mean him, but his sister. The place is no credit to them; but I believe he's silly, or something; and the sister manages all for him—a fine, handsome lady, but a hand at a bargain. Penny wise and pound foolish, though; for just look at the cottages. They're falling to pieces—there isn't a sound roof in the place.'

'Is there no school?' said Katharine. Her bright, pleasant manner had vanished, and she spoke briefly and sternly.

'None, miss. Never was since I came here,' said Mr. Dunn, and Bob Wills nodded assent.

'None this many a year—not since the old squire's lady died. There's a school near the church; but when some of us send our children they were turned out after a day or so. Not respectable enough, belike.'

'Do you go to church?' was the next question.

Both men laughed. Dunn said—

‘I’m not a Churchman, miss.’

And Bob Wills remarked—

‘It’s many a day since I saw the inside of a church, or the outside either, for that matter. There’s no welcome at Southerton Church for the like of us, and it’s a great distance by the road, even if we wished to go—and we don’t.’

Katharine said good-bye, and walked away, Lettice following with a sadly perplexed face.

‘There’s a girl for you,’ said Wills. ‘The pluck of her!’

‘It’s a rum start altogether,’ was Mr. Dunn’s opinion. ‘Get back to your work, Wills. We’ve lost time enough over this nonsense.’

In silence, and at a rate which taxed Lettice’s powers to the utmost, Katharine went along the field path. Presently they reached the Priory wall, and there she threw herself down on the grass and sat thinking. Lettice spoke to her once or twice, but she did not seem to hear, and the poor girl was glad to sit down too. At last the dressing-bell was faintly heard, and Lettice got desperate.

‘Katharine! Katharine! do mind me this time, please. The bell has rung, and we shall be late for dinner.’

‘The bell! Oh, very well. See, here are regular niches in the wall. You go up first and sit on the top until I am up too. Hold by the ivy; put your other hand on my shoulder—there, are you all right?’

She was soon up herself, sitting beside Lettice.

‘Look, there’s a big stone that you can put your foot on. That’s right—now, do you think you can jump down?’

‘Oh, Katharine! Jump down!’

‘It’s the easiest thing; you’ve only got to let yourself go, and you’re bound to come down, you know. However, I’ll get down, and then I can help you.’

She was soon down, and, holding out her arms, said—

‘Tumble off anyhow—I’ll catch you. Oh, you poor town-bred lassie, you haven’t a bit of spring in you. There you are, however, and it is a blessing that none of our friends and relations were walking in the garden, for if they didn’t die of seeing us get in over the wall, the state of my dress would finish them. That was a very dirty cat!’

She turned towards the house—and found herself face to face with Theodore.

‘Well done, ladies!’ said he, looking very much amused. ‘I had come out to get a mouthful of fresh air after a morning of hard work, and hearing your voices on the wrong side of the wall, I waited to see if you required help; but truly, you are quite independent of any help that I could give you. Why, Miss Thorold, where have you been? You are covered with mud. I am afraid you have had a fall.’

‘No,’ said Katharine, and looked at him with a mixture of contempt and pity which vaguely alarmed him. Lettice explained.

'We were at the Potteries, and Katharine saved a kitten out of the water—that is what dirtied her dress. We had not time to go all round again, and we found regular steps up the wall outside.'

'Ah, that accounts for the occasional disappearance of our fruit,' said Theodore. 'These people at the Potteries are a dreadful set, I fear.'

'Whose fault is that?' asked Katharine, her voice trembling with repressed excitement. 'What have they, to make them otherwise? Come, Lettice, we shall be late for dinner.'

'Nay, Miss Thorold, wait one moment. You are annoyed; what has annoyed you? Stay and tell me.'

He put his hand on her dress as he spoke, and drew it away hastily, for the damp, red mud with which she was plentifully besprinkled had left a stain upon his white, well-kept hand.

'Do not touch me,' she said, 'you will soil your hand—you *have* soiled it, and it ought never to be soiled except by a touch of paint when you are at work! Go in, and take care of your health—and *work* at your painting. Come, Lettice, we must run.'

The two girls fled, leaving poor Theodore standing like one amazed.

'What did she mean? What can have vexed her?' he murmured, as he slowly followed them. 'I do not at all understand her.'

'It is well that I remembered myself,' observed Katharine, when Lettice was leaving her to dress in all haste. 'I am so angry—so horrified—I could hardly speak civilly to him.'

'But I don't think you did,' said Lettice, half laughing; 'and I don't understand you at all.'

'I see that. They have kept you a child so long that you are slow to see things. But when you see, you will agree with me.'

That evening, when the whole party was assembled in the drawing-room, and Marcia was giving a lively account of the day's amusement, Theodore beckoned to Lettice, and said to her in a low voice—

'Where did you tell me you had been walking, Lettice? Had you a pleasant walk?'

'At first it was pleasant, only that we got into a field with a bull—and, oh, I was so frightened! but Katharine saved me. She is so brave.'

'Sit down and tell me all about it,' said he. And Lettice obeyed. But as she was not gifted in the story-telling way, he had to extract an account of her adventures by a series of questions, and Clare, who was of course close to her brother, heard the whole story. Katharine was at the other side of the room, talking to Eleanore.

'Very extraordinary conduct,' said Clare, disapprovingly, 'and might have had a less pleasant ending if you had not thought of calling those men. Very questionable proceedings, indeed; but one expects things of this sort from Miss Thorold. As to you, Lettice, had you forgotten that I have distinctly forbidden you to go to the Potteries?'

Had she put this question before her remarks on Katharine, Lettice would probably have been meek enough, but she was a little nettled, and her reply was—

‘You did, but I was only a child then. Of course you did not mean that I must always obey that direction. You know, Clare, I am nineteen now.’

Clare was silent, literally from amazement. Some movement among the rest of the party took place now, Mrs. Craven having begged Eleanore and Katharine to let her have the couch on which they had been sitting. In seeking another seat Katharine came near Theodore, who looked up, saying—

‘Lettice has been giving me an account of your walk and adventures, and I am very sorry to hear that you were annoyed by the boys belonging to those cottages. They are a dreadful set.’

‘I was not annoyed. I was shocked—dreadfully shocked. Has Lettice told you all?’

‘More than we care to hear,’ said Clare. ‘It is scarcely a pleasant topic of conversation.’

‘No, it is not pleasant,’ said Katharine, her cheek and eyes kindling, ‘to hear of a girl of about nine, whose every second word is an oath—of a set of children whose sole amusement seems to be cruelty and mischief—of men and women who live by thieving and poaching, and who never see the inside of a church—who have no school for their children, no help of any kind. It is not pleasant. And they are your tenants, Mr. St. Aubyn.’

‘Most unfortunately, that is true,’ said Clare, looking up, and speaking quickly and resolutely. ‘You, Miss Thorold, coming from a rich part of the country, where there is work for all, can have no idea of the difficulties we have to contend with in the poverty and ignorance of the people, the lack of employment, our own comparative poverty, and many other circumstances about which you know nothing. I gather from what you have said, and still more from your manner of saying it, that you consider us accountable for the state of the Pottery people. If you knew all, you would not think so. I have always managed the estate for my brother, and I *must* know. Nor do I think that we have shown ourselves careless of our people’s welfare, or niggardly in the matter of schools and such things.’

This was a very long speech for Clare to make, and everybody was now aware that she was excessively annoyed. Katharine stood quite still, looking not at the speaker, but at Theodore. And although nearly every one present was trying to understand the expression of her face, not one of them did so—not even Theodore, though he tried hardest of all. When Clare ceased to speak a gentle chorus arose—Mrs. Craven, Aunt Florence, and Marcia being the performers.

‘No, indeed, Clare—no one *could* think that.’

‘The Sunday-school,’ said one. ‘The day-school,’ said another.

'The library,' said the third. 'The almshouses,' cried all three together. And Beatrice remarked—

'I think Katharine is mad.'

Katharine did not open her lips. Aunt Florence went on in persuasive tones—

'But I am sure—I am positively *certain*, I am *convinced*, that Katharine did not mean anything. She only expressed herself badly. She had no idea of annoying or offending our dear Clare. Now, Katharine, had you, my dear?'

Katharine gave Theodore one last, lingering look, and seemed to pause as if she expected him to speak. Then she turned quite away from him, and said very quietly—

'No; and I am very sorry if I have offended you, Miss St. Aubyn. I beg your pardon.'

Clare smiled her sweetest smile, and said—

'I am so glad that you did not mean to be rude. And now I think the subject of this curious escapade may be dropped. I dare say you have had enough of the Potteries.'

'I promised to go again to see the cat.'

'If you go,' said Theodore, 'remember that there is a small gate in the stable yard which will be more convenient than—other ways of egress and ingress. But on the whole, Miss Thorold, I really think the Pottery is no place for a lady.'

'And, Lettice, I desire that you do not go there,' said Clare. Katharine sat down, and stitched away in silence until bedtime. Lettice went with her to her room, but they had not exchanged a word when Eleanore came in.

'Katharine, are you crazy?' said she, laughing. 'Did I not warn you to keep well with Clare? What possessed you to speak as you did to-night?'

'I wanted to know for certain that he—that they were aware of the state that place is in, and I was determined to speak out, once, before him—Mr. St. Aubyn. Never mind, Eleanore, I won't make myself unpleasant again. I will abstain from letting the cold light of day in upon their artificial flowers.'

'Lettice,' said Eleanore, 'run away like a dear girl; I want to talk to Katharine, and Henrietta interrupted us before I had well begun.'

Lettice said good-night, adding, 'I can ask my question to-morrow.'

'That child is waking up,' said Eleanore, when she was alone with her niece; 'but it is not about her that I want to speak to you. Katharine, I want to thank you for the way in which you kept faith with me about the General, and never betrayed me to any one. And I believe all is right again. He is coming here to-morrow.'

'Have you—has he spoken to you yet?'

'Nothing quite definite; but I know he will. Oh, Katharine, I owe

it to you. If you had not been so true and so unselfish, I should have lost him. I shall never forget it, believe me.'

'Dear Eleanore, I wish I could be more heartily glad; but if you are happy, I am really glad.'

'Happy! to escape from a state of dependence—to have a real home, both for myself and poor Florence—to be freed from Henrietta's condolences on the fact that I am no longer a girl—from Marcia's impertinence! Katharine, you don't know what my life is; and I shall make my old General perfectly happy, out of pure gratitude to him.'

'Yes; but——'

'Now hold your tongue, niece. I am not going to let you spoil my rejoicing. Did you ever hear his Christian name? It is Quentyn. Fancy any one in these days being christened Quentyn! Well, good-night, Katharine; and do try to keep the peace with Clare until I have a house in which to shelter you.'

In the morning Lettice came before breakfast to ask the question which had been delayed by Eleanore's appearance.

'You said you meant to go again,' she said, 'and I don't think it can be for pleasure. So I thought you might mean to try some way to help them, and if you do, I shall help too. Katharine, since you came here it seems to me as if all my life had suddenly grown unreal, and I want to live a real life. Yet I must not do wrong about Clare, either.'

'Unreal!' echoed Katharine; 'have you that feeling too? It really oppresses me; and I have been longing for something to do, that should be worth doing. Nothing that is done here seems worth doing. I feel as if the world would be not a whit the worse if the schools were closed, and the library burned; perhaps I am wrong, but I really think it. Help is being given to those who don't want it, because they are pleasanter to deal with than those who do. And the real poor—we saw them yesterday.'

'Till you came I was contented,' Lettice said, in a dreamy voice. 'I did as I was bid. I was not happy, but I scarcely knew it. I was in a kind of twilight; but you brought a light. I can't help seeing better. I hope it is not wrong.'

'I don't think it is my doing, Lettice. You are growing to womanhood, and you have plenty of sense. I am going to-day to visit my patient, the kitten; and I shall look about me and make enquiries, and I will tell you everything. When we know for certain that there is something we can do—even if it is only the old woman I was talking about—we'll speak to Clare again. Till then, there is no use in making a fuss.'

'But I am afraid for you, going there alone.'

'You need not be, dear. No one will touch me.'

Katharine finished dressing in silence, and then came and stood beside Lettice in the window.

‘Would it not be delightful, Lettice, if we have really found something to do? Those children, if one could teach them something—and I really am a good teacher, and love teaching. And you must know I have a little money that I can use to set things going, for when my poor Aurora was sold, Maurice made me keep the money, telling me to use it as I liked. I have twenty plans in my head, and in due time I shall talk them over with you; but the first thing I have to do is to visit the people, and see if I can make any friends among them. I have at least a year and a half before me; surely in that time you and I might teach some of those children to read, and some of the girls to sew, and then a real work would be done that would be useful as long as any of them live—and longer, if God helps us. Oh, I do long to be at it!’

‘One word, Katharine. Will you not ask Theodore to help?’

‘I am done with Theodore. “Weighed and found wanting.” I am very sorry, for I liked him; but I am done with him now.’

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER all Bessie was not able to go away on the Friday, as she had intended to do. She was prostrated by a slight feverish attack; she called in a doctor in case her immunity from infection should be less complete than she boasted, and though he satisfied her on this score, he forbade her to go away until the Monday following. She wrote at once to tell Alda Hughes that she could do without her until then; but Alda had made her arrangements, and naturally thought that if Bessie were ill, it would be better for her to come at once and take charge of the children. So it happened that on the Sunday following the day on which Denzil had met his friend Tadpole, Alda and Bessie were in the same house at Sandwater, and Sir Wyndham Ellis and his wife were staying at the hotel in the same place.

Bessie was physically much better on this Sunday morning, and would probably have been quite well except for the excitement of her nerves. Through her last few sleepless nights the thought of the wrong done to Bertha had been more and more insistently recurring to her mind. She went over and over again her recollections of Bertha, trying hard to persuade herself that Bertha was really as unfeeling as she had chosen to imagine, but not with absolute satisfaction. Bertha had been a weak foolish creature easily led—that she knew—but at the same time she had not been without kindly impulses, though Bessie, in her dumb fierce bitterness, had done but little to encourage them. True, she had been completely under her husband's influence, and apparently had not shown much maternal feeling towards Elys when she was a baby, but might not the fact of motherhood have gone deeper into her being than it seemed to have done? These misgivings deepened and thickened the more Bessie looked at them, and at last the discomfort they produced had grown so intense that she determined on this Sunday, instead of staying in and hiding herself from observation, to go to church under the protection of a veil, on the chance of seeing Bertha there, and see if she could judge for herself from Bertha's appearance what her capacity of feeling might have developed to. Bessie would not have been Bessie if she had not been inclined to rashness whenever her desires were strongly moved, and though she felt unwell enough still to make it no mere excuse that she wished to sit away from the others near the door, so as to slip out if she turned

faint, she walked resolutely to the eleven-o'clock service, trying to control her heart's beating by saying to herself that it was much more probable than not that Bertha would not appear at all.

Rather late, however, just as the service was beginning, a lady in deep mourning, with a crape veil covering her face, walked into the church with a fair-haired little boy, whom Bessie recognised as Tadpole. The church was full, and the only seat that could be found for her was one on the bench directly in front of Bessie, which had no kneeling rest before it, and was therefore less eligible than the others. Here Lady Ellis sat—she had never been one to insist at the time on being put in a better place than other people gave her, though she might complain afterwards; and during the service she remained outwardly calm, finding Tadpole's places for him in the Psalms, and otherwise standing, sitting, and kneeling as other people did. Bessie would have taken very little by her desire of observation, if it had not been that the last hymn was one of those which are at once jubilant in their tune and pathetic in their association, and 'Ten thousand times ten thousand' proved to be too affecting for the poor mother. She gave a long-drawn low hysterical sob, and then stooped down, gave her little boy his hat from under the seat, and walked quickly out of church, so as to escape before she broke down entirely. Bessie felt as if she could have sobbed too; partly from sympathy with the woman she had despised, partly with shame for herself. It suddenly struck her that she had been, as it were, ignobly spying on Bertha; and she walked home feeling such a sense of humiliation as she had scarcely ever felt before, the depth of which she knew she was not even yet capable of sounding.

When Alda and the two children came back from church, Denzil had lingered behind to talk to Tadpole, whom he had found waiting about in front of the hotel, watching the streams of Sunday churchgoers returning down the parade.

'Tadpole said,' he announced, when he entered, 'he'd stop and walk home from church with me, but he couldn't; he had to walk home with his mother, because the hymn made her cry. I wonder why it should?'

'You know,' said Bessie, 'she is unhappy because she has lost one of her little girls.'

'What an odd thing it is that people talk about losing their children!' said Denzil, meditatively. 'Somebody told father he had nearly lost me, and he said afterwards there was no such thing as losing me when once he had had me; all that he could have lost would have been the sight of me.' And then with that curious mixture of childishness which sat so strangely upon his meditative thoughtfulness, Denzil suddenly turned round to Elys. 'I say, Elys, *did* you see that old man with a nose like a snout sitting in the side aisle? Wouldn't it be fun to get a mask for acting exactly like him?'

Bessie went away the next day, but change of scene rather intensified than altered the drift of her thoughts. The more she thought about the matter, the more she felt that in rescuing as she thought Elys's happiness from a heartless father, she had committed a grievous wrong towards Bertha, which her apparent neglect of Elys did not justify. Bessie had never known what shame and humiliation really meant before, but she began to feel it now; all the more when she thought of her experiences of Dr. Enderby in Denzil's illness, and felt what a moral gulf removed her from him. She felt as if she were separated from all good things; and she sorrowfully owned to herself that on the whole the game had not been worth the candle. Her visions of close and exclusive attachment between Elys and herself had not been carried out; the love which was in Elys's power to give, over and beyond the childish affection of custom and dependence, was given to Alda Hughes rather than to herself; she had been forced by the most elementary sense of honour to put away from her, in Russell Verney's love, what would have made the truest happiness of her life; and for this mirage of happiness she had utterly sacrificed whatever power of moral nobleness, progress, and elevation there might be in her nature.

Bessie had never yet borne any intense suffering without being driven to search wildly either for a remedy or an opiate, and when she thought over her complex and puzzling circumstances, it did not seem to her as if there were any way out of them, except one, which was inadmissible even in thought at present. Now and then the consciousness surged up within her that it would even yet be possible to make reparation—to give back Elys to her parents, to confess all the past, and to stand before God and the world alike, faulty enough, it might be, but true. But the thought of what this would involve turned Bessie sick and faint, so that she shut out the thought whenever she could. She would be convicted an impostor before all her world—not only her present small Hornbridge world, but her past London world, and all who had ever known her—pilloried and held up to shame, obloquy, and ridicule. And among those who would know of her crime would be Russell Verney. But this would not be the worst. Elys would know too—Elys, with her clear hard childish judgment, and her childish lack of comprehension of what the force of the temptation must have been. She would only feel that Bessie had robbed her of father and mother through her childhood, and no one could ever tell her the extenuating circumstances which had made Bessie feel that she was sacrificing herself for Elys's good. To confess what she had done would be to separate herself from Elys for life, and to live in Elys's memory, perhaps, only as a thing of contempt. It was utterly impossible.

And yet—and yet the two impulses thrilled through her by turns, torturing her, she sometimes thought, past endurance, till her mind

would go; they were like some strange powers outside of her, rather than suggestions of her own heart and brain—so that she felt almost like a musical instrument, itself dumb, but capable of being swept into rapturous strains of harmony or crashes of discord; and it seemed to her sometimes as if some one was trying at the same moment to play upon her choruses from ‘Elijah,’ and barrel-organ street tunes. It was almost a case of ‘how happy could I be with either.’ If it had not been for the irresistible aspirations towards goodness—not for the happiness it might bring her, but for its intrinsic loveliness—which raised in her a wild and hopeless yearning, she might have been satisfied to go on as she was, playing over again the barrel-organ tunes of commonplace, rising, sleeping, eating and drinking, and putting any higher thoughts out of the way. And if it had not been for the consequences involved, which she dared not face, she might have given herself up to follow these higher yearnings wherever they chose to lead her. As it was, she could do neither—only wish that she were some lower animal without the power of conscious choice, and its accompanying unrest of heart and brain.

When she had been away about four days, she received the following letters from Sandwater—

‘DEAR MOTHER,

‘We have been having great fun since you went away—Tadpole, Denzil, Miss Hughes, and me. Yesterday we acted charades, because it was wet. To-morrow we are asked (Denzil and me) to tea with the Ellises. Tadpole says they have never had anybody to tea since Edith died. It is awfully jolly here. We built a big castle on the sands this morning, and put Maud in the middle of it; she looked such a little duck.

‘Your affectionate child,

‘ELYS MAYNARD.’

‘DEAR MRS. MAYNARD,

‘I am glad to tell you that my two charges are well, Denzil improving, I think, every day. They have made great friends with the Ellis children, who seem nice little things. I talked to Lady Ellis on the beach yesterday; she seems amiable, though not brilliant. Very much cut up, poor thing, about the loss of her little girl, which she can’t get over at all. I fancy he is no great shakes, and not particularly kind to her. I almost doubt whether we shall get Dr. Enderby here before the end of the month; he writes to Denzil to-day to say that he has a fresh rheumatic attack, and thinks Denzil will have to come home to him instead of his going to Denzil. I don’t like this account very much. What do you think we had better settle about the lodgings?

‘Yours very truly,

‘ALDA M. HUGHES.’

The result of these letters was that Bessie felt that any return to Sandwater was out of the question, and wrote to say that she was detained by business until the day before the party was to leave Sandwater, when she went straight home to Hornbridge.

CHAPTER V.

LADY ELLIS and Alda Hughes were sitting together on a shady place under the shelter of the cliff at Sandwater, while Alda's charges and the little Ellises were disporting themselves upon the sand. Lady Ellis was not a very lively companion at any time; she spoke with the slow, irritating drawl which had been such a trial to her step-mother when she was young, and scarcely ever saw any but one aspect of anything. Alda, however, was good-natured enough to be sorry for the poor woman; and if she had not been, could scarcely have declined her company altogether with separating Denzil from his friend Tadpole, which she was far too good-natured to do needlessly.

'Denzil is not much like his sister,' said Lady Ellis, looking at them.

'She is not his sister,' said Alda; 'the children are no relation to each other. Elys is the child of a widow lady, Mrs. Maynard, who came to Hornbridge from America three or four years ago.'

'She is rather like my children,' said Lady Ellis; and indeed all four had more or less developed the dark eyebrows and fair hair which made Elys such a striking-looking child. 'I lost a little girl some years ago,' she went on; 'I think if she had lived she would have been about the same age as this little Alice Maynard.'

It was natural that all strangers should imagine that Elys's name was the more familiar Alice, and Alda did not trouble herself to contradict her.

'Was that a case of fever too?' said Alda.

'No. It was an accident. My stepmother, Mrs. Daubeney Mallard—who was Sir Wyndham's half sister too—had a wonderful fancy for this little girl ever since she was a baby; she scarcely let me see anything of her at all, and Sir Wyndham used to get quite cross about her and say that I ought to have some share in my own child. Well, Baby had the measles, and was delicate after it, and Sir Wyndham and I were going to Germany, and as Featherfields was a cold place, and Bessie Mallard wanted to take her to Barbadoes for the winter, we said she might. It was very shocking; another ship ran into the *Hibernia* in the middle of the night, and Bessie Mallard and my poor little darling were both drowned, and never heard of again. I think what really was the most painful thing,' went on Lady Ellis, 'was that I never could have her buried. Now with my poor little Edie, we had such a beautiful funeral: flowers, piles and piles of them, all white, and a hymn, and such a pretty coffin! but

with my eldest little darling I could have no comfort of that kind, of course.'

'I have heard of that Mrs. Mallard,' said Alda; 'a cousin of mine, Major Verney, used to know her very well at one time. Did you say she was your stepmother?'

'Yes, poor Bessie! She was only a year or two older than I was, and I suppose a stepmother and a grown up step-daughter often disagree, you know,' said Lady Ellis, in her slow soft voice. 'Besides, she was a person who had a temper of her own, you know; and she was very clever, and she had—I don't know what—a way of making you feel you were dreadfully stupid; and certainly she did take possession of Baby, everybody said so; though I don't mean to say she wasn't very kind, still you know it was no wonder Wyndham didn't like it exactly. And then she and Wyndham never had got on, when they were boy and girl together, but still, poor Bessie—it was very sad her coming to that end, especially having my poor little darling there too.'

'There was no chance that any one escaped the wreck, I suppose?' said Alda, struck by a sudden thought which almost took away her breath by surprise, and at the same time made her laugh at herself for fancying such improbabilities.

'Nobody could have been saved; why, their names were all in the paper, a list as long as my arm,' said Lady Ellis, to whom years had not brought increased lucidity of thought.

'How long ago was it?' said Alda, who saw that her companion was one from whom she might ask unlimited questions without appearing intrusive.

'It was seven—no, eight years ago. Baby was four then. She was such a pretty little thing! my husband said she would be quite a beauty when she grew up; but Bessie spoilt her terribly. Only think, if she was alive now she would be twelve. How old is that little Miss Maynard?'

'Twelve,' said Alda, looking at the four fair heads—Elys's, Tadpole's, and the two little girls—all bending together over a jelly fish, and observing how much alike they were in style of features and colouring.

'Just the age Baby would have been. Her name was Mary, but we never called her anything but Baby; in fact, she was a wilful little thing, and wouldn't answer to anything else, so we called her brother Boy. She was so jealous of him, you wouldn't have thought a child of a year and a half could have been so jealous.'

'What was Mrs. Mallard like?' said Alda suddenly. Then, to excuse the brusqueness of the question—'I used to hear so much about her from my cousin.'

'Bessie? Oh! she was a very handsome woman, tall and dark, you know—the sort of woman people turn round to look at in a crowd. People used to say our styles set each other off when we

went into society together. She wasn't popular, she frightened people too much. I believe some people used to think she treated me unkindly, but that was really a mistake; she was kept frightfully strict by my poor father, and we neither of us dared lift a finger when he was by. I was surprised that she did not marry again, but she never seemed to care about it. In fact, I don't think latterly she cared about anything but my poor Baby; such a misfortune, wasn't it? for most likely if she had gone to Featherfields when we were abroad nothing would have happened to her.'

So Lady Ellis rambled on, and Alda sat and listened, wondering if the new idea which had suddenly entered her brain could be anything but the maddest fancy. But it was curiously suggestive that here she had a woman whose past life, as far as she knew it, was almost a blank, who not only corresponded curiously in appearance with the description of Russell Verney's lost love, but whose so-called child corresponded also with the general type of the other children belonging to the family from which one had been lost at the same time as Bessie Mallard. Everything fitted—her dread, that day so long ago now, when Alda had pointed out the nurse's look of recognition, the sudden 'business' which had taken her so inconveniently to London as soon as she found the Ellises at Sandwater. But if so, what motive could Bessie Mallard have had in thus disappearing? Alda took it for granted that the only motive strong enough to make a woman act in this strange unconventional way must be either passionate affection for some lover which some bar kept her from publicly avowing, or some darker story; but she had intuition enough to exonerate Mrs. Maynard from suspicion of the latter. The old theory about her being in hiding from some bad husband recurred to her again; it never struck Alda, more than it would have struck any one else, that Bessie's heart might have been so wrapped up in a child belonging to other people that she could not live without her, and had preferred to give up fortune, position, and identity rather than part from little Elys. If Mrs. Maynard really were Bessie Mallard, Alda thought, the explanation of the metamorphosis must lie in some foolish marriage-entanglement which she had entered into in America, and which she had hoped to escape by living under a feigned name at Hornbridge.

That night, when Elys was in bed, Alda came up to put out her candle, and sitting down by her side said: 'How far back is the first thing you can remember, Elys?'

'The first thing I can remember quite clearly,' said Elys, 'is going to America in a big ship, and just before that, being ill with scarlet fever when Mrs. Thomas was my nurse, and playing with a Noah's Ark in bed.'

'Nothing before that?' said Alda. 'I can remember when I was much younger than you must have been then.'

'I can just *half* remember,' said Elys, 'something about a nursery

and a baby in it, when I mightn't play because Boy was asleep. Mother says I stayed with my little cousin then. And then,' Elys went on a little shyly, 'I suppose I must have mixed myself up with some story I've read. I can't help thinking I remember coming downstairs in a white frock and blue sash, and calling somebody mamma who was not a bit like mother, and having a papa who had a gruff voice, and said, "Send her back to the nursery." I wonder if it was a dream or a story!' Then after a pause, 'Miss Hughes, do tell me something about my real father. I never like to ask mother somehow; and Archer says he died when I was a baby, and all mother's hair turned grey in a single night!'

'My dear, I really know nothing,' said Alda; 'I would tell you if I knew, but your mother has never told me.'

'I wish she would. Miss Hughes, don't you think it is awfully nice to have a father and brothers and sisters? I do so wish I had. Denzil is awfully jolly, you know; but he is away at school most of the year, and in the holidays his father wants him. Now I should like to have brothers and sisters to live with me always, and a father just like Dr. Enderby. Isn't it tiresome Dr. Enderby's not being well enough to come here as we settled? Denzil is so disappointed; and now he will have to go back to school, and not have any really nice time with his father at all.'

Alda let the little girl prattle on, and sat thinking. What could she want more convincing to her own mind than these half-remiscences of Elys? They fitted in exactly with her preconceived theory; but how strange and surprising and puzzling beyond measure was the conclusion to which they pointed! Long after Elys was asleep, Alda sat on wondering and dreaming over possible explanations of the enigma, varied with sudden gusts of self-ridicule for believing such a ridiculous and impossible story; and yet found herself reverting to the circumstantial evidence, and felt that, if not convincing, it was at least enough for a reasonable hypothesis on the foundation before her. And then, as if to clench all, came the remembrance of Bessie's face when she had talked of stealing a child for company.

What could she do? Nothing; nor, indeed, was there any special necessity for action. Elys was well cared for and carefully brought up by Mrs. Maynard, whatever her legal right to the child might be. Alda had no ground for walking up to Bessie and charging her with imposture, or living under a false name. Only one thing, she thought, would give her the right to use her knowledge. If Russell Verney (who had not confided to Alda his proposal to or rejection by Mrs. Maynard), were to return to England again, and to fall under the fascination which had so strongly attracted him before—then, Alda thought, she would have a right to put her surmises into words, and for his sake it would be her bounden duty to do so.

CHAPTER VI.

THE White House and the Red House had both returned to their ordinary routine of life, and Denzil had gone back to school. Bessie went through the same round that had been hers of old; she rose, taught Elys, took her out for walks, amused her as much as she could, sent her to bed, and sat on through the lonely evenings trying to put out of her mind the ever-recurring goad of conscience—‘Ought I not to set right the wrong I have committed?’ Alda gave Elys violin lessons, and went on with her education in poetry and literature, and watched persistently for any little indications on Bessie’s part which might confirm or dissipate her surmises. Dr. Enderby had at last recovered sufficiently to go away for change of air, though he was still invalided; and Bessie found that she missed his neighbourhood more than she had expected.

After the association with other children at Sandwater, Elys found it decidedly dull to return to her solitary life at Hornbridge. She was even heard to utter a request for Dora Bruton’s company—a most unheard-of desire on her part, showing that the force of boredom could no further go. She took to writing stories in a very illegible hand, in which she usually portrayed a numerous family without father, or mother under the charge of a miraculous elder sister, who washed, dressed, taught, and supported them all by giving music-lessons. When she was in a pathetic mood she usually killed most of them by a railway accident or an epidemic, but generally relented the next day, and allowed them to recover. Now and then it was a poem which Bessie found lying about, for Elys had a turn for rhyming—

‘My sorrow fills my grieving breast;
Alas, I am not like the rest,
Brothers they have, and sisters mild,
But I’m a solitary child!’

In these days ‘May I go to Miss Hughes?’ was so frequently on Elys’s lips that Bessie’s afternoons were much more solitary than they used to be; and she felt, sometimes half sorrowfully and half bitterly, that the visions of those early days in which she had dreamed of Elys and herself as sufficient for each other, and desiring no company beyond their own, were as much a mirage of the desert as her girlish hope of perfect happiness through Russell Verney.

Dr. Enderby stayed away from Hornbridge all through the autumn, trying various baths for the rheumatic affection which had followed on the scarlet fever, and which was more persistent and more serious than any one at Hornbridge knew. He had hoped to go back to Hornbridge for Christmas; but when Christmas came, he was set fast at Buxton with a fresh attack of rheumatism, and Denzil had to go to him there instead of coming home to Hornbridge. By the time, however, that Denzil’s holidays were over, Dr Enderby had made up

his mind that baths, foreign or English, did not suit his case, and that he should be no worse off in his comfortable home at Hornbridge than in uncomfortable lodgings elsewhere. So he returned in February, and Bessie felt that the fact of his return meant the revival of one of the warmest interests of her life.

She called to see him the day after he had come back, and found him a complete invalid, lying on a sofa near his study fire, arranged so that he could reach the bell-rope without exertion. He looked wan and sunken, but his smile was just as bright and friendly as usual as he greeted her, and laughed at his own inability to reach her a seat. She sat down within his range of sight, and was inquiring after his health, when he suddenly said, 'What have you been doing to yourself, Mrs. Maynard?'

'Nothing,' she said lightly, though with a responding consciousness that much that she dared not avow had been trying her.

'Have you been looking like that ever since you helped me to nurse Denzil? I most sincerely trust not.'

'What is the matter with my looks?' said Bessie.

'You look as if you had not been sleeping, and had been pondering over worries instead,' said the doctor. 'Is my friend Elys well?'

'Quite well, thank you; very unhappy to have missed Denzil's Christmas holidays, though. She pines so much for the society of other children, I don't know what to do for her.'

'I feel sure Elys's discontent is not responsible for all I see on your face that ought not to be there though,' said Dr. Enderby.

'Perhaps not entirely,' said Bessie; but the doctor saw her turning pale and red alternately under his catechism, and felt that whatever was the matter with her, she wanted help in some way.

'Don't think me intrusive,' he said, after a minute's pause; 'but I can't help feeling anxious about you, especially when I think of all I owe you for last autumn. Are you sure I can't help you in any way.'

'I am beyond help,' said Bessie, shaking her head with a very melancholy attempt at a smile.

'Come, nobody is that,' said the doctor; 'unless your notion of help is uncommonly limited. I may not be able to help you, of course; but there is help somewhere in the universe, unless you disbelieve in any channel from God to man.'

'I don't know what I believe or disbelieve,' said Bessie; 'I am like the boy in the story you told the children about once, who thought the flowers were lumps of clay and stones showing through the grass. No, that is not it, exactly; if I could believe in the existence of the flowers, perhaps I could see them—I should not mistake them then. It seems to me sometimes as if there were nothing good in the world—nothing worth living for.'

'That is either dyspepsia or cynicism,' said the doctor, 'and wants either a physical or moral remedy, or both. If it is dyspepsia, you want taraxacum and exercise; if it is moral——' he stopped.

'I don't want either taraxacum or exercise,' said Bessie, smiling a little. 'What is your moral perscription?'

She tried to speak lightly, though she felt while she spoke as if there was some danger she had to guard against, lest Dr. Enderby's kindness should win her secret for her against her will.

'I should have to ask for a fuller knowledge of the symptoms,' he said, 'and as I am not a professed soul-doctor, my advice would not be that of an expert then.'

'I could not tell you the real reason,' said Bessie, hurriedly.

'We very seldom can, I know, when things go really deep. But, Mrs. Maynard, may I throw out a suggestion?'

'Please do,' she said, trying to speak as if she were not nervous.

He seemed to find it somewhat difficult to find the words which were to clothe his thought. At last he said: 'Are you quite sure that you feel that there is nothing good in the world, or that there is good in the world, and that you are separated from it—which?'

'Sometimes one, and sometimes the other. But always one or the other,' she said.

'But if we feel separated from what is good the fault must be in ourselves,' said Dr. Enderby. 'If we believe in God at all, we cannot suppose the separation is on His side.'

'It does not seem to me to matter so much where it lies, the pain of it is the same,' she said, bitterly.

'But if it is in yourself, it is curable.'

She only shook her head hopelessly. 'Some things are not curable,' she said.

'I don't believe it!' said Dr. Enderby. 'Bodily disease may not be curable, because the body cannot stand more than a certain amount of strain; and soul-disease that is complicated with bodily disease can't always be reached in this life—cases of drunkenness, hysteria, and that sort of thing. But where a man or woman has a normally healthy body, I deny that anything that is the matter with their soul is incurable. I deny that anything that is the matter with yours, for instance, can't be set right if you go the right way to work. The soul can stand any amount of strain, remember, if it is really immortal.'

'Granting what you say, what would you say was the right way to go to work?'

'I could not prescribe far on such a very limited diagnosis as you have given me; but one thing I should be quite sure of. Just as I should ask any of my patients, if they came to me with unknown maladies, whether they were going on with any distinctly unwholesome habit—overeating or overdrinking themselves, or overworking, or not taking exercise enough for health—so I should ask a person in corresponding uncertainty about the cause of his spiritual malaise, whether he was going on in any habit or temper of mind, or course of action which he suspected was not right. I should ask him to think

over his past and present life, and bring it to the test of his conscience, honestly and frankly.'

Bessie said nothing, but Dr. Enderby saw that a deep flush had coloured her cheeks. At last she said, with great difficulty: 'But if he happened to be in such a case that what he had done in the past made it absolutely impossible for him not to go on doing what was wrong now?'

'That could not be, could it?' said Dr. Enderby. 'It may be frightfully difficult to discover in a complicated case what is right; but having found it, surely it can be followed, if we make up our mind that no consequences to ourselves shall stand between us and God—neither death nor life, nor any other creature,' he ended, as if to himself.

If Bessie had been red before, she was deadly pale now. She could not say anything, but she rose up to go, and gave Dr. Enderby her hand in silence. It was like ice. He held it in both of his, and the physical warmth seemed only an emblem of the helpfulness and comfort he brought her. 'God help you, dear friend!' he said; and she went away.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXXIX.

1649-1654.

VAN TROMP'S BROOM.

THERE had been great dislike of the Dutch Republic among a large section of the English ever since the great massacre of Amboyna ; and among the Parliamentary faction, this was increased by the close connection of the Royal Family with the House of Orange. Money and ships had been supplied from the large estates of the Stadtholder, Prince William II., and a refuge for the distressed Princes and the Cavaliers had always been ready at the Hague, where the Prince with his wife, the Princess Royal, kept his Court, and where lived Elizabeth Stuart, the Queen of Bohemia.

There was, however, a considerable party in the States who watched the power of the House of Orange with deep distrust ; and with them the English Republicans were very anxious to form an alliance. Indeed, they had a dream of absolute union with them as one mighty Protestant State.

William II. died of small-pox on the 6th of November, 1650, in his twenty-fifth year. Only a week later Princess Mary gave birth to her first child, in a chamber completely hung with black, even his cradle being of the same colour, with mourning curtains. He was a small delicate child, and was not publicly baptized till the 16th of January. He was robed in ermine, and had the whole States General of Holland and Zealand for his godfathers, when he received the name of William, which he was to make so famous.

Mary continued to reside at the Hague, her brother James, Duke of York, being generally with her. There, too, still lived Elizabeth, once called the Queen of Hearts, still light-hearted and witty, though severely tried by poverty and losses among her many children. The office of Stadtholder was abolished, and the Parliament sent over Oliver St. John to treat with the Dutch for a grand alliance ; but there were delays, for the States were quite undecided, and wished perhaps to see how the expedition of Charles II. to Oxford turned out. St. John was affronted, and went home in displeasure.

At the same time the Parliament had enacted that no goods from Asia, Africa, or America should be imported, except in English vessels. Their object was to encourage their own merchant navy ; but it was a great blow to the Dutch, who had prosperous colonies in all these regions, and were at that time the chief merchants in existence.

The States, finding the cause of the Stewarts apparently hopeless, sent Ambassadors to London to attempt an alliance, and to remonstrate against the exclusion of their vessels; but they did so in such a haughty tone as could not fail to give offence, and the English Council, who were every whit as proud, demanded satisfaction for the massacre of Amboyna in 1623, and for two millions of money besides, in compensation for other injuries suffered from the Dutch privateers in all parts of the world, justice upon the murderers, and likewise an apology for the intercourse of the States with the late King and his family. They also demanded that, in the narrow seas, every foreign flag should be lowered before the English Red Cross, and enjoined their captains to be firm in demanding this homage, and likewise to exact the accustomed tribute of one herring in every forty netted by Dutch fishermen in English waters.

The Dutch held themselves to be undisputed masters of the seas. They were not yet aware that a mighty genius had arisen in naval matters in that Oxford scholar, who had so unwillingly submitted to Fiennes' surrender of Bristol. Seamanship seems to have been supposed to come by nature, and certainly it did so in the case of Robert Blake. He was fifty years old when for the first time he took the command of a vessel in April, 1649, for the purpose of encountering Prince Rupert in the Irish seas.

Rupert was another mariner by nature, but not equal to Blake, who chased him to the Tagus, and watched him there, and though the Portuguese took part with the Prince, and threatened to attack Blake, they never could drive the English from their station, nor force them to a battle. Blake only seized their merchant ships, and finally went off in search of the fleet coming from the Brazils, on which Rupert and his brother Maurice with their vessels sailed for Andalusia.

There meeting the Malaga fleet under cover of night, he captured two ships, but made off in the morning. The men of Veley Malaga, seeing his vessels in the offing, sent to ask the Government of Madrid what was to be done, and receiving no answer, actually let him plunder and burn six English merchant ships in their harbour. Blake pursued the Princes, and watched the Spanish coast for them.

Just at this time the Court of Spain, under Philip IV., had two rival English Embassies, Hyde and Cottington, from the young King, Anthony Ascham, from the Commonwealth. Six of the desperate Cavaliers in the suite of the former, rushed in upon Ascham and his interpreter, and murdered them, as Dorislaus had been killed in Holland. Probably these crimes were a horrible protest against these rebels being supposed to have ambassadors.

This outrage disinclined the Spaniards to the Royalists, and Blake was not prevented from falling on the Prince's fleet at Carthagen, taking it by surprise, and destroying all the ships but three, those in which the brothers sailed. Maurice reached Toulon, Rupert was

driven by stress of weather to Sicily. They began making prizes of Spanish vessels in the Mediterranean; but Blake announced to the French that if they were allowed to sell their prizes in these ports, he should make reprisals. Driven out of the Mediterranean they repaired to the West Indies, and lived a buccaneering life till Maurice's ship, with all on board, was lost near the Virgin Isles. The two brothers had always been devoted to each other, and Rupert, returning to Nantes with a damaged ship, broken fortune, and a sad heart, had a severe illness. He spent his time at Paris, Mentz, or the Hague, busying himself with art and chemistry. Remembering the marks left on paper by cleaning the lock of a rusty gun, he invented mezzotint engraving, he improved gunpowder, made useful additions to the naval quadrant, and his name is still borne by the composition called Prince's metal, and by the curious glass bulbs called Rupert's drops.

He must have been a man of rare ability, but it was his misfortune that command came to him before he had outgrown his impetuosity and gained experience. He was no match for Blake, who cleared the seas of the Cavalier-privateers, and broke up their fort at Scilly, there taking captive Sir John Grenville, son of Sir Bevil; and in the ensuing winter he mastered the Cavalier strongholds in Jersey and Guernsey. Thus had he gained experience enough to cope with the great admirals of Holland. The Dutch on their side had a sort of constellation of some of the greatest sailors that the world had ever produced.

Foremost was Marten Harpert Van Tromp, son of a captain; he was only nine years old when he saw his father killed on his own deck in a battle with the Spaniards, and flying up to one of the officers, cried, 'Will you not avenge his death!' He had spent most of his life at sea, and had done much to reform the administration of the Dutch navy; and it had been he who had defeated Aguendo and the Spanish fleet on the English coast in 1639, after which he had been knighted by Charles I.

No less famous was Michiel Adrianzoon de Ruyter. He was the son of a brewer's man at Flushing, and when only ten years old had horrified the townspeople by making his appearance astride on the ball on the topmost pinnacle of the church steeple, shouting and gesticulating! He had got up by the help of the ladders employed by some workmen repairing the roof; but these had been removed, and before they were brought back, he had kicked in some of the tiles, climbed down on the wooden bars on which they rested, and having reached an opening to a stair, was chased by the beadle all over the galleries, and was presently heard making wild work with the organ!

After another year of such escapades, young Michiel was sent to sea, and gradually rose, by his remarkable dexterity and boldness, showing none of the disobedience at sea which had made him intolerable ashore. He preferred, however, the Merchant Service to

that of the State, and often met with strange adventures, in which his great dexterity saved him. Once, when returning from Ireland with a cargo of salt butter, he was encountered by a privateer, for which his vessel was no match. But during the chase, he caused a cask of the butter to be opened, and deck, spars, ropes, and all, to be plentifully greased. The enemy no sooner boarded him than each man slipped and fell hither and thither, till they thought the ship bewitched, or the actual *Flying Dutchman* itself, and fled in dismay to their own vessel.

But he had signalised himself by other exploits than this, and so had Cornelis de With, a runaway from the peaceful Mennonites, or Baptists, of Holland. In fact, the Dutch held themselves the masters of the seas, and despised the English navy, divided as it had been by the civil war. Its very flag showed the change, for the Commonwealth had dropped the Union Jack with the ensigns of Scotland and Ireland, and only bore the English red cross of St. George.

So when a Dutch fleet of nine traders and three ships of war, off the Start Point, was called upon by Captain Young to lower their flags to his three men-of-war, one of the convoy refused. Young replied with the unmistakable language of a broadside, there was a sharp action, lasting three hours, and in the meantime the traders retreated with half a million of pure gold on board.

Tromp meanwhile was lying off the Flemish coast with forty-two sail, intending to keep away from the English coast, but stress of weather forced him to run across to Dover. The English fleet with Blake was at Rye, and came up, but neither commander wished to begin an action, which might lead to a war, and Tromp was sailing away to the eastward, when the captain of one of the three ships beaten by Young came to him with the story of the combat, and begged his protection for the nine vessels of the convoy with their valuable freight.

Tromp put back to guard them, and as he neared the English fleet he sent two sailors aloft in his own ship, the *Brederode*, to lower the flags; but Blake and the English were so persuaded that he meant to give battle, that they did not wait to see whether the flag was lowered, but fired upon the *Brederode*. After the third shot, one sailor having been wounded, Van Tromp fired a broadside, which broke the cabin-windows, and Blake, curling his black moustache with his fingers, as he always did when angry, gave orders to prepare for action, and on either side the blood-red flag was hung out.

Tromp had forty ships, Blake thirteen; but Major Bourne, with eight, was striving to come up with him. All through that 29th of May the cannon thundered at one another, and when darkness separated the fleets, Blake's flagship, the *James*, was greatly shattered, and many of his other ships were much injured; but on the other hand, he had taken one Dutch ship and sunk another.

After watching each other till midday on the 30th, each fleet drew

off to its own country. There was great indignation in both. The Londoners were scarcely restrained from burning the houses of the Dutch Ambassadors, and these in vain explained that the Admiral had been driven into the Downs by the weather, and had only been prevented from lowering his flag by Blake's impatience, adding that, with such a superior force, it was only his forbearance that had prevented him from destroying the English fleet. This news did not improve the English temper, and though offers were made of disowning and degrading Tromp, the demands of the Parliament only became more exacting.

Meanwhile Blake cruised about in the Channel, capturing Dutch merchantmen on their return from the Indies. In less than a month he had sent home forty prizes, and whereas 'nothing succeeds so well as success,' the Council of State voted him forty fresh ships, raised the sailors' wages, and licensed the impressing of mariners between the age of fifteen and twenty. Soon he had 105 ships, and 3961 guns; but men were more difficult to find, though two regiments were sent on board, and became the commencement of the Corps of Marines.

The Dutch were working away at the building and equipment of sixty new men-of-war, and, ere many weeks had elapsed, Tromp's squadron amounted to one hundred and five ships. Both lay near home; but the Dutch had all the advantage of experience, alike in seamanship and in naval warfare.

The two fleets ran out to sea in the same week; Blake went to the north, to attack the convoy of the great Dutch herring fishery. He fought them for three hours, and gained an entire victory.

All the six hundred herring-boats, loaded with fish, fell into his power; but he would not bring utter ruin on the poor men who owned them. He merely took from each a tithe of the fish, bound them over not to fish in English waters without permission from the Government, and sent them safely home. Men were actually found to blame his humanity, and say that he ought to have kept the boats, and thrown the fish into the sea; but he answered that the herrings were human food, and thousands of persons would have been made to suffer for benefit to no one. Thus our second battle of the Herrings was a noble one.

But while Blake was pursuing the remains of the Dutch herring-boats to the Sound, he was urgently needed at home. Tromp and his mighty fleet were threatening the coast of Kent, and Sir George Ascue had only fifteen men-of-war with which to oppose him. All Kent rose up in arms, and erected a long platform between Deal and Sandown Castle, armed with batteries, to attack any Dutch ship that should attempt to land its men.

A strong wind blowing off shore kept Tromp from approaching the coast, and he resolved to go in quest of Blake. On the 5th of August the two fleets met far to the north, between the Orkney and Zetland isles; and they were on the point of engaging when Blake

perceived symptoms of a storm, and signalled to the rest of the fleet to prepare for that worse foe than the Dutch. Perhaps having begun his career by sea so late in life, he was the more cautious. At any rate, he saved his whole sixty-two ships and his prizes, though not without much damage, to the leeward of the largest of the Zetland isles, while the terrible summer tempest raged, and the Dutch suffered far more than he, several frigates being wrecked on the rocks, with the loss of every soul on board; and Tromp, after collecting the shattered remnant of his once grand armament, ran into Scheveling with only forty-two sail, while Blake hung on his rear, and proceeded to sweep the coasts from Wadden to Zealand, so as to appear at Yarmouth with a whole train of prizes and nine hundred prisoners.

At the same time Ascue and De Ruyter had met further south. They fought, but neither could claim the victory, and De Ruyter brought off safely all the merchantmen in his charge.

The Dutch States were extremely angry at the ruin of their fine fleet. All the blame was laid on the High Admiral, and there was a strict enquiry into his conduct, which lasted all the autumn, so much to his pain and indignation, that he resigned the command. It was transferred to De Ruyter, with whom was joined the great statesman John de Witt. Off the North Foreland they encountered Admirals Blake and Penn. Ruyter advised De Witt not to give battle, as the men were extremely discontented at Tromp's absence, and, indeed, the men of the *Brederode* would not even let De Witt come on board. He did not, however, choose to retreat, and there was a sharp engagement, lasting till night put an end to it. The loss had been greatest on the Dutch side, though the battle could hardly be called decisive. The English Admiral expected to renew it in the morning, but during the night twenty disaffected Dutch ships had sailed away to Zealand, and though De Witt would have fought, his more experienced compeers overruled him, and induced him to make for his own coasts, whither he was chased by the English as far as the shallows would allow.

Well might the English be proud of the Oxford scholar, who, after being only three years at sea, had outgeneralled the most famous Admirals of the chief naval power in Europe. The Dutch feeling again veered round in favour of Tromp; indeed, the crews were so mutinous, that De Witt had to punish them severely. He was mobbed at Flushing and fell sick; Tromp was entreated to resume the command, and on the 1st of December, 1652, he was greeted tumultuously as 'Father' by the crews of ninety-eight men-of-war and five hundred merchant ships in the Meuse.

The English fleet had dispersed for their winter stations, and the weather was so rough that Blake had no expectation of an enemy appearing, and had only thirty-seven vessels with him, when suddenly the Dutch fleet was descried off the Goodwin Sands, covering the sea with a hundred sail. Tromp intended to close up the Thames,

prevent reinforcements from being sent, and either to crush Blake's squadron, or drive it away down the Channel.

Blake called a council on board his flagship, the *Triumph*. He was determined to fight, rather than be cooped up as Aguendo had been, or to be driven down the Channel and leave the Eastern counties exposed to the enemy.

On the 9th of December he ran out from the Downs, hoping to reach Rye Bay, where he might receive some succour. Tromp pursued, hoping to cut him off. The chase lasted till dark, and was renewed the next day, a violent wind favouring the strange hunt, when the ships could be watched from the coast like flocks of white birds.

By one o'clock the slowest of the English vessels were reached by the fastest of the Dutch, and the battle began.

Tromp in the *Brederode* tried to engage Blake in the *Triumph*, but the wind carried him past; and he fell on the *Garland*, which had only forty-eight guns. A gallant little merchant ship, with only thirty guns, came up, however, to the other side of the *Brederode*, and had placed the Admiral between two fires, when the Vice-Admiral Everts came up, and the four ships battled furiously in the cloud of smoke for a full hour before the two little English ships were overwhelmed. Blake, meantime, with two other ships, had borne the brunt of the fight, engaging twenty of the enemy at once, and being so fully occupied that only at dusk did he hear of the distress of the *Garland* and *Bonaventure*. Battered as his vessel was, he tried to go to their rescue; but he was hemmed in by Dutch ships, and three times boarded, yet each time he succeeded in driving the enemy back, and two other ships, *Vanguard* and the *Sapphire*, a trader with thirty guns, stood by him valiantly, so that when darkness and fog ended the strife, the gallant *Triumph* was still free, though riddled with shot, and her canvas hanging in strings, when, still covering the rear of his fleet, he put into the Dover roads, having lost two vessels, besides one burnt, and three sunk. He wrote that if all his ships had fought like the five best, even with his inferior numbers, he might have gained the victory; but many of the ships were under manned, and there had been much 'baseness of spirit' among some of the captains.

On their side, the Dutch had lost one vessel, and those of Tromp and De Ruyter were completely disabled; but there was of course immense elation at the victory. Tromp wished to sail at once into the Thames, and fall on the rest of the English ships; and he is said to have hoisted a broom at his masthead wherewith to sweep them from the seas. Pilots, however, could not be had, and the scheme was dropped. Tromp's biographer doubts the broom story, because of the great Admiral's usual modesty; but he may have been unwilling to repress the delight of his sailors. One of them in the heat of the battle, while hurrying along with a bag of powder, finding some one standing, as he thought, idle, gave a sharp blow, with an order to get out of the way. When all was over, the man

was sent for to the quarter-deck, and to his consternation found that his buffet had been bestowed on the Admiral. 'You need not be afraid, my son,' said Tromp, 'you did your duty, only next time don't hit so hard.' And therewith the sailor was promoted.

Tromp tried in vain to persuade the Dutch that one victory with far superior numbers did not prove that the English were like the Spaniards, and that improvements must be made, if the States were to retain the supremacy. Privateers were dashing out from all the ports and bringing in English fishing and coasting vessels as prizes; while Blake was refitting, and at his desire, Commissioners were inquiring into the causes of his defeat, and giving full and hearty aid, not only in supplying it, but in rooting out all the abuses that he complained of.

Thus, while Tromp received not one new vessel, not a grain of powder, nor round of ammunition, but was ordered off, in February, 1653, with his fleet to escort one hundred and fifty merchantmen to the isle of Rhe in the Bay of Biscay, and bring back the like number, Blake's fleet had been raised to eighty, and he had Generals Monk and Deane, with 1200 men on board. With these he went to intercept the Dutch convoy on its return, and when Tromp had rounded Cape Hogue, he beheld the Channel covered with English ships.

'They want fighting,' said Tromp, 'and they shall have plenty of it.'

It was the 18th of February, and they fought off Portland. All day long the roar of the cannon was heard, even at Boulogne. The two enemies fought as only men can fight who inherit the stern resolute Saxon or Low Dutch blood; but by night, after terrible damage done on either side, a move of Tromp to protect his convoy was taken by his ships for flight, and this put an end to the battle for the day. He had lost eight men-of-war, the English had had several captured, but had recovered them all; only one of them, the *Sampson*, had lost nearly her whole crew, and was in such a shattered state that Blake took out the survivors and abandoned her. He was himself wounded, but would not go on shore, though he sent all the other wounded to hospitals, which the spectators at Weymouth had been preparing all day and night. What was possible was done to put the ships in fighting gear for the next day. Tromp, on the other hand, withstood the captains, who wanted to leave the merchantmen to their fate, and formed his ships into a great crescent in their rear, De Ruyter at one end, Floriez at the other, and himself in the middle, all crowding on sail, and keeping as near as possible to the French coast. Blake followed like a hunter on his prey, and the terrible fight lasted again all day. Five Dutch ships were taken or sunk, and De Ruyter had very nearly shared their fate, while other captains grew fainthearted or disaffected, sent word that they had used up their ammunition, and were sent off in the night.

The third morning showed Blake that the enemy was much reduced

in numbers. Again he fell upon them, and Tromp sent all the traders word to make sail as fast as they could for the first friendly port, while he did his best for them. But his ships of war had suffered terribly; some were so disabled as to be unmanageable, and could scarcely be kept from sinking; others had spent all their ammunition, others had crews fearfully reduced, and, what was worse, some captains were disheartened, and others disaffected. Moreover, a strong wind was blowing from the French coast, and in the condition of the ships, it was impossible to get them near enough to be out of danger. For two hours, however, Tromp fought; but at eleven o'clock he saw a large part of his fleet flying. Instantly he placed himself across their path, and fired a broadside on them, sending to demand of the captains whether they would act as villains and be shot as cowards, or return to their stations and take their chance. They sullenly obeyed, and the half moon was re-formed, though only thirty ships could return fire. At three o'clock in the afternoon Blake made another attack, and the struggle lasted till night, when Tromp ran in about four miles from Calais, with scarcely another shot in his lockers.

Blake expected to capture him on his way round Artois, but when morning came, he proved to have slipped off in the night, having saved three-fourths of his convoy.

About fifty of these traders had been taken by the English, and eighteen ships of war, with the loss only of the *Sampson*. Many more Dutch ships had been sunk, and the loss of life was tremendous on both sides. Blake himself was severely wounded, and so were many of his best officers. He returned to the Isle of Wight, and there superintended the preparation of the fleet for a fresh cruise.

The Dutch fitted out a fresh fleet of one hundred and twenty ships, and while Blake had been sent to the Scotch coast, they took two or three prizes, and fired upon Dover. Down came the English Admiral with a favourable wind to meet them. Before he could arrive, the battle had begun. Monk, Deane, and Penn, with ninety-eight ships, had encountered Tromp and De Ruyter with an equal number. Deane had been killed by one of the first shots; but the damage had been equal on either side, although Tromp had stimulated his crews by an extra ration of liquor. The fight had been renewed in the morning, but neither side had gained any advantage till Blake arrived with his fresh ships early in the afternoon. His son Robert was the first to come up and burst through the Dutch line, amid enthusiastic cheers from the English. Tromp saw that hope of victory was over, but he was determined to fight to the last with dogged determination.

He actually boarded Penn's ship, the *James*, and carried the quarter-deck; but thirteen men-of-war dashed up to the rescue, and Tromp, in his turn, was boarded. Foot by foot his men were forced to retire below; but in the midst, he dragged two small barrels of powder to the middle deck and set fire to them. Strange to say, he was

unhurt, but the explosion destroyed a number of the English, and set the quarter-deck on fire. De Ruyter and De Witt came up, and the *Brederode* was saved. Thirty ships lay closely wedged together in volumes of dense smoke, and it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe; but during this terrible encounter, some of the captains beyond the pack on the Dutch side fled in utter confusion. Tromp made the signal of retreat towards Flushing. He was closely pursued by the English, seizing each ship that was overtaken, and not relaxing the chase till one o'clock at night, when the enemy had got into shoals that they durst not venture into.

Blake and Monk returned with 1350 prisoners, and fourteen captured vessels. Six Dutch ships had been sunk, and two blown up. The English went about singing—

‘The moody Dutch are tame and cool,
They pray and wish for peace;
Our gallant navy in the pool
Hath melted all their grease.

While they are drunk, awhile they fight,
But after run, swear, mutter;
Their buns are all too cold and light
‘To melt our English butter.’

‘Dutch courage’ for the daring inspired by liquor became a proverb, rather unjustly, for the Hollanders were as brave and resolute as the English; and their losses were in great part owing to the state of their navy, since as Tromp had repeatedly told their High Mightinesses, the English had fifty ships better than his best.

Desperately did the States, now awakened, work to retrieve their cause. Ship-building went on vigorously, numbers of volunteers came forward, all the able-bodied beggars were pressed for a year’s service. On the other hand, Blake was blockading the coast of Holland from the *Zwein* to the *Texel*; but he was ill-supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the food caused much sickness. He himself had to return to England exceedingly ill, leaving Penn and Monk to supply his place.

In the first week in August, Tromp, in the good old *Brederode*, was at sea again, having taken leave of his aged mother on board. It was her last sight of him. On the 10th of August, 1653, there was another tremendous battle off the *Texel*, opposite to the villages of *Schevenlingen* and *Ter Heide*. Blake’s absence gave the Dutch hope, but in vain. Tromp himself fell by a musket shot; but the fight still raged with great fury till night. Then a gale drove Monk away, but De With, with fifteen ships, retained his station, and therefore claimed the victory. However, this last engagement had so entirely ruined the Dutch fleet, that there was no alternative but to make peace. Honours to the English flag were conceded, the refuge in the States was denied to Charles II. and his brothers, a pension was granted to the heirs of the victims of *Amboyna*, and all other demands of the English Commonwealth were granted.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXIII.

MARRIAGE.

Susan. We have finished all that can be called universal services, but I hope you will go on with me through the rest of the Prayer-book. I should like to know the history and meaning of the other forms.

Aunt Anne. I will do my best for you ; but materials are not quite so ample as they were for the more general offices.

S. Marriage comes first. It is the fourth Sacrament of the Roman Church ; and I know, of course, that whereas the two great Sacraments were ordained by our Blessed Lord while on earth, and we trace Confirmation to the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost in the earliest times of the Church, so marriage was instituted by God the Father :

‘The Voice that breathed o’er Eden
That earliest marriage day.’

But I do not understand why it is called a Sacrament.

A. Because the outward uniting is a pledge of inward uniting, and the means used by the Church bring a blessing, besides which there are St. Paul’s words in Eph. v. 32, declaring it a great mystery. But we do not hold that it fulfils the conditions of the two greater Sacraments, not being ordained by Christ Himself, nor generally necessary to salvation.

S. I see. But then there have been always marriages, not only Christian ones.

A. Yes, what are called civil contracts, which are real marriages, in virtue of that first institution when Eve was brought to Adam and the words were prophetically spoken : ‘ Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh ’ (Gen. ii. 24). There is that consecration upon all wedlock, whether or not within the Church, or even in the pale of Christianity.

S. And all the better sort of heathen quite believed in the sacredness of marriage.

A. All except the most degraded, though there was a tendency in the times of corruption to disregard the obligations. The chief point with the Greeks was the feast and the delivering over the bride by her father to her husband, and conducting her home in a torch-light procession.

S. I have read that the full Roman rite was a very solemn one.

A. Yes. The bride wore white and a saffron veil, put on after her

hair had been divided with a spear-point. A sheep had been sacrificed, and bride and bridegroom sat on its skin spread between two chairs, a prayer was said after another sacrifice, a cake prepared by the Vestal Virgins was borne before them, and the bridegroom took the maiden from her mother's arms. Three boys, whose parents were still living, walked before her, and she carried a distaff with wool upon it to her new home, which was wreathed with flowers. There, after touching fire and water, and anointing the door-post, she said to her husband—'Where thou art Caius, I am Caia;' and then she was lifted across the threshold, set down on a sheepskin, and presented with the keys.

S. It was a fine ceremony, with much meaning in it.

A. Coming down from the best old Roman times, and indissoluble; though when manners grew corrupt, slighter forms were invented which could more easily be dissolved, but the Roman ideal theory of marriage was a much higher one than the Greek, and even than the Jewish.

S. You do not mean it.

A. Going, not by the glorious prophetic utterances that were laid up for us, but by the actual practice of even the very greatest saints of the Old Testament and the prohibitions, which were meant not as commendations of what was permitted, but to prevent matters becoming worse.

S. You mean polygamy and the like.

A. Which there is every reason to believe that our Blessed Lord included when He said that the permission of divorce was a concession to 'the hardness of their hearts' (Mark x. 5). All the authoritative sayings of the Old Testament assume the *one* wife to be indissolubly one flesh with her husband, though in consideration of the weaknesses of an Eastern people, the only precept against polygamy is that forbidding the future king to multiply wives, and we know how little that was regarded even by David.

S. There seems to have been no polygamy in the New Testament times.

A. Public opinion under the Roman rule had nearly, if not quite, put an end to it among the better class of people, though it may have survived among the very poor, where, as with the Caffres, a wife would be an additional servant; and this may account for St. Paul's command that Bishops and Deacons should be the husbands of one wife.

S. Meaning not more than one wife. But would they be of the lowest class?

A. 'Not many mighty were chosen.' Often they might be taken from the very poorest, or even slaves. But on the whole, the idea of the claims of the one wife was so fully established as to need only strengthening and spiritualising, not promulgating, for the first time.

S. You did not say what the Jewish marriage ceremony was, and

I can only recollect passages about the wedding procession and the feast.

A. It is true. There was no religious ceremony to constitute the marriage. The father giving the maiden to the man was the actual wedding, though there is reason to think that some promise was made, as the faithless wife in the Book of Proverbs is said to have forsaken the covenant of her God (Prov. ii. 17).

S. The Elders blessed Ruth and Boaz.

A. And Sara's father blessed her and the young Tobias; but no sacrifice or ordinance was commanded by the Law; and though the feast, as we well know, was elaborate and often lasted a week or fortnight, the real point was only the giving over the bride to her bridegroom. After that, the wife was absolutely his own, the contract complete.

S. And the Church sanctioned and accepted all the existing marriages, whether Jewish or Gentile.

A. Yes; for St. Paul acknowledged them when one party had become Christian and the other was still unconverted. He only permits, in such a case, that if the heathen wife should wish to depart, she might depart.

S. When did fresh Christian marriages begin to be consecrated? Would the Romans let the Christians marry without all those heathen rites?

A. Oh yes; the later Roman practice was in their favour there, for the law acknowledged a woman as a wife on a very slight agreement. St. Paul speaks of being married 'in the Lord,' but we do not know how much outward form he means by that, and the first notice we have of a religious blessing is in St. Ignatius's letter to St. Polycarp, where he desires that those who are to be married should receive the blessing of the Bishop. But by the time Tertullian wrote, the Christian rites must have been arranged, for he speaks of the marriage 'in which the Church joins together, the oblation confirms, the benediction seals.' You see the idea of full consecration was more likely to occur to a religious Latin than even to a religious Jew; though, once completed, the sanctity and symbolism of the marriage had been revealed to the Jew.

S. Then the marriages went on being consecrated from that time.

A. The Church considered them her care, and took pains to guard them, secure them, and to prevent improper persons from marrying.

S. But how can people be married at a registrar's office?

A. Just as—say Helen and Menelaus, or Mausolus and Artemisia (to take a better specimen), were married. They make the civil contract which renders the marriage real, though not blest.

S. And when dissenters are married?

A. Then the registrar must be present. In fact, when Europe became Christian, most of the States sanctioned no one's performance

of a marriage except a priest's, and now in England an ordained priest is sufficient without the registrar, but no one else.

S. What were Scotch marriages then?

A. The law of Scotland used to acknowledge any marriage contracted by the parties before two witnesses, and this custom lasted till the mischief it did became intolerable, and the law was altered so as to be like that of the rest of the kingdom. On the other hand, in many countries a marriage was valid if the persons pledged themselves to one another in the presence of any priest, and this was possible in England till about 1750, though it was illegal.

S. Now there must be banns or licence.

A. The licence only dispenses with the publication of the banns.

S. I remember you said ban was only an announcement.

A. In point of fact the banns have been the rule of the Church of England ever since the Saxon times.

S. I don't understand. How could they be the rule, and yet the marriage be valid without them?

A. There are a great many facts, wrongly brought about, and yet still facts. A clergyman who performs the rite without banns or licence is liable to imprisonment, yet the marriage may hold good. The man, who induces a ward in Chancery under age to marry him without consent, can also be punished. In old times, if it were proved that the girl had been carried off by force, the punishment was death. There is a case on record where the Judge confirmed the marriage, but hanged the bridegroom.

S. The point of the marriage is—what?

A. The mutual plighting of troth before a constituted authority. If there has been nothing previously to invalidate that, such as a former marriage, it is a marriage in the sight of Heaven and man, and cannot be undone.

S. And banns are to prevent anything so important from being done rashly, by giving friends time to interfere.

A. Even a civil marriage before a registrar must be preceded by the posting up the names of the parties at his office; though this is found to be ineffectual, as unless suspicion were aroused, nobody would think of going to look. As usual, the Church's way is proved the best.

S. But people don't like it.

A. I think the dislike is passing off. But I fancy it was founded on the rude jests and glances of a rougher age, which *did* make it better for a modest girl to avoid hearing her own banns. I remember when no gentlefolks ever dreamt of its being possible to have their banns published, and always had a licence, but gradually the feeling arose that this was not a right distinction to make between rich and poor, and that it set a bad example, and thus the custom has been more gradually followed of having them published properly. At the same time, I think, without perfectly knowing her circumstances, a young

woman of the lower classes should not be urged to go to church on the morning when the publication takes place, as she only knows whether she would be exposing herself to unpleasant banter, though so far as it is mere prejudice, it is well to try to overcome it, and above all to give the impression that the publication, and presence there, are proofs that there is nothing to be ashamed of.

S. The necessity of such publicity is as a protection, I suppose?

A. A protection in many ways, and against violence and compulsion from relations, and against young people's own folly and imprudence or wilfulness. Of course it does not always prevent such things, but a delay of three weeks while these intentions are known to all the neighbourhood must hinder much evil, and it gives time for needful inquiries. As the Church consecrates matrimony and accepts it as a holy thing, it becomes her duty, as far as possible, to prevent its being contracted in an unholy manner, or in falsehood, such as to render it null. But, though neither her solemnities, nor the relation of married people to one another, have altered, the whole preparation for marriage, at least on the woman's side, has greatly changed.

S. You mean that women had no choice?

A. Hardly ever, until within the last two or three hundred years. She was simply part of the family property and disposed of as such. If she did happen either to dislike the man or to have bestowed her affections elsewhere, it was held to be simply wilfulness and had to be conquered, and if she was a good religious woman, she generally did conquer it; but most girls were married so young that they were in a passive state, had formed no attachments, and grew into love for their husband, whether he were worthy or not, as part of their nature.

S. And he was often young enough for it to be just the same with him, like Edward I. and his Eleanor, or Louis and St. Elizabeth, or the Marquis of Pescara and Vittoria Colonna.

A. Probably the happiness was pretty much the same as in the present state of things, that is, provided there was conscientiousness. Then the responsibility was with the parents, now it rests with the parties themselves, and it is very remarkable how even among good people the whole theory has been raised.

S. Since the days when the Judicious Hooker asked his landlady to recommend him a wife, and blindly accepted her rude termagant daughter.

A. I suppose a scholar like him could hardly expect to find a companion spirit of his own degree, considering how the clergy were socially looked down upon in those days. But that such a man should have married at all only on the housekeeper principle, shows that the sense of sacred union of soul and life was only growing—not grown—universally.

S. But is it now?

A. You may well ask. I suppose it is in *theory*, and that all right-minded conscientious people hold to it, and go by it; but on the one

side there are the worldly temptations of rank and property—on the other the passion of inclination, sometimes blindly attracted.

S. Everybody acknowledges that it is shocking to marry without love.

A. So it is always assumed to exist, even in the cases where the choice is worldly or ambitious. But in other cases, it seems to me that there is much need of quiet thought and prayer to be rightly directed. Attention and admiration, laughing and responsive merriment, are very delightful, and the being distinguished by any one of the other sex is so flattering, that there is often a drifting on without consideration of the awfulness of accepting the man of whom it is to be said, 'They twain shall be one flesh.' And then the pride of being engaged, and the charm of monopolizing his affection and being congratulated, with all the varieties of preparation and the laughing, etc., are very apt to distract the attention from the solemn and holy covenant about to be made. I have known of people who declared that they had never read the service till they came to church——

S. I suppose they were too shy.

A. It might be shyness, or rather consciousness in many, but it must often be sheer thoughtlessness, and in every case it would be only false modesty which could induce a person blindly to enter into an indissoluble and mysterious engagement for life, guarded by a commandment of God.

S. Without even knowing exactly to what they bind themselves, you mean?

A. Exactly.

S. But does not every one know that?

A. To a certain degree, yes; but not in the higher sense, or the details, or there would be much less unhappiness in the world. You see, the wedding service, though drawn up in times when most who needed it were ignorant, and some, especially the brides, scarcely responsible, is eminently fitted for 'beings drawing thoughtful breath,' and capable of becoming 'angel friends to share everlasting rest.'

S. There is not much rubric to begin with, except about the banns.

A. No; but there are canons—one forbidding the clergy to marry persons under twenty-one unless with the formal consent of their parents and guardians.

S. And is there not also one as to the time of day?

A. The canon used to compel the wedding to take place between the hours of eight and twelve. This was primarily because the Holy Communion once was, and always ought to be, a part of a true Christian wedding; and next because those are wakeful, active hours when there is much less chance of eluding the eyes of parents and guardians. And this second reason so entirely overclouded the first, that now the time has been extended to three o'clock—a concession,

I am afraid, to the people who do not know how to while away the afternoon of a wedding day.

S. Ought not a wedding to be gay and joyous?

A. Joyous, I should say, but not gay. The bride's white dress should symbolize the Church brought in the pure garments, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, not mere finery, and so the rejoicing should be affectionate gladness, not display—joy in the Lord, in fact.

S. Yes; and how much more real it would be, than where people go and dawdle about, and try to make talk and look at the presents, and wonder how soon they can get away!

A. One more point; as to the season——

S. I know, not in Lent.

A. Not in any fast time—Lent, Advent, and Rogation-tide were all prohibited before the Reformation—and the rule about Lent has been kept up fairly by tradition.

S. Thanks to the saying,

‘Marry in Lent
And you're sure to repent;’

and perhaps the notion that May is an unlucky time may be the remains of the Rogation fast being forbidden. But there is no canon now to the contrary.

A. No; only the feeling that engrossing joy is not becoming to a season of repentance. The other canon respecting marriage is on degrees.

S. There is the table of kindred and affinity. Affinity means what we call relationships in law. But it is hard to understand.

A. Yes; and as a proof of persistent inattention, many people fancy that marriage with a first cousin is permitted there, and with a second cousin forbidden.

S. There is nothing about either!

A. Certainly not. The old canon law of England, like that of the rest of the Western Church, forbade all marriages up to the fourth degree of consanguinity, taking affinity as the same thing as consanguinity. After the Reformation, Archbishop Parker published the present table, which is founded on that given in the Levitical Law, and people confuse the two tables.

S. But people did in the old times get dispensations from the Pope.

A. This began when the relationship was not really near, and there were considerations that made the marriage expedient. But these rules became a great abuse, sometimes when affinities through relations, or even sponsorships, were discovered, and marriages were dissolved; sometimes when dispensations were wrongly granted Alexander VI.—Borgia, you know—was the first Pope to grant a dispensation where the affinity was closer than Scripture permitted.

S. Then came the dispensation for Katharine of Aragon's marriage with Henry VIII., and all the rest that followed!

A. And now there is the attempt which the Church of England has so long bravely withstood, to permit the widower to marry his wife's sister. I do not want to go into the subject. It is, in the eyes of the really learned, clearly against the old Divine Law, as well as that of the Church, and it would be the cruellest possible measure to the many women who can now live as sisters with widowed brothers. Wonderfully, and as we may believe in answer to the prayers of the Church, has this wicked measure been again and again rejected or staved off. But even if State Law should ever license these unions, that makes no difference to the Divine Law, which is above the State.

READING AS AN ART.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN we are reading aloud, and come to stirring or pathetic scenes, if our book belongs to what we have called the first class of literature, we must indicate the passion or pathos described in it, just as we merely indicated the comedy of Miss Bates' monologue. We must for a moment, and here and there only, use the tones natural to the situation of which we are reading, or rather a faint echo of them, falling back at once into our usual calmer manner; for we are but the mouthpiece, and a mouthpiece is not expected to have a heart, and besides we should weary our hearers by keeping their feelings on the stretch. Also though there may be deeply tragic passages in books of this class, yet as a rule, they are not written, not built, if we may use the word, for a tragic interpretation, and during their course we shall meet with so many digressions and descriptions, which break in on the progress of the story, that a strong tragic rendering will fail of its effect, and seem weak.

As an example of this, and of a graver style of reading, let us analyse part of De Quincey's wonderful description of 'the English mail coach going down with victory;' a reminiscence of that old war time when England was struggling with France for her very existence, and which, even in our degenerate days, cannot fail to stir our very souls.

'From eight P.M., to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's Le Grand, was seated the General Post Office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriage and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all the royal magnificence of the horses—were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage in every morning of the year, was taken down to an official inspector for examination—wheels, axles, linch-pins, poles, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and, behold! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition!—horses, men, carriages are all dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially his Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post office, wear the royal liveries of course; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in

summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of uppercoats.'

The prose is grand, the sentiments animating it are terribly earnest; making the writer forget that there can be any petty details in the scene he is describing. Nor for the man who beheld it, who went down with the coach that brought joy and sorrow into thousands of homes, could anything about it be insignificant; but to us who read the account, if the grandest thoughts and feelings were given full expression, we should be constantly pulled up and stopped short in our career by some little fact, important enough to the safety of the passengers, but not to us who are not interested in the daily life of the mail-coach, but in its going down with victory. Such is the history of the official inspection of the carriages, such, the reasons given why all coachmen did not wear the Royal livery. In fact, this extract was not intended for public recitation; but if we are careful in *reading* it, to do no more than indicate the strong feelings of triumph and patriotism, not allowing them to reach a height whence a drop to homely details would be absurd, the whole extract will catch as it were a gleam of light from the radiance of the exceptionally grand passages, and will rise to their level.

The opening description of the assembling of the stage-coaches is fine in its vividness; and will tell its own story if we give it in a round narrative tone; not louder, but stronger and firmer than that fitted for a love tale or a record of social peculiarities. The stops must be carefully kept, and the chief words accentuated, just enough to mark them. The small details must be raised and harmonised with the rest, by using for them a serious business-like tone, like one who recognised their great importance. When, however, we reach the line, 'But the night before us is a night of victory,' the sound of the voice must grow rounder, clearer, more exulting, culminating on the word 'victory;' during the pause given by the succeeding semicolon, the mind and heart of the reader, and his listeners, have time to repose from its out-leap of joy, and then we should go on in the same tone, but deliberately, giving double value to the commas and notes of exclamation: 'and, behold!' 'To the ordinary display,' should be read quicker, and more lightly; it belongs to the usual mail-coach routine, and has nothing exciting in it. This gains us a moment's respite from feeling, and we return to our former tone to enunciate: 'what a heart-shaking addition!—' with treble the effect, than if we had retained it through the whole passage. The dash must be translated into a long pause, and the concluding lines to 'ribbons' be given in a tone of exultation rising at the end to a climax; and then we fall back on a grave narrative tone for the description of the guards and coachmen, such as we used for the inspection of the carriages.

'Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connec-

tion with the great news, in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress ; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood.'

The above quotation should begin in a clear, narrative tone ; neither declamatory nor indifferent ; there may be a slight touch of grave exultation in it at, 'That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions ;' but the interest of the subject matter will carry us on with no other help ; and if we speak a little more quickly, it will both express the hurry around the coaches, and will get us over the ground without wearying our hearers.

'The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of the lids locked down upon the mail bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle.'

Beginning with the same tone and manner as that in which we concluded our former extract, we must read with additional quickness and firmness the description of the drawing up of the mails, in order to give some idea of the stir and bustle of the scene. The names of the towns must not be read hurriedly, or slurred over, but should be enunciated deliberately, and made the most of, or the grandeur of the context will seem absurd. This passage, too, is another digression, and if we let it drop the listeners will lose the thread of their interest.

'Then come the horses into play. Horses ! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards ? What stir !—what sea-like ferment !—what a thundering of wheels !—what a trampling of hoofs !—what a sounding of trumpets !—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—"Liverpool for ever !"—with the name of the particular victory—"Badajoz for ever !" or "Salamanca for ever !" The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from this moment is destined to travel, without intermission westwards for three hundred miles—northwards for six hundred ; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at

parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.'

This passage is inspired by the victorious feeling running through the whole; we must read quickly and sharply, giving full time to the pauses, and we must so thoroughly realize the scene, so bring it before the mind's eye, that each little sentence may be spoken with a truth of intonation, which will make the listeners realize the scene also, and the whole paragraph must be gradually worked up to a climax. This should, dramatically speaking, come at the name of the victory; but as two are mentioned, and that only in way of example, we can attach no special feeling to either of them; one name weakens the other, and the climax must come at, 'Liverpool for ever!' When we go on reading we should speak more slowly emphasising the 'all's,' especially the second; which give the sense not only of the time the coaches will travel but the space they will pass over; then increasing the rapidity of our reading in order to prevent the end of the passage from hanging fire, we continue till having carried our hearers across England with the coaches, we bring them back triumphant to Lombard Street.

In the literature of the first class there are some writings the style of which from the happy choice of its words, the perfection of their grouping, and the felicity of the punctuation would seem to belong to the second division, were it not that all the ideas are fully expressed, and nothing is left to be understood.

Chief among these stand Addison's papers in the 'Spectator'; the elaboration and exquisite finish of which is such that no reader can give himself a more crucial test than that of delivering one of them; for they need the thousand delicate intonations, which only a trained ear can regulate; the nicest judgment in emphasis and pausation, and withal, unless we recite one of these papers, and treat it as literature of the second class, all must be as lightly touched, as are the subjects treated in them.

Let us take for example the paper on 'The Dissection of a Beau's Head,' No. 275, and we are at once struck by the extreme sobriety and self-control of the style, combined with an easy pleasantness; there is not a word too much, not an over-strained expression, and just as he followed Sydney Smith's leading, and spoke for effect, chatted with Miss Austen, and soared to heights of rapture with De Quincy, so now we must copy the example of this satirical but kindly man of the world, and take the easy, pleasant tones, which show no feeling, but may conceal much, of those well versed in social life.

At first it seems as though there were no salient points to take hold of, nothing to bring out; so uniformly level is the manner and matter of the paper; but as we go on we are struck by the fact that though the subject itself is an impossibility, though it pretends to be

nothing more than a dream, yet it is treated with such serious good faith that we end by all but believing it to be real.

It is this feeling of reality which lends much of its charm to the papers, and gives, as it were, standing ground to the author, whence he can fling his shafts of satire at that ancient butt of writers and dramatists, the vain and foolish man of fashion. This method of writing is particularly characteristic of Addison, and is employed by him with perhaps greater success than by any one else, and we must be careful to read all the grave scientific phraseology of the present paper in the most natural and serious manner.

The mere arrangement of the sentences is, we next find, full of meaning. We omit the beginning of the paper, which tells what occasioned the dream itself, with which we begin our quotation. We have numbered the paragraphs extracted, that we may the more conveniently refer to them.

1. 'I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on the table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.'

Now let us alter the first sentence to: 'Methought I was invited to the dissection of a beau's head,' and what a world of meaning we lose. The 'methought' is no longer separated from the rest of the sentence, and pointed out to the reader by the commas which hedge it in; we pass it over in our eagerness to arrive at the subject matter of the paper, and the hesitating pause, as of one who tells a dream already vague and misty in his memory, is lost, and with it one of those touches which increase the air of possibility which Addison desired of all things to keep up.

From the exceeding evenness of the flow of the words there are few which stand out sufficiently from the rest to receive any special accent beyond the light passing emphasis, which we have shown should be given to the chief words in the descriptive passages in Jane Austen; but Addison uses the interpolated sentence as a means of expression; both by the pause thus imposed on the progress of ideas, and by the slight change of tone necessary, calling attention to the fact conveyed in the interpolated sentence, and in the one succeeding it, for which the voice must revert to the original tone, and for which the mind has had to wait; poet as well as prose writer Addison's sentences satisfy the ear, as much as the eye and the mind. For example in the passage quoted above, it was

necessary to impress on us that the interior of the beau's head appeared at first sight like those of other people, and we find the interpolated sentence 'upon a cursory and superficial view,' in which the very length and learnedness of the words prepare us to expect an important announcement after them. From this the paragraph works up to the stinging remark with which it ends; and here we would say that when reading so polished a style as that of Addison, a finished articulation will give value to the well-chosen words, and it alone can bring out the point of the last lines of our quotation, which lies in the twice repeated: 'something like it,' and we should advise that the first of these, which relates to the gods of Homer, should be given with serious deliberation, and that referring to the beau be pronounced lightly and sharply, and in a tone appropriate to a thing of every-day life.

We now go on to the consideration of paragraph No. 2.

2. 'The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.'

The names of the various anatomical parts of the head should be very clearly articulated, for they are so unfamiliar to most of the listeners we shall have, that they would pass unnoticed were they not insisted on; and this must not be as they form part of the framework of the paper, on which depends the impression of reality that it makes on us. We shall also remark that following the rule to put the most important thing last, nearly all the hardest hits at the beaux family are placed at the conclusion of the paragraphs, as for instance that of the soul of the beau, if he had any, being always taken up in contemplating her own beauties, that there may be a pause after their enunciation, which will both draw attention to them, and during which they may be enjoyed without interruption to the course of the paper. Notice the sting contained in the interpolated sentence.

3. 'We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billets-doux, love letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.'

4. 'There was a large cavity on each side the head which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries,

and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations: that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English, nonsense.'

Addison punctuates profusely; and we shall find that when, as in this extract, there is a passage with much to interest, but little to bring out, the important words and facts are nearly all followed by stops, that the eye may be drawn to them in reading, the ear by the pause which follows them in listening, so that the commas form a guide as to where the emphasis should be placed. We need hardly enforce the extreme importance of good articulation in passages where we meet with lists of words like: 'stuffed with invisible billets-doux, love letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature.' 'Pricked dances' are those curious little maps of which there is one in Lacroix's '*Histoire du dix huitième siècle*,' in which a minuet, pavane, gigue, or other dance was drawn upon paper; the direction of the movements of the feet being expressed by fine lines, the places where they were set down by spots, or pricks, so that, in those days, when dancing was generally cultivated as a fine art, an exact record could be kept of any of its new or beautiful creations. We may remember also that in Shakspeare's time singing from music was called 'singing prick song,' from the appearance of the notes.

Addison uses few stops for dramatic effect; that is few break a sentence, obliging the *ear* to wait for what is coming, when a stop was not already necessary to mark the conclusion of the sentence or the introduction of another into it; but there is an example of the employment of a stop in such a manner at the end of our last quotation, where it furnishes the point of the conclusion of the paragraph. 'This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists called *galimatias*, and the English,' we pause, and the mind waits for the enlightening word, 'nonsense.'

5. 'The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses, from whence we concluded that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.'

One of Mr. Addison's favourite methods of lending weight and force to his touches of sarcasm is by retarding, not the rate at which his

words are spoken by dramatic punctuation, and thus leading the ear to expect some special effect, but the rapid succession of *ideas*, so that the *mind* feels that something of great interest is about to be told it. As in the above quotation there are several solemn sentences, which have all reference to the same thing, 'the skins of the forehead,' and though sounding very big, tell us very little; instantly the mind feels the check, becomes impatient, and it is with increased pleasure that we hear the reader change from the serious tone of the anatomist to the clear pointed one of sarcasm, as he reaches the culmination of the paragraph at, 'the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.' The conclusion of paragraph 2 is led up to in the same manner.

6. 'The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissection, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

7. 'We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the muscoli amatorii, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.'

The same method of preparing the mind to expect a good thing as that of which we have just spoken, is used at the end of paragraph 6, and the beginning of paragraph 7, but at the end of number 7 another and a quicker manner had to be found of pointing the lines, and we find that the sentences themselves are retarded, being cut up by a number of commas, with the same result of raising expectation in the *mind*; but this way of doing so is far brighter and less ponderous.

A light, easy narrative tone should be used for reading this paper, alternately with a grave and weighty delivery for the more anatomical parts.

8. 'I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which seem to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he ate and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or assembly; to

which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit.

For example the paragraph above quoted should begin in the light narrative tone, coloured with a touch of argument at the phrase beginning, 'as for the skull,' as though a lecturer were demonstrating some point already asserted, returning to the former intonations at, 'we were informed,' where our variations of tone should be few, and should all be drawn from the slight unstriking ones of ordinary talk, to harmonise with the unassuming nature of the style. The words, 'dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently,' should be given in the manner and with the sharpness of articulation of a man reciting a list he is anxious to get through. We may raise the pitch of the voice about a semitone at: 'To which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit,' and should take a clear tone of quiet sarcasm, not in any way a marked one, for the sting of the words is here increased by its being apparently undesigned. The comma after, added, must be very carefully kept, it is one of the few dramatic pauses in the paper, and the sentence will have received all the point we need give it.

9. 'When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed that several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.'

Though we begin this extract in the same tone as that in which we closed the last, we must pass, as soon as we reach, 'we put up the brain, etc.,' into the solemn manner, which should be used for telling the last fate of the brain, returning once more to a sarcastic tone for the parting shot at the mercurial nature of a beau.

With this paper we close our account of the reading of literature of the first class. We may sum it up by saying that to be good it must be always clear and simple; there must be nothing personal about it; no reader may ever use his work as an occasion for self-display; but in proportion as he gains power in his art by study and practice, he will be able to indicate the chief characteristics of the style of each of his authors.

In our next papers we shall treat the reading of literature of the second class, concluding with the dramatic style, to succeed in which requires great knowledge of the art, and long and very special practice and study.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATION UPON BOOKS.

S. I see you have another Bible picture-book.

A. Yes; the *Life of our Blessed Lord*, for very little children, written by Mrs. Marshall, and published by Nisbet. It is wonderfully cheap—only 2s. 6d. in boards, and 1s. 6d. limp; but the illustrations are not very good, and I decidedly object to the Easter Day one, where the principal figure is somewhat obtrusively nude—a thing especially undesirable in pictures intended for use among school children.

S. I have found it so. Those pictures do want most careful selection, for if there is any mistake in them the children are sure to pick it out and dwell on it; or if there is any triviality, like the cats playing in the corner of one of the pictures in that pretty S. P. C. K. book, *The Holy Child*, it takes off all their attention.

A. Nobody ought to choose pictures for school children who is not thoroughly used to them. But the S. P. C. K. has put out those little pictures for the Gospels of each Sunday, which it used to have on separate cards, in little books, easily carried, and which will do nicely to hand round at the end of a lesson on the Gospel.

S. To go to other things, there is a very wise book of essays by the author of *John Halifax*, called *About Money and Other Things* (Macmillan). I remember them in *Good Words*, and there I liked them very much.

A. Another book worth recommending is Charlotte M. Mason's *Lectures on Practical Education* (Kegan Paul). There is a great deal to be learnt from it, both about little children and big, and the highest aim of education is kept full in view. Here are also two beautiful editions of the *Christian Year*, one from Hogg, the other from Nisbet, with extracts from Canon Liddon in elucidation.

S. Last spring you gave me Mrs. Harcourt Mitchell's *Meditations on Genesis* (Church Extension Society). I have those on Exodus, too, and I do find them so good and valuable, that I wish every one could know of them—they are of such a convenient uniform length, too.

A. Yes; it is an excellent little book. Another—religious in foundation, but not devotional in the same way—is *Manners make the Man* (Fisher Unwin); some is beautiful, and all is very sound and sensible. So is *The Family in Council* (Cassell), which would be excellent if it were not for the absence of all Church influence; no reference even to the 'Baptism of the child, whose bringing up is otherwise so well described.

S. Well, and as to history?

otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven. But when thou doest thine Alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the streets, that they may have Glory of men. Verily I say unto you they have their reward; but when thou doest thine Alms let not thy left hand know what thy left * hand doeth, that thine Alms may be in secret, and that thy father which seeth in secret may reward thee openly." I believe that the meaning of this beautiful parable is that we should be charitable in secret, and not when we have given a poor person some matter or other to go and tell everybody, "I have given such a person so much, and another so much, that is not genuine Charity;" but we should search out carefully those who deserve most charity, and visit in secret the "humble shed of poverty" and relieve its wants, to watch by the bed of Sickness, and to administer true Consolation to the afflicted health, this is true Charity, for if we do good to others secretly in this world, "Our father which seeth in Secret will reward us openly." Oh Lord, I beseech the, pour into (my) heart that excellent gift of Charity very bond of peace and of all righteousness. Grant this, O merciful father, for thy blessed son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. . . . For if ye forgive men, etc., etc. if a person has done us an Injury we ought immediately to forgive him in our heart, and if we have done another person an Injury we ought to ask them to forgive us. I can never bear malice in Heart, if I was to I should be Miserable. I could not "Lay me down in peace and take my rest" if I was to go to bed with hatred in my heart. I will therefore make it a constant rule to forgive every one all their injuries.'

Journal.—Jan., Wednesday.

The writer being eleven years and one month old.

' . . . Read in Rollin's Ant. Hist. about the trade of the Carthaginians, and how that they got 8,000 and some hundreds every day by their mines in Spain. Spelt and repeated—went out to ride. . . . Went into Prideaux's' (here spelled correctly), 'asked if Isit† had learnt the chapter I set her, found she had not, then heard her read and gave her a verse of a hymn to learn. Desired Mrs. P. to take her away from Lacemaking, said she would if I would pay for her Schooling. Went to Betsy Copplestone and asked her if she would teach Isit to knit if I gave her a penny, said she would; came home and dined, after dinner played and read a French play, "La Curieuse," then went to bed.

'Janry. second. . . . Practised my music and went afterwards to read—read about the fate of Dido, otherwise called Elisa, how she burnt herself upon her husband's tomb, rather than break her vow, and be married to a king of some place or other. Net part of a work bag.'

When just eleven years old her father gave her a pocket-book as a

* Evidently should be 'right.'

† Probably an abbreviation of Isolt or Iseult.

New Year's gift for 1812. On the title-page she writes 'Journal of my Conduct, etc., of my Intentions, etc., and also of my expenses and of what I also receive for week's pay and everything else.' The first entry states that she went to see a cottager and 'heard little Isit read, promised to pay for her Schooling (3d. per week). After dinner played Mr. Hake's "ode to contentment" at first sight tolerably well, gave mama a very pretty blue bag for a new year's gift, my own netting.' Accounts are carefully kept, and we find sundry entries for 'Barley sugar 2d.' Twice a week French lessons were given by L'abbé Thibault, who had been obliged to leave his Abbey of Avanches during the French Revolution. There are many entries of 'Practising Music'—preparing my French, on Sundays Catechism and Collect learning, and when not able to go to Church she read the Church service at home. The first book mentioned is 'translated some of Hagar and the Desert * (with L'Abbé). She also helped in the education of her younger sister, for on the 22nd Jan. we read she taught her 'her notes.' Next we read that she 'knit a good deal of my quilt, and read the story of Mad. Panache in "Miss Edgeworth's tales."' Other entries of 'made some pincushions,' 'wrote some verses,' 'worked on Charles' shirt,' 'did a sum,' follow each other with constant regularity. On Sundays when she went to Church, the name and text of the Preacher are given.

On 16th March, in Exeter Fore Street, she saw a 'Barrister with his wig on.' 'Went to Court and heard 3 trials—one of the sentences was Hanging.' Her income at this period of one shilling a month appears to have been augmented by an occasional 'tip' (though this word does not appear) from 'grandmama' and others. One receipt being '2d. from Mamma's card winnings.' Among the disbursements are for a Blanket for Pridix (spelt as sounded for Prideaux, an old cottager), 7s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. for a Cotton frock for Isit Pridix.'

On 23rd March she 'made some things with colored paper for Jane Hill to sell at the fair.' On the father's property was a small cottage, which at that time was given up to these children in which to amuse themselves with practising housekeeping (as in later days our own Royal Princesses were allowed to do at Osborne), and we frequently find the entry 'went to the cottage.' Gardening was another amusement, as we read more than once, 'sowed my seeds in my garden.'

On the 30th of April she appears to have 'won a prize in the lottery of eighteen shillings.' On the 1st May they 'had a May-Pole and a feast in the field.' Three times was bought 'Paper for the Cottage,' amounting in all to 8s., and three plates value 6d. Their pet was an expense, for we read on the 25th May they 'Lost the Dove and found it again,' and an entry of 1s. 6d. to those who brought it back.

On the 12th June she 'Learnt part of a French play, intend to act

* From the French of Madame de Genlis.

it,' and on the next day, 'Mr. Mudge, their new musick master, a very vulgar man,' gave his first lesson, Mr Hake having died on the 13th May previously.

On 22nd June she 'learnt Pleyell's sonatas;' and the next day 'rehearsed the play.' On the following Friday we read that they 'could not have the Play because Margaret Twopenny did not choose to come from Otterton,' and from the remarks on the 30th the play seems to have been rather a failure, 'as performed very badly.' On 1st July, 'I read Vivian, one of Miss Edgeworth's tales,' and she 'learnt to make baskets of Miss Eales, saw a play called "Speed the Plough,"* and a farce afterwards.' Walks were not omitted, they are mentioned almost daily, sometimes to Bicton (Lord Rolle's) three miles off, sometimes to Ottery (four miles off). On the 24th July she 'wrote a play,' and 'put into a raffle and lost it.' Soon after she 'rode to Sands with George and saw an Alligator.' On the 4th August drawing lessons began, and the next day she 'went to a ball.'

On the 12th August, she 'heard the news of the great Victory† gained by us over the French, they have lost 17,000, and we 800 killed and wounded;' and on the 22nd she 'heard of the great victory‡ gained by the Russians over the French, the former had taken 20,000 prisoners.' Rollin's Ancient History appears to have been in hand at this date. In October she 'made some baby linen, apparently for 'a poor woman at Bulverton.' On November 25th we read, 'My birthday, 12 years old,' and mama gave her two shillings, one of which was spent in a thimble. On the 2nd December, 'Mama called on the Marchoiness of Bute,' and on the 4th, 'the Marquis of Bute came here, very nice old man.' On the 13th December, 'heard of Bonaparte's death, do not believe it.' This is followed the next day by the entry, 'Bonaparte's death not true.' On the 16th December, 'Played with the boys and read the Odessy, like it very much.' The next day she 'began to work a border for a frock and read the Odessy, and made snowballs, and heard Cornelia read.' Here also follows a list of poor people to whom she gave a Christmas gift, amounting to ten shillings, given to her for that purpose by Mr. Hobson, some having more than others (ten recipients in all). 'The Bishop preached,' on Sunday, 27th December.

The Diary finishes on New Year's eve thus: 'Good-bye, old year. O Lord and heavenly father, who knowest all my thoughts and wishes before I ask, and has graciously promised to hear the prayers of them that repent, forgive me, I beseech thee, all the Ills and offenddses I have committed this year, which I fear are manifold and great, and grant that the next I may have spent a better year, and may have resolved to resist the temptations of sin thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.' Thus ends a year, and considering that she was a very

* Written by Morton, containing the well-known phrase, 'what will Mrs. Grundy say?'—Ed.

† Salamanca.

‡ Borodino.

delicate child, for we have omitted the constant entries of not being well, etc., having 'blister' and 'leeches,' there is much that would cheer the hearts of many a parent if her own daughter of eleven to twelve would 'go and do likewise.'

'*Jan. 3, 1812.*—Read about the Carthagenians in Rollin, and how they were so cruel (that is to say, Hannibal), that when they took the city of Silenus they, after having made them endure the most dreadful torments, murdered 4000 of them. What a horrid brutal creature! And after their victory, as a sacrifice to Saturn, they offered up a child. After having read, spelt, and repeated, I knit a little, and then went to practice my music; then I went upstairs and played some time with Frederick, and Betty gave me an apple.'

'*Jan. 6.*—Began the 2nd volume of Rollin's "Ancient History"; read about the Carthagenians and the 1st Punic war . . . had some jelly for supper; drew for my character' (evidently Twelfth Night) "Miss Sukey Slylooks." Read to mama about the wars of Agathocles in Carthage, and likewise of Hanno, who was whipped, and had his eyes burnt out, and then killed; and likewise of Bromioux, and how he attempted to make himself king by cutting the throats of all who came in his way; however, he was defeated in his wicked projects . . . wrote a good copy.'

'*Sunday, 10 Jan.*—Did not go to church; read the Psalms and collects, and then translated part of a sacred French play . . . said my Catechism and read the 38 chapter of Job . . . read about the second punic war, and the dreadful treatment Regulus met with from the Carthagenians; made myself a ridicule* . . . learnt a new song . . . read of the Lybian War against the . . . † . . . and of the war which the rebels made 'gainst the Carthagenians, of how they were determined not to make peace with them on any terms; then afterwards how cruelly they behaved when the Carthagenians took them—that is to say, a great many of them—prisoners and let them go, except 700, which they kept as hostages and brought of Ngisgo their general, who was in prison, and 700 prisoners (because they were afraid they would league against them with the Carthagenians, and murdered them all) and when the C—s sent to beg their bodies, they refused them, and threatened to kill every Carth. who came in their way, which threat they carried into execution. 2nd P. W. Then I also read that Hannibal went to the Wars at 9 years of age, and then swore eternal enmity to the romans . . . I heard a carriage come, and it was grandmama and grandpapa, who I thought looked tolerably well. I went down in town with grandmama, and she gave me some writing-paper and some cakes; the writing-paper I gave mama for some long paper . . . grandpapa gave me a 5 and 6 penny piece . . . now I can pay, I hope, for Isit Pridix's schooling to Miss Clapps, as I should be very sorry to let her be a lace-maker, as I fear she will be, if I don't put her to

* Generally spelled 'reticule.'

† MS. illegible.

cross.' At the Easter fair six shillings was spent in 'fairings,' and a shilling 'for green baize for the Cottage,' which had been done up 'neatly' shortly before. On 30th April, after 'a party to dinner, sung and played.' The 2nd of May, 'The great news that Dantzic had fallen' reached them. After rain she 'went out and heard the birds sing, which was very delightful. All Nature seems as if inspired with gratitude to the creator, whilst even dumb animals give God praise. "Shall man, the great master of all, the only insensible prove. Forbid it, fair gratitude . . . forbid it devotion and love."' On 17th May, 'Sophia and Caroline took a view from Nature.' On the 24th she 'picked up shells at Dawlish,' and 'sorted' them the next day.

Part of her time seems to have been employed at this period in 'working for the Standing' (? a bazaar stall).* The 12th June is remarkable by 'Mrs. Charles' (Cornish) 'giving them each a pretty workbox,' and she finished 'a workbox for her.' Dancing lessons appear now to be very frequent. On the 7th July, 'Grandpapa gave me a parasol,' and the next day 'a new bonnet.' On the 11th she 'went to Church; wore my new bonnet and parasol, and was very smart. Saw Sally's baby' (an old servant)—'the very smallest I ever saw.' 28th July, 'Mrs. Cawley and Miss Allen drank tea here; good old-fashioned folks;' and on 30th, 'Mrs. Lee, with her daughter, Miss Thomasine; great fools.' 22nd August (Sunday), 'Gausson dined here; went to Exeter; walked on Southernhay and heard the Band play. 23rd.—Went to St. Sidwell's Church to hear Catalani sing. Her powers to please and astonish exceed everything I had the least idea of. She sang in the Messiah—"I know that my redeemer liveth." Miss Marsh sings very sweetly; all the men-singers except Garbet were bad. Catalani sung "Son neginu," "O Dolce Concerto," and "God save the King"; like her much better in Italian than in English Music.' Keble and Gassen dined with them the following Saturday. In September we read, '2s. for poor folks at Bulverton,' and '4d. for yellow Cotton for a child's bonnet, and 2d. for cakes.' It is probable that in arithmetic she would not pass Fourth Standard, for these three items are totalled three shillings. Keble dined with them on 12th September; 'a young owl was picked up by them in the road.' 17th, 'Worked for the Standing.' 18th, 'The Burnets came up to look at the Standing,' which was given to them the same day. Keble dined with them on 19th, and 'gave us all a trifle,' evidently for the 'fair' next day. 25th Sep., 'The Grants came.' 26th, 'Sophia Grant is very handsome; both agreeable. Showed the place to the Grants; very nice girls. The Grants sung and played; Sophia sings beautifully. 29th Sep.—Went to the Ball; danced with Messrs. Grant, Coleridge, and Clifton; was very happy.' The Grants became very intimate friends; the entries of their names are

* The contents of a stall or standing were made and given to a poor woman who sold them at the fair for her own benefit.

many. They appear to have accompanied them as far as Exmouth, when they left Sidmouth, Dawlish, Torquay, Babicombe, Newton Bushell, and 'came into Exeter with 4 horses.' 22nd Oct., 'Took leave of the Grants with real regret. Never saw any people I liked so much.'

'31 Oct.—Went to Church; put on our new pelice, which are very hansom; wrote this to see how long I can keep them.' 5 Nov.—'Great news; Buonaparte defeated with immense loss, and Leipzig taken.' 9th Nov., 'Read "Love's labour lost" to myself, and the "Midsummers night's dream" to Caroline; * very much entertained and pleased with it.' 12 Nov., 'Learnt to make Gloves; made some part pretty well.' Next day, 'finished my gloves.'

14.—'Read "Pilgrim's Progress."' 15.—'Went to see some machinery in the town; very amusing.'

15.—'Went on with a pair of gloves. Heard that George had passed his Examination† honourably!! Thank God.' 17.—'Dear George came home; delighted to see him, he is so kind and good. He brought a large packet of music from Oxford.'

24.—'Summed and did some Geography with George; drew a flower; used the family box.'

25.—'My birthday; 13 years old. George gave me a beautiful Thompson; Caroline gave me a purse. Had a dinner party; very happy. God grant that I may be wiser and better every year.'

26.—'Ellen Cutler shewed us how to make shell pincushions; very pretty things. George read us "Moses Views in Italy." 28, Sunday.—Read "Nelson's feasts and fasts"; a beautiful book. 2 Dec.—Grandpapa gave me a beautiful edition of Beattie's works.

'4 Dec.—Worked a collar. 6 Dec.—Have had a Rout; sung, played, and danced. 9 Dec.—Went to a Party at Mrs. Kekewich's; danced, sung, and played. It was very pleasant. 14 Dec.—Orange-coloured watch-ribbon for Hubert, it being the fashion in honor of the Dutch, 6d. Read "Lettere D'una Peruviana"—a very pretty book. 15 Dec.—Hemmed two Pockethandkerchiefs; Practised my music; finished my book. 20th.—Heard that the brother of Sophia and Sybella and Charles Grant, a young man, was renowned for ability as for virtue, was made a Lord of the Treasury . . . 24.—Learnt to make bread seals, Christmas Eve. 25.—The day when our Blessed Saviour was born, went to Church morning and evening.' The little Prideaux's schooling seems to have been punctually paid quarterly.

31 Dec.—'Had a dinner party, who went to the Ball; could not go, and was very sorry. Reflections: And is this year for ever gone? Alas! yes, nothing can recall it, nor the time I have lost; perhaps I may never live out another. O God, grant that I may be prepared for death always.'

* Her elder sister by fourteen months.

† First class at Oxford, at the age of eighteen, against six, all older.

The summary of her expenses for the year appears to be £3 12s. 0d., her 'allowance' 3d. a week, so the 'tips' must have been frequent, as the little child's schooling cost the whole of the allowance. The year shows well not only in increased knowledge, but in the desire to learn all that came in her way. There is a delightful absence of 'driving,' cramming, and striving after effect. French, Italian, music, dancing, singing, drawing, plain stitchery and fancy work, make up a very fair amount of study for a girl of thirteen. The beautifully fresh and clean condition of the MSS., and its bright red leather cover, speak well for the care and neatness of the writer. The spelling and composition would contrast well with much that is now sent up for 'examination and competition.'

1813.—*Reflections looking back on the year.*

Dec. 31st, age 13 and 1 month.—'When I review the year which is now past and think of the manner in which I have spent it, it is a very melancholy consideration to me. Alas! how much time I have thrown away which nothing can recall, how many opportunities of improvement and of doing good have I neglected! How often have I given way to violent passions, how often given cause of uneasiness to my beloved parents! too often, alas! I fear my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head, and were I not sure that my heavenly father is a merciful Judge, and that my blessed Saviour is my mediator, my heart would fail me. But thou, O Lord, art full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, plenteous in goodness and truth. If I confess my sins, thou art faithful and just to forgive me my sins, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness, which of thy great mercy vouchsafe to do, Almighty God, for the sake of thy Son our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.'

On the New Year, 1814.

'And now another year is come. I bless thee, O Lord God Almighty, for prolonging my existence until this time in order that I may take heed to my ways and turn my feet unto thy testimonies. Create and make in me this day a new and contrite heart. Let me consider this day as if it were the first of my life, and throw off my old garb of sin. Let me from henceforth consider myself what I really am, but a Worm, created, fed, and preserved by thy bounty. Let me endeavour to behave myself with all humility before thee, and study to keep thy Comandments with my whole heart. Let me pay an exact obedience to the commands of my beloved parents, to the instructions of my dear Brother, who will soon become one of the ministers of thy holy church. Let me pay a just regard to the instructions I receive in all the various accomplishments suited to my age and rank of life; but above all, make me to have a perpetual fear and love of thy name, let it be my constant study to worship thee both in private and in thy holy church, and when I shall

become of age to receive thy holy sacrament, make me to do so with reverence and with a faithful heart. The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let me therefore cast off the works of darkness and put upon me the whole armour of light. Let me watch and pray that I enter not into temptation, and that when thou shalt think proper to call me from this world of trial I may be ready and prepared for it, and that I may be received into that heavenly kingdom which thou has promised to all those who love thy name, through the merits of thy blessed son our Saviour and mediator Jesus Christ. Amen.'

Apostrophe to Religion. March 20, 1814.

'O Religion! How beautiful art thou in all thy ways. To thee do the wretched fly for succour, and thou comfortest them. In thee can we find a balm for all our woes; thou alone canst aid us in the hour of affliction, Thou alone bind up the Wounds of a broken heart. To thee, O Light divine! do I deliver up my soul, for in thy truths shall I find Consolation under the Heavy trouble of my sins. To thee alone I call for aid, since thou canst save Me thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

'Aug. 23, 1814.—How delightful it is to hear sensible people converse. I think I could listen to my uncle Teignmouth for ever, and still gain more and more information; there is hardly a word that he says, which is not fraught with knowledge, Elegance, and piety!

'He is a true gentleman, and a true Christian. How happy should I be to spend my life in the Company of such delightful beings as he is.'*

'Aug. 28, 1814.—In going up the Hill of learning, we should not stop at every moment to gather the roses and shining pebbles with which it abounds, but be content with some of the weeds, and now and then a Rose by way of relaxation; having attained the summit, we may return as soon as we like, and if we please, fill our baskets with Roses and pebbles.'

Same date.—*Religion.*

'Religion is a generous, lively flame
That brightens, not deforms the human frame,
In the close coverts of the heart it lies.
Breathes there, nor sternly threatens in ye eyes
An unaffected ease, its actions grace,
Known by the motions of the soul—not face.'

Same date.—'It is not by our manners in company, or when we have everything around us to make us happy, by which you can determine whether we are good-tempered or not; there are a great many people whom you would suppose to be very amiable by their behaviour in company, but draw the curtain, and you will find the picture reversed. Remember, what you are, you are, At Home!!'

* The first Lord Teignmouth.

Same date.—*Reflection on going to the Bridewell at Exeter, 1814.*

‘When I look at the number of poor wretches here shut up, my conscience strikes me that I may perhaps do every day faults which are just as great in the sight of my heavenly father, as those for which the poor creatures are imprisoned, and for which I suffer nothing; besides, my faults are worse because I have had kind friends to instruct me in my duty, and to warn me of the danger of sin, when probably these poor wretches have been mostly bred up all their lives, and had nobody to instruct them in their duty. God give me grace to amend my faults!’

Rules, etc.

‘Observe a due method in all things as much as possible. There was never anything yet lost by order.

‘Take care of talking much in the company of those older or wiser than you—it is a hard lesson to learn not to speak, or to hold one’s tongue.

‘The greatest curse that can befall anybody, is a bad temper. It was that which first induced Cain to murder his Brother; it is indeed the source of most of the evils we endure in this life. He that knows not how to keep his temper is not fit for the society of men. For what is it but that which distinguishes us from the Beasts that perish? The moment that we lose our temper, we are as one of them. I should never call *him* a religious man who is not master of this important duty. We are all born in Sin, and, tho’ some are blest by nature with better tempers than others, yet few, very few, alas! there are who can at all times be said to keep their temper; but it is our duty to correct all those evil propensities to which human nature is so prone, for our blessed Saviour has, of His great mercy, offered pardon to those who follow him, and he had left us a bright example that we should follow his steps. He, tho’ reviled, never lost his temper; and when extended on the cross, prayed his Heavenly father to forgive his persecutors! You may hear that such a person is very sensible, but has an unfortunate temper; depend upon it—yet this is a contradiction, for no person who is truly sensible will suffer their passions to get the better of them—he that at all times can keep his temper is a truly sensible man.

‘How sad a thing it is to part with those friends whom we love, and who love us! This unhappiness I experienced to-day, for I was separated from my Aunt* and all my Cousins. Oh! where shall I find so many lovely and amiable beings as they all are! My aunt is a lively image of Practical Piety; her life has been spent in a series of good actions! She is a truly virtuous woman! My cousins have naturally all of them very strong passions and inclinations, but Miss Weston has been to them a kind friend indeed. She has pointed out

* The first Lady Teignmouth.

to them the necessity of correcting their tempers, and has completely succeeded. This proceeds from a truly religious temper. They all fear God, and know that submitting to their own sinful passions is contrary to his will; they therefore pray for help from him to amend their faults, and he who listens to the sparrow's cry has granted their requests; and during the 4 months which they staid here, I never or rarely saw them out of temper; even when they were, one word could pacify them directly. I have received many excellent advices on various subjects from my aunt, which, thro' God's assistance, I shall never forget. In short, this has been the pleasantest summer I can remember to have spent—and how could it be otherwise? in the bosom of friends and relations whom you love and by whom you are beloved? It must be a cold heart indeed that cannot be happy! But now they are all gone! I miss them every moment of the day, and feel very unhappy without them; but since it must be that friends must part in this world of trial, I will try to comfort myself in the hopes of seeing them again in about a year's time, when we may all meet in comfort and health. God of his infinite mercy grant, etc.—Sept. 23rd, 1814.

'Behold yon tree naked, stripped of its rich foliage, it has hardly any leaves remaining, and what it has the wind is constantly bringing down! Yet this tree I remember in spring when its green buds began to sprout, in summer its verdant foliage under which the beasts of the field took refuge, and the fowls of the air built their nests. In autumn the lucious fruit with which it was loaded, and of which I partook with pleasure—alas, it is now quite dead! Such is the state of man; in the infancy of life he buddeth, in youth he blossometh, and in manhood he bringeth forth his fruit, and in old age the winds of life having deprived him of all his Honours, he sinks into the grave! But still there is one wide difference between the state of man and that of the Tree. The latter dies with its body, having budded, blossomed, and yielded fruit, it is gone for ever; but it is not so with Man. After his Death he must, according to his deserts, either arise in the world to come in Eternal happiness, or Eternal misery!—Sept. 29th, Michaelmas day.'

Reflections on looking back to the Old Year, 1814.

'What a variety of events has this year produced! perhaps it has been the most eventful year that ever was. I have seen "Nations rise and fall, flourish and decay." I have seen Buonaparte (a Man of the Greatest Ambition) begin this year as Emperor of France. In the midst of the Greatest prosperity I have seen him dashed from the pinnacle of his glory, dethroned, despised, and imprisoned! Such are the Wonderful works of God, and such the uncertainty of all human affairs; certain, however, it is, that tho' wicked men prosper for a time, yet a Day will come which they looked not for, and an hour of which they are not aware, when God will cut them asunder

and bring them to the dust. Wicked Men are but instruments in the Hand of a mighty God to accomplish his purposes.

‘Peace at length with her olive branch extends her benign influence on this Island. The Bourbon’s are re-established; we are at peace with France—thank God for that! Peace is now declared with America, there will be no more blood and slaughter, but all men are at rest, except those who are not so with their own minds—God have pity on them. Thank God for all his Mercies, for having suffered Me to live this last Year that I might have time to repent. God is a gracious father, he has not cut me off in the midst of my follies—oh, therefore, Father, grant that I may not Waste the precious time thou hast allotted to My share, in aimless and unprofitable Services. Give me grace to see my faults, and by thy merciful help to correct them! I bless thee for all thy manifold and Great Mercies, particularly for the influence of thy holy spirit on my heart, in giving me grace to correct my evil inclinations. Grant, O Lord, that I may always glorify and praise thy name, keeping thy commandments, and doing that which is right in thine eye. I bless thee for the happiness I have enjoyed this Year in the society of all my dear friends and relations, for the opportunities thou hast given me of improving my heart and mind, and above all for thine inestimable goodness in sending thine ever blessed Son Jesus Christ to die for my Sins. O Lord, Father Almighty, Grant that I may always feel and acknowledge thy goodness in all things, and serve thee In Spirit and In truth, “and in all My Ways acknowledge thee,” and Do thou, O Lord, of thy merciful kindness, direct My goings in In thy Ways, that I turn not my feet from thy testimonies. “Let the words of My Mouth, and the Meditation of My heart be always acceptable In thy Sight, O Lord, My strength and My redeemer. Thro’ Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—Jan. 1st., 1815.*

‘1814.—There is an old prophecy that this winter is to be so hard that the Cattle will hardly live over it, and that next year we shall have a peace which will last for a hundred years; at present it is not unlikely, Jan. 26.

‘Feb. 20, 1814.—The winter has been harder than has been remembered for more than 30 years.

‘March was a remarkably fine month, with much rain and sunshine, 1814.

‘May 19, 1814.—Peace for England, the prophecy is fulfilled.

‘Janry. 1.—Heard Lord Bute’s dance was put off, much disappointed.

‘Janry. 2.—Went to Church, read the whole Duty of Man in the evening till bed-time.

‘Janry. 6.—Co^d not go to the Ottery ball on account of the snow being so deep—was very much disappointed at not being able to go to the ball. Wrote some verses on the ball.’

* This is a mistake for 1814, as proved by the diary.

Lines 'Written on a disappointment of going to a Ball, Janry.
6, 1813' (when just twelve years of age)—

'At length the happy day is fixt
Of the gay Ottery Ball,*
It is of Jan'ry the sixth,
And we're invited all.

Soon thro' the house the joyful news
From Boy to Girl did run;
Says Nell, I'll wear my new blue shoes,
Says Caroline, what fun!

Much did we talk oft' all the week,
About it made a noise,
And scarce of other things did speak
But Balls, and all their joys.

On Wednesday night we went to bed
Before the hour of nine;
All in full curl was Nelly's head,
For she was to be fine.

We scarce co^d sleep, so happy we
The Ball in Contemplation;
Ah! little thought we that the morn,
Would bring us but vexation.

Soon as aurora ope'd her gates,
Nell to the window springs;
And ne'er for clothes nor shoes she waits,
But back the shutters flings.

When lo! full opening to her view,
She saw a wondrous sight,
Trees, Town and Lawn, and in a word,
All Nature clad in white!!!

Alas! the snow it was so deep,
No Coach I fear can come;
Then back to Bed did Nelly creep,
The cold did her benumb!

Slowly the time did pass away,
The Village Clock struck two;
No Carriage will be here to-day,
Indeed, it is too true.

Four o'clock came and passed away,
We can no longer wait;
No coach can come, and if it does,
We shall be much too late.

At last with sorrow painted on
Our lately merry faces,
We all to dinner sat us down,
Making most sad grimaces.

At length mama said to us all,
You shall have cake and bun;
And since to Ottery you can't go,
At home we'll have some fun.

* A drive of four miles.

So Charles got up and hied to town,
 To buy us bun and cake;
 And Twelfth night characters we had,
 And noise and fun did make.
 We quite forgot our morning's grief,
 In mirth and merry folly;
 And care was banished from each breast,
 And boding Melancholy.'

'1814. *Janry.* 10.—Very cold indeed, 3 degrees below the freezing point. The snow in some places as deep as a man. 26 of our sheep buried in the snow.

'12 *Janry.*—Went to Lord Bute's, danced with Papa. Mr. Lee, Sackville Lee,* and George Manning, Miss Manning,† and Capt. Mackinnon do the new waltz together; think it very immodest. Bought a white Satin Sash, one shilling. 14 *Jan.*—Snow very deep, no Post co^d come, George came back from Ottery, was nearly lost in the snow. What must the poor souls do who have no fire, wo^d to God I could relieve them.

'16 *Jan.*—A very great Thaw, snow almost gone. Did not go to Church; read at home. George explained many parts of the Bible to me, for which I feel much obliged to him. Fred's birthday, 5 years old. Messrs. Stuart, Kekewich, Thomas and Mackinnon dined here. Think Mr. Stuart a very genteel young man. Think Mr. Mackinnon very sensible and Mr. Kekewich. Dr. Thomas says nothing but "Yes." Papa and George read us part of Eustace's "Tour in Italy." Think it very interesting and clever. Like this manner of passing our evenings; hope Papa will go on with it.

'Read the "Champions of Christendom." Made some baby things for a poor woman who has just laid in. 21 *Jan.*—Poor dear George went to Ottery, intending to go on to Oxford if possible. Came back as the snow rendered the roads unpassable. Snowed hard. There is a prophecy that it will last 7 weeks, it has already lasted nearly 3. Called on some poor people who cannot get any wood, how thankful I ought to be.

'*Jan.* 25.—Went to a dance at Lord Bute's. Spent a very pleasant evening. Saw Mr. Mackinnon jump over 4 men at once, and perform several other feats of activity. Read Cecilia, like it very much.

'31 *Jan.*—Received the melancholy news that our Cousin Mr. Hill‡ was dead, after an illness of only three days, leaving a wife and 7 children to lament a father and husband. He was a very good man, and his loss will be severely felt by all his friends.

'Copied Jackson's Te deum. Read some geography, as I am very ignorant concerning that, and wish to improve myself. Went to Ottery to take the boys to School . . . called on Fanny Coleridge.§

'*Feb.* 6.—Went to Church, Mr. Cockburn|| preached an excellent sermon, which I hope to profit by.

* Now Canon of Exeter.

† Afterwards Lucinda, Baroness Dimsdale.

‡ Father of the second Viscount Hill.

§ Afterwards wife of Judge Patteson.

|| Dean of York.

'7th.—Read part of Lord Byron's new poem, called the "Corsair," thought it very fine. Read another poem by Lord Byron, called "the Bride of Abydos," like it very much. Read a book called "Patronage," by Miss Edgeworth. Mamma read me some of Cœlebs in search of a wife, the reflections of which I think beautiful. Composed some music, my first essay. Read the whole duty of man, a delightful book.

'5 March.—Read some French, and part of "The Task," by Cowper, to Mama.

'7 March.—Mr. Thibaut taken miff, does not choose to come tant mieux . . . planted some flowers in my garden . . . made a poor child's tippet, copied a drawing from Prout's progressive lessons. Gave T. Lang a lesson in writing.

'Paid for cakes for myself and Caroline 6d., for Coloured Longcloth, 1s. 6d., and to Miss Claps for Schooling for Jane Prideaux, 7s.

'April 6.—Read a new book, called the "Wanderer," very stupid.

'April 7.—The news arrived of the Allies having entered Paris.

'11 April.—News arrived of Buonaparte being taken Prisoner. Yesterday he was an emperor! now where is all his greatness! he is no better than the lowest of all.

'13 April.—Peace for England, hurra! . . . read Guthrie's, "Geographical Grammar."

'15 April.—Bonaparte Abdicated the Throne . . . Copied some music, could not go out being rainy. Belle read us some of Bigland's Modern Europe, very entertaining.'

After a visit to her grandparents at Ottery she writes: 'It is almost worth going away for the pleasure of coming back . . . paid some morning calls with Mama . . . wrote some rules for future conduct for Cornelia, who I hope will profit by them . . . Cornelia's birthday, eight years old. May she live to see many of them, and grow a good woman.

'24 May.—A great feast for the poor on the beach, a procession of all the tradespeople in the town with emblems of their trade, in honour, the peace; a ball in the evening for the poor, went to see it. Went to see the fireworks, dancing, etc. No great things.

'29. Went to Church. Read one of Blair's "sermons on the duties of the young," a very beautiful discourse.

'4 June.—Grandpapa's and the King's birthday . . . accounts arrived of the Articles of Peace being signed . . . 5 June.—Went to Church, read to Aunt part of Horn's history of John the Baptist.

'5 June.—Went with Mama to see Miss Nicholls' new Milinery from London.

'10 June.—Aunt Vaughan went away, not sorry for it, as she makes such a noise.

'Aunt T. gave us a new bonnet each. Walked with A. and C. and E. and Miss Weston, their governess, a charming young woman.

'11 *June*.—Had a long letter from George, giving an account of all the Emperors, Kings, etc., now at Oxford.

'12 *June*.—Called in the evening on old Sarah Piper, a very good old woman, and very contented. Alas! she is happy, with scarcely the necessities of life, whilst I who have many of the superfluities am very often discontented.

'22 *June*.—Papa came home in the evening. Very glad to see him, it seems an age since he went away! How slowly does time pass away when separated from those we love! Heard Papa give a long description of the Emperor of Russia, etc. Peace proclaimed!

'26 *June*.—Walked on the shingles with Ellen,* who astonished me by her knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. God grant that I who am so much older' (three years) 'may read and comprehend them better than I now do, for I am sure that teaching and attending to the Scriptures is the true road to Heaven.

'27.—Read the Bible and part of *Paradise Lost* to George,† think it very beautiful. Rec^d from Mama a Quarter's allowance, 6s. 28.—Paid Miss Clapp a quarter's Schooling for Jane Prideaux, 7s.

'3 *July*, 1814.—Saw poor Mrs. Franklin's funeral, a very awful sight; but it is what we must all come to. Let me then be always ready, that when God thinks fit to call me, I may meet death with resignation, in hopes of a blessed resurrection in Jesus Christ.‡

'5 *Aug*.—Aunt T. gave me some good advice, for which I am much obliged to her.

'9 *Aug*.—Made a gipsy hat for Betsy Copplestone.

'10th.—Walked to Salcombe to see the rejoicing for peace there, the procession met in our lawn, and sung *God save the King*. They dined on the hill; a very pretty sight.

'15 *Aug*.—Had a party to dinner, played and sung.

'21 *Aug*.—Walked with Fred S., who is a very nice boy.§

'29 *Aug*.—Played in the evening at cross questions and crooked answers. Read part of the *Arabian nights* to Harry and Fred S. My cat killed one of Charles's birds—very sorry for it.

'4 *Sep*.—Drank Tea at Aunt's, she asked us some questions from Mrs. Trimmer's sacred history.

'10 *Sep*.—A branch Bible Society established at Sidmouth. Went with our whole party to the meeting. Heard my uncle,|| Messrs. Steinkoff, Hughes, Harris, etc., make speeches; very good ones.

'16 *Sep*.—Went to Gosling's Cottage to give them some clothes. Read Southey's *Madoc* . . . read Miss More's¶ strictures on female education. I think them very sensible, but rather severe.

'7 *Oct*.—Walked with G. to the tops of Peak Hill to take a sketch of the Coast. . . . I am more and more delighted with Mrs. H. More's *Strictures*, they speak the truth so completely, and give us

* Then ten years old. † Then just twenty, an undergraduate C.C.C.O.

‡ She lived to eighty-three.

§ They married in 1829.

|| The first Chairman of the Bible Society.

¶ Mrs. Hannah More.

excellent advice. I am sure they are an invaluable present to us . . . for 2 oz. French Plumbs, 3d. . . . Saw Mr. Sadler's magnificent balloon, 90 feet high !

'21 Oct.—Went to the concert in the evening, very much delighted with the performers, particularly Braham, Solomon, Bartlemen, and Vaughan. Do not so much admire Catalani, very powerful, but not pleasing.

'22 Oct.—C. and H. came to Exeter, and went to see Sadler's Balloon go up, a very impressive and awful sight ; but I can hardly help feeling it presumption . . . heard that Sadler had arrived at Otterton quite safe in his balloon.

'24 Oct.—Began to read "Russell's Modern Europe" . . . made some doll's clothes for Connelia . . . went to a large party at Lady Kennaway's to hear Mrs. Salmon, Braham, Horace sing ; very much pleased . . . learnt a song of Handel's . . . read to old Sarah Piper the 3rd chapter of Job, and the sermon on the Mount, a truly delightful employment . . . sung some of Handel's songs, which are very beautiful. There is something in music that is inexpressible.

'5. Nov.—Walked about Sidmouth with Lady Rolle* . . . finished Mrs. More's female Strictures, think it the most sensible and delightful book I ever read, so truly Christianlike thro'out . . . Did some sums in the rule of 3 and fractions . . . heard little Jane Prideaux read, found her much improved. I have at last the satisfaction of knowing that by my means she has been taught to read, and if I have one soul improved I have not lived in vain. Read some chapters in the New Testament. God give me grace that I may not only read, but mark, learn, and inwardly digest that Holy Gospel, for it is no use to read unless we practise what we know . . . bound up my music books, wrote a story for Cornelia . . . heard Mr. Cockburn preach a very good sermon—text, "if ye were Abraham's children ye wo^d do the works of Abraham."

'25 Nov.—My birthday, 14 years old. I shall soon be considered no longer a child, and must begin to put away childish things. God grant that if I live to this time next year I may have improved in wisdom and in knowledge as I ought . . . Made part of a Muff . . . read French . . . practised my music . . . made my feather Muff.

'9 Dec.—Went to the play, saw Macbeth and the Jovial Tar, very entertaining.

'18 Dec.—Read Law's serious call.

'19.—Went to the play, saw the "Mountaineer" and "Tom Thumb" acted, the latter very droll ; the actors tolerably good.

'25 Dec. (Sunday).—Christmas Day. Gave Jane Pridix a frock, and made her very happy. Went to see old Sarah Piper, found her better.

'28 Dec.—Accounts arrived of a Peace with America. Thank God . . . worked on my muff . . . read part of Robertson's History of America . . . read the "Velvet Cushion," a new publi-

cation, very sweetly written. And now another year is rolled away! I think it has been the happiest I ever remember, probably I may never live to see another. God grant that when I am summoned to the next world I may be found watching.'

From the ensuing pages it will be evident that 'education' eighty years ago would bear very favourable contrast with the so-called education of the present day; nay, we fancy it would not be easy to find a girl in the present day, not only able and desirous of reading the best books of the day, but able to discuss their subjects and give her opinions on them. In those days reading was an end to culture, now it is a means to pass 'an Exam.' The home atmosphere was one of culture, refinement, and intelligence, and the child was only going the way of her surroundings, not being forced or crammed, as is too much the case now. It will ease the anxious minds of many mothers who hear so much of the new disease, 'over pressure,' to learn that this child, who was between the ages of eleven to fourteen, though delicate and often ailing, did not suffer any of the ills we are warned will be the case, but lived to a hearty old age, and died aged eighty-three years.

There follow some extracts from the same lady's diary for 1822, showing her impressions of the author of the 'Christian Year,' when a young man unknown to fame.

'*Tuesday, August 6.*— . . . Employed myself till one in transcribing John Keble's Hymns, which the more I read, the more valuable I find. One gets into the spirit of them so much more by writing them out. And such a spirit as it is! Grant, O Lord, that I may imbibe a portion of it, for surely these poems are not the work of unassisted man. They are a treasure for instruction, for edification, and for meditation. . . . In dear Ethel's last letter to me she was talking upon the subject of Poetry (in answer to some remarks I made when sending Wordsworth to her), and expressed a wish that poetry might be more taken into the service of religion. Here then are her pious wishes accomplished. Here is a man of the highest intellectual gifts and the truest genius for poetry, devoting it all to the advancement of Religion. While occupied in reading and transcribing these poems to-day, I cannot express what my feelings have been. . . .'

Extract from Diary of C. M. C., 1822.

'*August 7.*—Wanted to finish as many as I could of John Keble's hymns . . . hard at work copying them from one o'clock till 5 in the afternoon. I have got a nice little blank book for the purpose, and in order to make it more neat, have printed them instead of my usual handwriting, and though I can do it quickly enough, it is wonderful how much more time it takes. The more I read these hymns, the more I find them to contain. They are a treasure to me, which I shall daily find more valuable, as they will form just that connecting-link in my mind between Poetry and Religion, which I

have so long been wanting clearly *filled* in. A great many of them too are upon subjects on which I have myself thought frequently, and nothing is so delightful as to find one's own ideas clearly understood and expressed by others, and some of the most difficult passages of Scripture he has taken up and explained to me, so as to give me a full understanding of them. In some of them there is a *concentration of thought*, an union of many ideas in one, that is wonderful, and most instructive. In short, I cannot express half the admiration I feel for them, nor the comfort they have afforded me. These are indeed "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs," which must harmonize with those sung by the Angels in Heaven. . . .'

Extract from Diary of C. M. C., 1819.

'September 7.—. . . Took a walk with . . . and Keble by the sea-shore . . . we took leave of Keble with much regret, as he is going to-morrow. He has actually been with us a month, and is become so completely one of the family that we shall miss him very much.

'Wednesday, 8.—Keble went away early. We are all very sorry to lose him, as he is a person that is not to be met with every day. I have heard a great deal of him from George before I saw him, so that it was like meeting an old friend. His manners are singularly simple, shy, and unpolished, though without the least rudeness or roughness, as he is the mildest and quietest person I almost ever saw. He speaks very little, but always seems interested in what is going on, and often says the cleverest and most witty things as if he was not the least aware of it. In his own family I should think he must be more missed when absent than any one else could possibly be; he seems formed for a domestic circle and all the feelings attendant on home. Without making any fuss about it, he seems so interested in every one, and has such a continual quiet cheerfulness about him, that I cannot imagine how his father and mother, brother and sisters, can do without him. But it is his religious character which has struck me more than anything else, as it is indeed that from which everything else proceeds. I never saw any one who came up so completely to my ideas of a religious man as Keble, and yet I never saw any one who made so little *display* of it (I use this word for want of a better at present); he seems to me an union of Hooker and George Herbert—the *humility* of one with the feeling and *love* of the other. In short, altogether he is a man whom the more you see of and know, the less you must think of yourself; therefore it would be impossible to see and know too much of him. How delightful it must have been for George, and is still, to have such a friend! I would have given the world to have been able to converse with him on many subjects of great interest to me, more especially on Religious subjects, because he seemed to think on them better than any one I ever saw; but my habits of reserve appear invincible. . . .'

THE BALLAD OF THE CHORISTER BOY.

THREE men of God, all weary grown
With this world's evil ways,
Sought where, untroubled and unknown,
To end in peace their days.

And in a little hut they dwelt,
Content with frugal fare;
And at the Church's hours they knelt
In holy praise and prayer.

But chiefly strove they night and morn,
Within their woodland cell,
To chant with voices weak and worn
The Psalms they loved so well.

And Angels caught each faltered word
And rang it out above,
For underneath they ever heard
The heart's loud chant of love.

And birds sang in the branches high,
And bluebells on the sod;
And a little river running by
Made music unto God.

But oft these men of God would sigh
They nevermore might hear,
Through arching aisle and transept high,
The choir all singing clear.

And 'Oh,' they said, 'what bliss it were
If only, when we pray,
Some little sweet-voiced chorister
Might chant for us each day!'

It chanced one day at evening's glow,
When summer hours were long,
Ere yet with faltering voice and low
They'd sung their Evensong,

A little boy with weary feet
Before their threshold stood,
And for God's love, with reverence meet,
Craved of them rest and food.

‘Thou’rt welcome to the board and bed
With which we live content;
But whence art thou?’ the old men said,
‘And whither art thou bent?’

‘Good fathers, far my journey here,
And far my home yet lies;
I haste to see a mother dear
Once more before she dies.

‘For in a distant town I dwell,
And there each morn and night,
When sounds the holy church’s bell,
I sing in robes of white.’

And at their Evensong he sang,
With voice so sweet and true;
And loud his chanting swelled and rang
The echoing woodlands through.

And, wrapped in silent joy, the three
Sat by with ravished ear,
And marvelled such sweet minstrelsy
’Twas theirs once more to hear.

And birds within the leafy trees,
And bluebells on the sod,
And the river and the evening breeze
Made music unto God.

And through the forest stems all red
The slanting sunset lay:—
The peace of God (one might have said)
Was resting there that day.

But lo! when all the orange glow
Between the trees was gone,
Nought but the little river’s flow
Still chanting on and on,

To one of those old men that night
A vision strange was sent;
An Angel clad in robes of light
Stood by, with gaze intent.

And as he trembled to behold
That look so grave and stern,
The Angel straight his message told;
’Twas this he came to learn:—

What spell had stayed their chant of love,
And why, alone that even,
No voice of praise upborne above
Was heard by God in heaven.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

ARE unprofessional and amateur methods of gaining money for good objects desirable or not?

Chelsea China must begin this discussion by owning that she is so much occupied by 'amateur methods of gaining money,' that this more professional one has to come off second best. She hopes her correspondents will appreciate her honesty, whatever they may think of her impartiality, in this discussion. She will endeavour, however, to keep her theories entirely uninfluenced by her practice.

The debate is a good one; both sides being vigorously stated, opinion on the whole inclining against the efforts of the amateur.

Chelsea China would remark, that as the amount of self-denial involved forms the value of any offering, because it indicates the amount of love bestowed on the object; it is well to remember that to give time and skill often involves as much self-denial as to give money. It is never easy to give your most and your best. If you act, sing, sew, sell, or still more *manage* and *organise* as well as you possibly can, I think most people with practical experience will own that you get enough trouble and worry to tone down the pleasure of exercising your talents, or of being praised for your success.

If you do not, or if you consider the matter from the point of view of the spectator at an entertainment, or the buyer at a bazaar, and if the enjoyment of these latter is so great as to preclude self-denial, no one of course would regard him or herself, as making a meritorious offering. But is this participation in the efforts of others so undesirable as to be otherwise than a good thing in its way? Is it not, like so many other things, a question of circumstance and degree as to how far it is well so to give or gain money for a good object? Is not a little of the sort of thing all very well for a place or person—and very much of it rather the reverse of well?

Of course it need hardly be stated that any want of good temper, honesty, and propriety is indefensible. Perhaps a large amount of folly in connection with work for good objects is also to be deprecated. Each person must judge for herself if any amateur methods of gaining money, and, if any, which, can be kept free from these evils.

She will not find that the evils can be avoided without denial, even of gain, and certainly of amusement. For undesirable methods are gainful, very amusing to some, and very aggravating to others. But there is a distinction in good objects, to which less attention has been called than Chelsea China expected. All these methods are secular,

some may well be called worldly. Therefore, however fit they may be to be used in the service of man, is it seemly to offer them to the direct service of God? Is such an offering, as has been said in a sermon, a consecration of our talents and of all our other gains, a giving of the first fruits? Is it selfish to hold it back? Or is a debt on Church building better than a bazaar, and do the associations of concerts and theatricals bring their object into disrepute? Surely we must abstain from judging others; and for ourselves, never count as 'an offering to the Lord our God' that which does *really* 'cost us nothing,' even if we regard it as a kindly and innocent way of obliging our friends, and of helping something useful. Probably also local public opinion should be taken into consideration. Chelsea China did not mean to confine 'good' objects to charitable ones, and *Spermologos* shows the matter from another point of view.

Spermologos.—I do not know what ought to be said on this question, or whether my own intense dislike to the prevailing forms of getting money by pastimes and competitions is taste or principle.

'The Love of Money is the root of all evil'—and it seems to me to spoil and degrade our amusements to make them means of gain, even for good objects.

What is the reason that gambling is an evil? If we get beyond expediency, we shall see that the mischief grows from the same root—the love of acquisition in play and with uncertainty about it.

A prize as a testimony of success is all very well, but that is not a monetary transaction. We should be shocked to hear of a man betting that he might use the proceeds in Church building, because we should feel that such gain could not be 'holiness unto the Lord.' Of course there are adjuncts in the above case that make the further mischief; but when we avowedly use a sport of ingenuity that is charming for a winter evening, or to occupy an invalid, deliberately to compete against unknown persons for the chance of getting a money prize 'for a good purpose,' it seems to me to smack of the same flavour. At the same time, I know there are many young people who long for a little money entirely their own. I do not wish to be hard on them, in the exercise of ingenuity or even of misspent toil, and I do not *really* know if my distaste is not an old-fashioned feeling that such eagerness for gain, that we cannot even play or compete without the stimulus, is a mean, unworthy feeling.

Money gained by honest toil, and producing money's worth by work, art, music, writing, or the like, is quite another thing. No one need be ashamed of that, and we may look for a blessing on it, provided it is *honestly* gained, not as an excuse for begging, and there be none of the well-known evils connected with bazaars in disposing of it.

Perplexed feels the perplexity strongly—the numbers of people who rejoice to help with their fingers, and the fear of underselling workers for their livelihood, and can hardly decide between the two.

Titania says, Yes; if people are strictly honest, and don't waste their time.

A Learner thinks 'amateur methods' desirable, because they enable girls to exercise their talents, as well as serve a good purpose, and dislikes them when no talent is involved.

Dorothea thinks bazaars and concerts are admissible, but not the best, methods of gaining money for charity, and objects to word competitions.

Bluebottle very strongly sees the unreality of professing to go to amusements, only for their good object. (She is, however, mistaken in supposing that bazaars do *not* raise money.)

Ithuriel thinks no blessing can rest on the 'undisguised pleasure-seeking of concerts, theatricals, or even of harmless word competitions.'

Lamda says, with much truth, that directly one begins to write against a subject, the other side is certain to crop up. She sees arguments for the methods, 'but she does not like them, and feels that they involve much temptation.'

Magpie feels strongly the fear of injuring professional efforts, but are they not *aided* by exciting interest in their several lines? but does not seem to see much against the efforts in themselves, regarding them as perhaps a lawful way of getting unwilling people to open their purses.

Arnaud condemns without reserve, saying 'work which fosters pride in poor workmanship; which takes employment from one person to give to another; which helps to vitiate the public artistic taste, and increase the popular love for useless trifles; which tends to strengthen the human love of visible and speedy result of labour—such work, whatever its object, is bad.'

And how can Chelsea China conclude the debate, but by saying that though in this world of 'imperfect instruments,' imperfect and roundabout methods have many compensations; yet, that in a philanthropic and ecclesiastical world, where money was plentiful and people were not obliged to use 'amateur efforts of gaining it;' such an atmosphere of calm and leisure would prevail, that the 'good objects' would surely gain from the amount of released energy that could be expended on them.

SUBJECT FOR FEBRUARY.

Is reading or writing novels favourable to the development of a fine character or not? Suggested by Titania.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE LAST DEBATE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

It has struck me that the chief cause which keeps young women at home making no use of their lives, has not been mentioned by the

debaters. I mean their dislike to being *tied*, whether at home or away, by having definite work to do which must be done. I think that often where there are two or more sisters, one could easily be spared to fulfil her vocation away from home if the home sister would consent to look upon her home duties as a man looks upon his profession—as something of which the tie is not a grievance, but a proof that she is in her right place, with her own duties to fulfil. A man does not think himself ill-used because he cannot get away from his work whenever he has a pleasant invitation, nor does any woman who has any work to do, whether as a wife, a nurse, a teacher, or a mission-worker. Though of course it is very desirable for young girls to see something of the world, and though it is very pleasant for mature women to do the same when they are at an age to dispense with chaperonage; yet it would be well for women past their earliest youth to ask themselves whether the fact of their not feeling or wishing to feel tied by their duties is not a proof that their duties are either not worth doing, or else perfunctorily done; and to be very careful that their desire for freedom may not fetter others, who might give themselves to a useful career, but for the home girl's aversion to the small sacrifices entailed by being tied by home duties.

X. Y. Z.

The prize tale in the Christmas Number is decided to be 'Patent Matches.'

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

November Class List.

First Class.

Moonraker	40
Speranza	39
Water-wagtail }	37
Bluebell }	
Kettle }	36
Eva }	
Bladud }	
Vorwärts }	
Marion }	

Second Class.

Fidelia	27	Philomela	23
Apia	}	Donna Pia	}
Trop-ne-vad		Carlotta	
Taffy		26	
Deryn			
σκέπτομαι			

Third Class. None.

REMARKS.

41. A sketch of the rise of the Theban supremacy should comprise the following points: (1) the Olynthian War, which brought Phœbidas the Spartan through Boœtia; (2) the treacherous seizure of the Cadmea by that general; (3) the recovery of the Cadmea by Pelopidas; (4) the bold claim made by Epaminondas on behalf of Thebes, at the Peace of Callias; (5) the victory of Leuctra; (6) the headship of Greece assigned by Persia to Thebes, B.C. 366.

Emu and Charissa omit the seizure of the Cadmea; Jackanapes omits its recovery; Midge and Fidelia omit the Battle of Leuctra; and σκέπτομαι omits the Peace of Callias.

42. The two most important events of the first invasion of Peloponnesus by Epaminondas were the foundation of Megalopolis, as the capital of the Arcadian Confederacy, and of the restored Messene on the historic site of Mount Ithome, B.C. 370.

Jackanapes, Eva, and Taffy omit Megalopolis; Vorwärts, Lisle, and Fieldfare omit both Megalopolis and Messene.

Midge: it was from 'forty townships,' not 'forty families,' that Epaminondas collected citizens for the new Arcadian city.

The second invasion, which took place in the following year, is passed over altogether by Deryn and others; and is mistaken by Philomela and Apia for the fourth (B.C. 362).

Water-wagtail: the little town of Phlius, which we remember as one of the ancient Dorian States, acquired by the sons of Temenus, did not surrender to the Thebans, but remained faithful to the Lacedæmonian alliance.

43. The true subject of this question was that Battle of Mantinea, in which Epaminondas fell (B.C. 362), and which counts as the third, if we reckon as second the one recorded by Plutarch and Pausanias, B.C. 385 (see Thirlwall's 'Greece,' ch. xxxvii.)—a view of the meaning of the question judiciously taken by Jackanapes, Fieldfare, Midge, Deryn, Lisle, Vorwärts, Marion, Lia, Emu, Speranza, Cherry Ripe, Apathy, Bluebell, Kettle, Moonraker, Water-wagtail. But since this battle appears as the second of the name in the 'Student's Greece,' while Philopœmen's victory (B.C. 207) is called 'the third,' Clio thinks it will be only fair to accept answers written on this latter supposition as correct also. 'Who shall decide, when doctores disagree?'

44. Jackanapes, Taffy, Deryn: no life of Timoleon, however 'short,' ought to exclude all notice of Dionysius the Younger, tyrant of Syracuse, who ended his days as a schoolmaster at Corinth. Lisle points out the discrepancy between the two accounts of the events connected with the assassination of Timoleon's brother Timophanes, given by Plutarch and Diodorus, the former placing them twenty years earlier than the latter; Grote prefers Plutarch's version of the matter, as being the more probable of the two.

THE HISTORY OF ROME.

Questions for February.

5. State the causes and results of the First Secession of the Plebeians.

6. Relate the Legend of Coriolanus and the Volscians.

7. What was the professed object of the institution of the Decemvirate? and to what extent was it accomplished?

8. Write short notes on the following political terms: Populus, Potestas, Intercessio, Privilegium, Imperium.

Notices to Correspondents.

To the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet.'

HENRY BAZELY.

Mr. Geoghegan is too hasty, and perhaps I was too careless in my expression. I did not state that 'the work of Mr. Maurice and Mr. Robertson was carried on apart from the regular constitution and visible ministry of the Church.' But what I predicated of Bazely's work and Mr. Spurgeon's, I ventured to assert was the case 'to a considerable extent,' even with the teaching of 'men so remarkable' as Maurice and Robertson, neither of whom, in my opinion, has produced so lasting an impression on his age as might have been expected from his unquestioned abilities and earnestness.

I rejoice to be assured that institutions of which 'F. D. M.' was a founder, continue to flourish, and am sorry that I should have seemed to your correspondent to have disparaged men from both of whom I have been glad to learn.

W. W.

M.—Caucus is an Americanism, said to be abbreviated from *Calker's meeting*. Before the great American War of Independance broke out, there was a fray at Boston between some English soldiers and American rope-makers or calkers, whence meetings of the revolutionary party took the name.

Delia.—Hymn (A. and M.) 116 is by Bishop Maclagan. The *Lyra Innocentium* was published in 1846.

Alpha asks the author of the lines—

'I lay my body down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.'

The Editor always believed them to have been handed down from time immemorial by pious mothers, the author unknown.

J. E. C.—In the 'Elixir' ('The Temple'), George Herbert's poems, p. 197, ed. Pickering, 1835.

M. would be very glad to know if it is possible to procure a copy

of an old book on natural history called 'Charlie's Discoveries;' also of a recent book for mothers' meetings, called 'Sketches of Working Women.'

Can you tell me the author of the enclosed lines? They were quoted of an American Bishop at the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, in 1867, taken down by a listener, and have lately been quoted again in a sermon.

'Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
Waiting his time till at God's command
His life's dream should pass o'er him.

He carved that dream in the shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
That angel dream he had made his own,
His own that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the time till at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.

If we carve that dream on the shapeless soul
With many a sharp incision,
That angel dream we have made our own,
Our own that angel's vision.'

CONSTANT READER.

Can you ascertain for me, through the 'Monthly Packet,' the continuation of some lines beginning—

'We may not kindle at our will.'

They were quoted by Father Black in the concluding address of a Retreat held by him at Lloyd Square in October.

F. E. C.

E. M. B.—'Emilia Wyndham,' and many other novels of excellent tone, were by Mrs. Marsh.

Torfrida wishes for a copy of a poem by A. R. Cousin, containing the words—

'Bootless is all bright store of glory and gold,
And the pilgrim feels a pining that ne'er may be told.'

She also asks in which of Dr. Neale's books occurs the hymn containing the lines—

'In the place He was buried
There was found a garden nigh.'

Chiara.—

'My soul is in my hand,
I have no fear,'

is from the 'Dream of Gerontius,' by Cardinal Newman.

'Little Servant Maids' is not by Miss Elizabeth Sewell, but by Mrs. Sewell. It was published by the S. P. C. K., and unfortunately is out of print. *G. F. S.* should petition for a reprint.

Katinka.—Send your address to Mrs. King, Barton Place, Bury-St.-Edmunds. She will lend you 'The Governess, or the Little French Academy,' if you will pay postage both ways.

Miss Stevenson, St. George's Square, Worcester, would be very much obliged if any one could lend her a poem called 'Queen Isabel,' by S. M.

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1887.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

If Fergus had not yet discovered the secret of perpetual motion, Gillian felt as if Aunt Jane had done so, and moreover that the greater proportion of parish matters were one vast machine, of which she was the moving power.

As she was a small spare woman, able to do with a very moderate amount of sleep, her day lasted from six A.M. to some unnamed time after midnight, and as she was also very methodical, she got through an appalling amount of business, and with such regularity that those who knew her habits, could tell with tolerable certainty, within reasonable limits, where she would be found and what she would be doing at any hour of the seven days of the week. Everything she influenced seemed to recur as regularly as the motions of the great ruthless-looking engines that Gillian had seen at work at Belfast; the only loose cog being apparently her sister Adeline, who quietly took her own way, seldom came downstairs before eleven o'clock, went out and came in, made visits or received them, wrote letters, read and worked at her own sweet will. Only two undertakings seemed to belong to her, a mission-working party, and an Italian class of young ladies, and even the presidency of these often lapsed upon her sister, when she had had one of those 'bad nights' of asthma, which were equally sleepless to both sisters. She was principally useful by her exquisite needlework, both in church embroidery and for sales; and likewise as the recipient of all the messages left for Miss Mohun, which she never forgot, besides that having a clear sensible head, she was useful in consultation.

She was thoroughly interested in all her sister's doings, and always spoke of herself as the invalid, precluded from all service except that of being a pivot for Jane, the stationary leg of the compasses, as she

sometimes called herself. This repose, together with her prettiness and sweetness of manner, was very attractive; especially to Gillian, who had begun to feel herself in the grip of the great engine which bore her along without power of independent volition, and with very little time for 'Hilda's Experiences.'

At home she had gone on harmoniously in full acquiescence with household arrangements, but before the end of the week, the very same sensations came over her which had impelled her and Jasper into rebellion and disgrace, during the brief reign of a very strict daily governess, long ago at Dublin. Her reason and sense approved of all that was set before her, and much of it was pleasant and amusing; but this was the more provoking by depriving her of the chance of resistance or the solace of complaint. Moreover, with all her time at Aunt Jane's disposal, how was she to do 'her great thing?' Valetta's crewel battle cushion had been reduced to a delicious design of the battle of the frogs and mice, drawn by Aunt Ada, and which she delighted in calling at full length 'the Batrachyomachia,' sparing none of the syllables which she was to work below. And it *was* to be worked at regularly for half an hour before bed-time. Trust Aunt Jane for seeing that any one under her dominion did what had been undertaken! Only thus the spontaneity seemed to have departed, and the work became a task. Fergus meanwhile had set his affections on a big Japanese top he had seen in a window, and was eagerly awaiting his weekly threepence, to be able to complete the purchase, though no one but Valetta was supposed to understand what it had to do with his 'great thing.'

It was quite pleasant to Gillian to have a legitimate cause of opposition when Miss Mohun made known that she intended Gillian to take a class at the afternoon Sunday-school, while the two children went to Mrs. Hablot's drawing-room class at St. Andrew's Vicarage, all meeting afterwards at church.

'Did mamma wish it?' asked Gillian.

'There was no time to mention it; but I knew she would.'

'I don't think so,' said Gillian. 'We don't teach on Sundays, unless some regular person fails. Mamma likes to have us all at home to do our Sunday work with her.'

'Alas, I am not mamma! Nor could I give you the time.'

'I have brought the books to go on with Val and Ferg. I always do some of their work with them, and I am sure mamma would not wish them to be turned over to a stranger.'

'The fact is that young ladies have got beyond Sunday-schools!'

'No, no, Jane,' said her sister; 'Gillian is quite willing to help you; but it is very nice in her to wish to take charge of the children.'

'They would be much better with Mrs. Hablot than dawdling about here and amusing themselves in the new Sunday fashion. Mind, I am not going to have them racketing about the house and garden, disturbing you, and worrying the maids.'

'Aunt Jane!' cried Gillian, indignantly, 'you don't think that is the way mamma brought us up to spend Sunday?'

'We shall see,' said Aunt Jane; then more kindly, 'My dear, you are right to use your best judgment, and you are welcome to do so, as long as the children are orderly and learn what they ought.'

It was more of a concession than Gillian expected, though she little knew the effort it cost, since Miss Mohun had been at much pains to set Mrs. Hablot's class on foot, and felt it a slight, and a bad example that her niece and nephew should be defaulters. The motive might have worked on Gillian, but it was a lower one, therefore not mentioned.

She had seen Mrs. Hablot at the Italian class, and thought her a mere girl, and an absolute subject of Aunt Jane's, stumbling pitifully, moreover, in a speech of Adelchi's, therefore evidently not at all likely to teach Sunday subjects half so well as herself!

Nor was there anything amiss on that first Sunday. The lessons were as well and quietly gone through as if with mamma, and there was a pleasant little walk on the esplanade before the children's service at St. Andrew's; after which there was a delightful introduction to some of the old books mamma had told them of.

They were all rather subdued by the strangeness and newness of their surroundings, as well as by anxiety. If the younger ones were less anxious about their parents than was their sister, each had a plunge to make on the morrow into a very new world, and the Varleys' information had not been altogether reassuring. Valetta had learnt how many marks might be lost by whispering or bad spelling, and how ferociously cross Fräulein Adler looked at a mistake in a German verb; while Fergus had heard a dreadful account of the ordeals to which Burfield and Stebbing made new boys submit, and which would be all the worse for him, because he had a 'rum' Christian name, and his father was a swell.

Gillian had some experience through her elder brothers, and suspected Master Varley of being guilty of heightening the horrors; so she assured Fergus that most boys had the same sort of Christian names, but were afraid to confess them to one another, and so called each other Bill and Jack. She advised him to call himself by his surname, not to mention his father's title if he could help it, and above all not to seem to mind anything.

Her own spirits were much exhilarated the next morning by a note from Harry, the recipient of all telegrams, with tidings that the doctors were quite satisfied with Sir Jasper, and that Lady Merrifield had reached Brindisi.

There was great excitement at sight of a wet morning, for it appeared that an omnibus came round on such occasions to pick up the scholars; and Valetta thought this so delightful that she danced about, exclaiming: 'What fun!' and only wishing for Mysie to share it. She would have rushed down to the gate umbrellaless if Aunt Jane had

not caught and conducted her, while Gillian followed with Fergus. Aunt Jane looked down the vista of young faces—five girls and three boys—nodding to them, and saying to the senior, a tall damsel of fifteen—

‘Here are my children, Emma. You will take care of them, please. You are keeping order here, I suppose?’

There was a smile and bow in answer as the door closed, and the omnibus jerked away its ponderous length.

‘I’m sorry to see that Stebbing there,’ observed the aunt, as she went back; ‘but Emma Norton ought to be able to keep him in order. It is well you have no lessons out of the house to-day, Gillian.’

‘Are you going out then?’

‘Oh yes!’ said Miss Mohun, running upstairs, and presently coming back with a school-bag and a crackling waterproof cloak, but pausing as she saw Gillian at the window, nursing the Sófy, and gazing at the grey cloud over the grey sea. ‘You are not at a loss for something to do,’ she said; ‘you said you meant to write to your mother.’

‘Oh yes!’ said Gillian, suddenly fretted, and with a sense of being hunted, ‘I have plenty to do.’

‘I see,’ said Miss Mohun, turning over the books that lay on the little table that had been appropriated to her niece, in a way that unreasonably or not unspeakably worried the girl, ‘Brachet’s French Grammar—that’s right. Colenso’s Algebra—I don’t think they use that at the High School. Julius Cæsar—you should read that up in Merivale.’

‘I did,’ said Gillian, in a voice that very nearly said, ‘do let them alone.’

‘Well, you have materials for a very useful, sensible morning’s work, and when Ada comes down, very likely she will like to be read to.’

Off went the aunt, leaving the niece stirred into an absolute desire instead of spending the sensible morning to take up ‘Near Neighbours,’ and throw herself into an easy chair; and when she had conscientiously resisted that temptation, her pen would hover over ‘Hilda’s Experiences,’ even when she had actually written ‘Dearest Mamma.’ She found she was in no frame to write such a letter as would be a comfort to her mother, so she gave that up, and made her sole assertion of liberty the working out of a tough double equation in Colenso, which actually came right, and put her in such good-humour that she was no longer afraid of drumming the poor piano to death and Aunt Ada upstairs to distraction, but ventured on learning one of the *Lieder ohne Worte*; and when her Aunt Ada came down and complimented her on the sounds that had ascended, she was complacent enough to write a very cheerful letter, whilst her aunt was busied with her own. She described the Sunday-school question that had arisen, and felt sure that her father would pronounce his Gill to be a sensible young woman. Afterwards Miss Adeline betook herself to a

beautiful lily of Church embroidery, observing, as Gillian sat down to read to her Alphonso Karr's *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, that it was a real pleasure to listen to such prettily pronounced French. Kunz lay at her feet, the Sofy nestled in Gillian's lap, and there was a general sense of being rubbed down the right way.

By-and-by there loomed through the rain two dripping shiny forms under umbrellas strongly inclined to fly away from them, Miss Mohun and Mr. Grant, the junior curate, whom she had brought home to luncheon. Both were full of the irregularities of the two Churches of Bellevue and St. Kenelm's on the recent harvest thanksgiving Sunday. It was hard to tell which was most reprobated, what St. Kenelm's did or what Bellevue did not do. If the one blew trumpets in procession, the other collected the offertory in a warming-pan. Gillian had already begun to find that these misdoings supplied much conversation at Beechcroft cottage, and began to get half weary, half curious to judge for herself of all these enormities; nor did she feel more interested in the discussion of who had missed church or school, and who needed tickets for meat, or to be stirred up to pay for their coal club.

At last she heard, 'Well, I think you might read to her, Gillian! Oh! were not you listening? A very nice girl, near here, a pupil teacher, who has developed hip complaint, poor child. She will enjoy having visits from you, a young thing like herself.'

Gillian did not like it at all, but she knew that it would be wrong to refuse, and answered, 'Very well,' with no alacrity—hoping that it was not an immediate matter, and that something might happen to prevent it. But at that moment the sun came out, the rain had ceased, and there were glistening drops all over the garden, the weather quarter was clear, and after half an hour's rest after dinner, Aunt Jane jumped up, decreeing that it was time to go out, and that she would introduce Gillian to Lilian Giles before going on to the rest of her district.

She gathered a few delicate flowers in the little conservatory, and put them in a basket with a peach from the dessert, then took down a couple of books from the shelf. Gillian could not but acquiesce, though she was surprised to find that the one given to her was a translation of *Undine*.

'The child is not badly off,' explained Miss Mohun. 'Her father is a superior workman. She does not exactly want comforts, but she is sadly depressed and disappointed at not being able to go on with her work, and the great need is to keep her from fretting over her troubles, and interested in something.'

Gillian began to think of one of the graceful hectic invalids of whom she had read, and to grow more interested as she followed Aunt Jane past the old church with the stout square steeple, constructed to hold, on a small side turret window, a light for the benefit of ships at sea. Then the street descended towards the marble works. There

was a great quarry, all red and raw with recent blasting, and above, below, and around, rows of new little stuccoed-slatted houses, for the work-people; and a large range of workshops and offices fronting the sea. This was Miss Mohun's district, and at a better-looking house she stopped, and used the knocker.

That was no distinction, all had doors with knockers and sash windows, but this was a little larger, and the tiny strip of garden was well kept, while a beautiful myrtle and pelargonium peeped over the muslin blind; and it was a very nice-looking woman who opened the door, though she might have been the better for a cap. Aunt Jane shook hands with her, rather to Gillian's surprise, and heard that Lily was much the same.

'It is her spirits are so bad, you see, Miss Mohun,' she added, as she ushered them into a somewhat stuffy little parlour, carpeted and bedecked with all manner of knick-knacks, photographs, and framed certificates of various societies of temperance and providence on the gaily-papered walls. The girl lay on a couch near the fire, a sallow creature, with a big overhanging brow, made heavier by a dark fringe, and an expression that Gillian not unjustly decided was fretful, though she smiled, and lighted up a little when she saw Miss Mohun.

There was a good deal said about her bad nights, and her appetite, and how the doctor wanted her to take as much as she could, and how everything went against her—even lardy cake and roly-poly pudding with bacon in it!

Miss Mohun put the flowers on the little table near the girl, who smiled a little, and thanked her in a languid dreary manner. Finding that she had freshly been visited by the Rector, Miss Mohun would not stop for any serious reading, but would leave Miss Merrifield to read a story to her.

'And you ought to get on together,' she said, smiling. 'You are just about the same age, and your names rhyme—Gillian and Lilian. And Gillian's mother is a Lily too.'

This the young lady did not like, for she was already feeling it a sort of presumption in the girl to bear a name so nearly resembling her mother's. She had seen a little cottage poverty, and had had a class of little maid-servants, but this level of life which is in no want, keeps a best parlour, and does not say ma'am, was quite new to her, and she did not fancy it. When the girls were left together, while Mrs. Giles returned to her ironing, Gillian was the shyer of the two, and began rather awkwardly and reluctantly.

'Miss Mohun thought you would like to hear this. It is a sort of German fairy tale.'

Lilian said, 'Yes, Miss Merrifield,' in a short dry tone, completing Gillian's distaste, and she began to read, not quite at her best, and was heartily glad when, at the end of half an hour, Mrs. Giles was heard in parley with another visitor, so that she had an excuse for going away without attempting conversation. She was overtaken by

the children on their way home from their schools, where they had dined. They rushed upon her, together with the two Varleys, who wanted to take them home to tea, and Gillian giving her ready consent, Fergus dashed home to fetch his beloved humming-top, which was to be introduced to Clement Varley's pump, and in a few minutes they were off, hardly vouchsafing an answer to such comparatively trifling enquiries as how they were placed at their schools.

Gillian found, however, that neither of her aunts was pleased at her having consented to the children's going out without reference to their authority. How did she suppose they were to come home?

'I did not think; can't they be fetched,' said Gillian, startled.

'It is not far,' said Adeline, pitying her. 'One of the maids.'

'My dear Ada!' exclaimed Aunt Jane. 'You know that Fanny cannot go out at night with her throat, and I never *will* send out those young girls on any account.'

'Can't I go?' said Gillian, desperately.

'Are not you a young girl? I must go myself.'

And go she did at a quarter to eight, and brought home the children, looking much injured. Gillian went upstairs with them, and there was an outburst.

'It was horrid to be fetched home so soon, just as there was a chance of something nice; when all the tiresome big ones had gone to dress, and we could have had some real fun,' said Valetta.

'Real fun! Real sense!' said Fergus.

'But what had you been about all this time?'

'Why, their sisters and a man that was there *would* come and drink tea in the nursery, where nobody wanted them, and make us play their play.'

'Wasn't that nice. You are always crying out for Harry and me to come and play with you.'

'Oh, it wasn't like that,' said Val; 'you play with us, and they only pretended, and played with each other. It wasn't nice.'

'Clem said it was—forking,' said Fergus.

'No, spooning,' said Val. 'The dish ran after the spoon, you know.'

'Well, but you haven't told me about the schools,' said Gillian, in elder sisterly propriety, thinking the subject had better be abandoned.

'Jolly, jolly, scrumptious' cried Fergus.

'Oh! Fergus, mamma doesn't like slang words. Jasper doesn't say them.'

'Not at home, but men say what they like at school, and the bus was scrumptious and splendiferous!'

'I'm sure it wasn't,' said Valetta; 'I can't bear being boxed up with horrid rude boys.'

'Because you are only a girl!'

'Now, Gill, they shot with——'

'Val, if you tell——'

‘Telling Gill isn’t telling. Is it, Gill?’

She assented.

‘They did, Gill. They shot at us with pea-shooters,’ sighed the girl.

‘Oh! it was jolly, jolly, jolly!’ cried the boy. ‘Stebbing hit the girl who made the sour face on her cheeks, and they all squealed, and the cad looked in and tried to jaw us.’

‘But that dreadful boy shot right into his mouth,’ said Val, while Fergus went into an ecstasy of laughter. ‘Wasn’t it a shame, Gill?’

‘Indeed, it was,’ said Gillian. ‘Such ungentlemanly boys ought not to be allowed in the omnibus.’

‘Girls shouldn’t be allowed in the bus, they are so stupid,’ said Fergus. ‘That one—as cross as old Halfpenny—who was she, Val?’

‘Emma Norton! Up in the highest form!’

‘Well, she is a prig, and a tell-tale-tit besides; only Stebbing said if she did, her junior would catch it.’

‘What a dreadful bully he must be!’ exclaimed Gillian.

‘I’ll tell you what,’ said Fergus, in a tone of profound admiration, ‘no one can hold a candle to him at batting! He snow-balled all the Kennel choir into fits, and he can brosier old Tilly’s stall, and go on just the same.’

‘What a greedy boy!’ exclaimed Val.

‘Disgusting,’ added Gillian.

‘You’re girls,’ responded Fergus, lengthening the syllable with infinite contempt; but Valetta had spirit enough to reply, ‘Much better be a girl than rude and greedy.’

‘Exactly,’ said Gillian, ‘it is only little silly boys who think such things fine. Claude doesn’t, nor Harry, nor Japs.’

‘You know nothing about it,’ said Fergus.

‘Well, but you’ve never told me about school, how you are placed, and whom you are under.’

‘Oh! I’m in middle form, under Miss Edgar. Disgusting. Its only the third form that go up to Smiler. She knows it is no use to try to take Stebbing and Burfield.’

‘And, Gill,’ added Val, ‘I’m in second class too, and I took three places for knowing where Teheran was, and Kitty Varley is one. And the other is a girl there two years older than I am, and her name is Maura.’

‘Maura, how very odd! I never heard of any one called Maura, but one of the Whites,’ said Gillian. ‘What was her surname?’

This Valetta could not tell, and at the moment Mrs. Mount came up with intent to brush Miss Valetta’s hair, and to expedite the going to bed.

Gillian, not very happy about the revelations she had heard, went downstairs, and found her younger aunt alone, Miss Mohun having been summoned to a conference with one of her clients in the parish room. In her absence, Gillian always felt more free and communicative, and she had soon told whatever she did not feel as a sort of

confidence, including Valetta's derivation of spooning, and when Miss Mohun returned, it was repeated to her.

'Yes,' was her comment, 'children's play is a convenient cover to the present form of flirtation. No doubt Bee Varley and Mr. Marlowe believe themselves to have been most good-natured.'

'Who is he, and will it come to anything?' asked Aunt Ada, taking her sister's information for granted.

'Oh no, it is nothing. A civil service man, second cousin's brother-in-law's step-son. That's quite enough in these days to justify fraternal romping.'

'I thought Beatrice Varley a nice girl.'

'So she is, my dear. It is only the spirit of the age, and after all, this deponent saith not which was the dish and which was the spoon. Have the children made any other acquaintances, I wonder. And how did George Stebbing comport himself in the omnibus? I was sorry to see him there; I don't trust that boy.'

'I wonder they didn't send him in solitary grandeur in the brougham,' said Miss Ada.

Gillian held the history of the pea-shooting as a confidence, even though Aunt Jane seemed to have been able to see through the omnibus, so she contented herself with asking who George Stebbing was.

'The son of the manager of the marble works; partner, I believe.'

'Yes,' said Aunt Ada, 'the Co. means Stebbing primarily.'

'Is he a gentleman?'

'Well, as much as old Mr. White himself, I suppose. He is come up here—more's the pity—to the aristocratic quarter, if you please,' said Aunt Jane, smiling; 'and if garden parties are not over, Mr. Stebbing may show you what they *can* be.'

'That boy ought to be at a public school,' said her sister. 'I hope he doesn't bully poor little Fergus.'

'I don't think he does,' said Gillian. 'Fergus seemed rather to admire him.'

'I had rather hear of bullying than patronage in that quarter,' said Miss Mohun. 'But, Gillian, we must impress on the children that they are to go to no one's house without express leave. That will avoid offence, and I should prefer their enjoying the society of even the Varleys in this house.'

Did Aunt Jane repent of her decision on the Thursday half-holiday granted to Mrs. Edgar's pupils, when in the midst of the working party, round the dining-room table, in a pause of the reading, some one said, 'What's that'—and a humming, accompanied by a drip, drop, drip, drop, became audible.

Up jumped Miss Mohun, and so did Gillian, half in consternation, half to shield the boy from her wrath. In a few moments they beheld a puddle on the mat at the bottom of the oak stairs, while a stream was descending somewhat as the water comes down at Lodore, while Fergus's voice could be heard above—

‘Don’t, Varley. You see how it will act. The string of the humming-top moves the pump handle, and that spins. Oh!’

‘Master Fergus! Oh—h, you bad boy!’

The shriek was caused by the avenging furies who had rushed up the back stairs just as Miss Mohun had darted up the front, so as to behold, on the landing between the two, the boys, one spinning the top, the other working the pump, which stood in its own trough of water, receiving a reckless supply from the tap in the passage. The maids’ scream of ‘What will your aunt say?’ was answered by her appearance, and rush to turn the cock.

‘Don’t, don’t, Aunt Jane,’ shouted Fergus; ‘I’ve almost done it! Perpetual motion.’ He seemed quite unconscious that the motion was kept up by his own hands, and even dismay could not turn him from being triumphant.

‘Oh! Miss Jane,’ cried Mrs. Mount, ‘if I had thought what they boys was after.’

‘Mop it up, Alice,’ said Aunt Jane to the younger girl. ‘No, don’t come up, Ada, it is too wet for you. It is only a misdirected experiment in hydraulics.’

‘I told him not,’ said Clement Varley, thinking affairs serious.

‘Fergus, I am shocked at you,’ said Gillian, sternly. ‘You are frightfully wet. You must be sent to bed.’

‘You must go and change,’ said Aunt Jane, preventing the howl about to break forth. ‘My dear boy, that tap must be let alone. We can’t have cataracts on the stairs.’

‘I didn’t mean it, Aunt Jane; I thought it was an invention,’ said Fergus.

‘I know; but another time come and ask me where to try your experiments. Go and take off those clothes; and you, Clement, you are soaking too. Run home at once.’

Gillian much scandalised, broke out—

‘It is very naughty. At home, he would be sent to bed at once.’

‘I am not Mrs. Halfpenny, Gillian,’ said Aunt Jane, coldly.

‘Jane has a soft spot for inventions, for Maurice’s sake,’ said her sister.

‘I can’t confound ingenuity and enterprise with wanton mischief, or crush it out for want of sympathy,’ said Miss Mohun. ‘Come, we must return to our needles.’

If Aunt Jane had gone into the state of wrath to be naturally expected, Gillian would have risen in arms on her brother’s behalf, and that would have been much pleasanter than the leniency which made her views of justice appear like unkindness.

This did not dispose her to be the better pleased at an entreaty from the two children to be allowed to join Mrs. Hablot’s class on Sunday. It appeared that they had asked Aunt Jane, and she had told them that their sister knew what their mother would like.

‘But I am sure she would not mind,’ said Valetta. ‘Only think, she has got a portfolio with pictures of everything all through the Bible!’

‘Yes,’ added Fergus, ‘Clem told me. There are the dogs eating Jezebel, and such a jolly picture of the lion killing the prophet. I do want to see them! Varley told me!’

‘And Kitty told me,’ added Valetta. ‘She is reading *such* a book to them. It is called ‘The Beautiful Face,’ and is all about two children in a wood, and a horrid old grandmother and a dear old hermit, and a wicked baron in a castle! Do let us go, Gillyflower.’

‘Yes,’ said Fergus; ‘it would be ever so much better fun than poking here.’

‘You don’t want fun on Sunday.’

‘Not fun exactly, but it is nicer.’

‘To leave me, the last bit of home, and mamma’s own lessons.’

‘They aint mamma’s,’ protested Fergus; but Valetta was touched by the tears in Gillian’s eyes, kissed her, and declared, ‘Not that.’

Whether it were on purpose or not, the next Sunday was eminently unsuccessful; the Collects were imperfect; the answers in the Catechism recurred to disused babyish blunders; Fergus twisted himself into preternatural attitudes, and Valetta teased the Sofy to scratching point; they yawned ferociously at ‘the Birthday,’ and would not be interested even in the pony’s death. Then when they went out walking, they would not hear of the sober Rockstone lane but insisted on the esplanade, where they fell in with the redoubtable Stebbing, who chose to patronise instead of bullying ‘little Merry’—and took him off to the tide mark—to the agony of his sisters, when they heard the St. Andrew’s bell.

At last, when the tempter had gone off to higher game, Fergus’s Sunday boots and stockings were such a mass of black mud, that Gillian had to drag him home in disgrace, sending Valetta into Church alone. She would have put him to bed on her own responsibility, but she could not master him; he tumbled about the room, declaring Aunt Jane would do no such thing, rolled up his stockings in a ball, and threw them in his sister’s face.’

Gillian retired in tears, which she let no one see, not even Aunt Ada, and proceeded to record in her letter to India that those dreadful boys were quite ruining Fergus, and Aunt Jane was spoiling him.

However, Aunt Jane, having heard what had become of the youth, met him in no spoiling mood, and though she never knew of his tussle with Gillian, she spoke to him very seriously, shut him into his own room, to learn thoroughly what he had neglected in the morning, and allowed him no jam at tea. She said nothing to Gillian, but there were inferences.

The lessons went no better on the following Sunday, Gillian could neither enforce her authority nor interest the children. She avoided

the esplanade, thinking she had found a nice country walk to the common beyond the marble works; but, behold, there was an outbreak of drums and trumpets and wild singing. The Salvation Army was marching that way, and what was worse, yells and cat-calls behind showed that the Skeleton Army was on its way to meet them. Gillian, frightened almost out of her wits, managed to fly over an impracticable-looking gate into a field with her children, but Fergus wanted to follow the drum. After that she gave in. The children went to Mrs. Hablot, and Gillian thought she saw 'I told you so,' in the corners of Aunt Jane's eyes.

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER XII.

THOUGHTS AND SECOND THOUGHTS.

HAVING privately informed Aunt Florence that she might not be at home in time for luncheon, Katharine set out for the Potteries. She went to the stable yard, had the small gate unlocked, and by the advice of the old groom who opened it for her, locked it herself, and took the key with her.

'It's never wanted, miss. I han't opened that door for years; but don't you ever leave the door unlocked, or we'll be having visitors with sticky fingers; them pottery fellows is the biggest rogues I know.'

'Poor pottery fellows!' said Katharine, as she set out over the fields with all courage and eagerness. She was really a courageous girl, but perhaps ignorance had a good deal to do with her courage on this occasion. She was used to decent, respectable poor people, among whom she had gone freely, from her childhood, and she had very little notion of the amount of sin and misery she might chance to encounter. But if she did not realise the possible difficulties of her undertaking, she began it in the spirit of faith and charity which has worked wonders ere now, and will again. She had humbly thanked God for showing her a way in which she might serve Him; she had asked His blessing and placed herself in His keeping; and if she was ignorant, He knew all about it, and could surely carry her safely through.

Old Partridge, the groom who took care of Clare's ponies, and with one boy, formed the entire stable establishment of the Priory, was still standing near the small gate, when he heard his name called—and surely by Mr. St. Aubyn himself, who had never entered the stable yard during Partridge's reign over it.

'Where are you, Partridge? Oh, I see you now. Open that door for me, if you please.'

'That door, sir?'

'Yes; make haste, please, I want to overtake Miss Thorold.'

'Well, sir, it's provoking, and I can only ask you to 'scuse me; but seeing that the door han't been opened for years and years, and Miss Thorold not knowing exactly when she would be back, I gave her the key, and she locked the door after her. I'm real vexed, sir.'

Theodore treated him to a fiery look of indignation—Partridge even affirmed that ‘Master stamped his foot at him,’ but he did not say a word. Turning away in silence, he walked quickly to the garden, old Partridge looking after him with a grin. Theodore sought the place where he had seen Katharine and Lettice cross the wall the day before. He looked at the wall—sighed—took hold of the ivy and tested its strength, and what his next step might have been it were hard to say, for hearing steps on the gravelled walk, he desisted from his half-despairing design. It was perhaps as well—climbing walls was not much in his line.

The steps he had heard were those of his sister, who had followed him to the stable yard, seen him leave it, and traced him to the place where he now confronted her.

‘Theodore!—you here? I was so surprised, for you told me you meant to have a long morning’s work, and I found Mr. Hastings alone.’

‘I did not say that, Clare. You said it, and I did not contradict you.’

‘Why did you come out? It is chilly to-day, and the garden is so damp.’

‘Surely I may take a turn in the garden if I like,’ said Theodore, sulkily.

‘Surely; but why did you go to the stables?’ inquired Clare. He looked at her in silence—Clare felt that this was a critical moment, but she preserved an unmoved countenance.

‘You were watching me,’ he said, angrily.

‘Yes. I have watched you day and night for many years, Theodore. I have given up my life to and for you.’

‘I know it, Clare; don’t think me ungrateful,’ he cried, softening at once. ‘But I am so much better and stronger now that I think——’

He paused, apparently not knowing how to finish the sentence.

‘Since when have you been so wonderfully well, my dearest? You have been a little better of late, and it gladdens my heart to see it; but you are by no means strong even now. And you are so fearfully imprudent. Where were you going?’

Theodore coloured, but answered boldly: ‘To the Potteries with Miss Thorold; but I could not overtake her now. It is no place for her alone, and if I could not persuade her to stay away, I should have gone with her.’

‘Oh, how thankful I am that you did not go! How long would this slight improvement last, if you exposed yourself to the risk of going to that horrible place!’

She went on to give a regular lecture on the dangers encountered by delicate and sensitive people in visiting even the cleanly and respectable poor. Katharine Thorold, she said, was a girl of such almost unladylike health and strength, and of such an unregulated,

restless character, that it would do her no harm, and she would soon give it up if not opposed. The people there were sure to disgust her before long. Meantime, would Theodore throw away the benefit of Mr. Hastings's lessons and probably lay himself up, and have to give up all idea of work? Finally, Clare avowed that Katharine's manner last night had seriously annoyed her. That she had always done her best in her care of the estate—that she must know more about the Potteries than a chance stranger, and that if he supported Katharine, against her, she must at once resign the care of the property, ask him to make her an allowance sufficient for her wants, take Lettice with her, and leave the Priory.

'I have been your willing slave all your life, my brother, and I ask nothing more than to be so always. But you must trust me—you must trust me utterly—or I must give up. I could not bear to be suspected, by *you*. As for the opinion of strangers, I care nothing for it.'

Theodore was horribly frightened. Life without Clare seemed impossible—the idea of it had never crossed his mind. He assured her that he did not doubt her in the very least, and she led him home in triumph. Her brain was hard at work on the means of getting rid of Katharine, without openly saying that she must go. But in suggesting the idea of her own possible departure from the Priory, and abdication of her viceroyalty there, Clare had unwittingly done a foolish thing. Theodore had begun to chafe under her soft, but complete tyranny, but long habit and his natural laziness would have kept him from the idea that emancipation was possible. Now she herself had suggested that idea, and visions of freedom, of intercourse with others less hedged and bounded by what Marcia called 'the unwritten law'—a happy, genial home at the Priory instead of the little court that Clare had gathered round him—these things kept flitting before him, accompanied by glimpses of Katharine's face; and though he again and again told himself that he was foolish and ungrateful, the visions would not be wholly banished.

Katharine came home at about four o'clock, and got up to her own room unobserved. Here she found Lettice sitting at her work, and on the table was a huge slice of cake and a glass of milk.

'At last, Katharine! I was beginning to get quite anxious about you. Do sit down and eat something; I begged Aunt Florence to let me have this, for I knew you would be hungry.'

'Ravenous! it's well for you that you were so thoughtful, or I might have taken a bite out of you, my dear. Oh, I am so tired! but I have nothing but good news.'

'Well, eat first, and tell me about it afterwards,' said Lettice. And Katharine very willingly obeyed. Then followed a long story, and much discussion, both of which I shall take the liberty of compressing a little.

Katharine had begun her day by a visit to Polly Wills and her cat.

The invalid was doing well, and when clean was rather a nice cat. She then had a long talk with Polly's grandmother, and from her got a better idea of the state of the village, and how it came to be so neglected. Old Mrs. Wills had seen better days and was an intelligent, nice old woman. It seemed that old Squire St. Aubyn had been the person to close the factory, from which he had at one time derived a good income, but which had gradually become a losing concern, the finer kind of clay having been all used up. The skilled workmen had of course left the place at once, and the present occupants had only come there when the brick-making and flower-pot factory had been started, which was while the present squire was a boy. The place had changed hands more than once. The cottages had fallen into disrepair, but Miss St. Aubyn would do nothing to them, the rents being so very low. In old times, the little population of the Potteries was allowed to come through the Park, to the gate which was now built up, and to pass through the Priory grounds on their way to church; but now they could only go by the road, which made a long journey of it. As a matter of fact, they did not go at all. The children had been at one time invited to attend school at New Southerton, as Katharine found these people called it—the Potteries being 'Old Southerton.' But 'it did not answer,' Mrs. Wills said—and sorrowfully added that it was a grief to her to see her grandchildren growing up like savages or heathens; but what could she do? However, Katharine remarked that Polly made use of no bad words in her grandmother's hearing, but, on the contrary, took a private opportunity to beg that 'Granny might not be told that I was banning Tim yesterday, for she'd scold me well, miss.'

Other families were visited, with Mrs. Wills for guide, and much the same story was heard in each. Some were better than others—all were fearfully poor. And Katharine, looking at the children who swarmed about the place—dirty, untaught, uncared for—felt that if only a few of them learned to read—learned even a few texts and hymns; if only one or two of these girls learned to sew enough to mend their poor garments, it would repay her well for any trouble she was likely to encounter. Mrs. Wills told her that there was a room in the old factory which had been used as a schoolroom in the good times, and to the factory Katharine repaired and had a long talk with Mr. Dunn, who was puzzled, but civil, and disposed to think that the young lady would soon be 'wore out.' Still, when she offered half-a-crown a month for the use of the big room, he accepted it, and even said she might use all the rooms on that floor, as he had no use for them. Won over at last by her bright, practical ways, he intimated that he would repair some old benches that were in the rooms for her—he exerted himself to find the key of a big red wooden press which was built against the wall—and he pointed out a kind of cupboard in the corner, saying with a laugh, 'You can lock the noisiest of 'em in that, miss.'

‘Everything else we must get for ourselves, and we will make out a list of the most necessary things. But now comes the question, Lettice, can you help me? I know you will if you can.’

‘Tell me just what you mean to do.’

‘I thought of going every second day, say Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. I could easily be there by eleven, and we can make the lessons short or long as we find convenient. The school is enough to begin with—if the people, the women particularly, come to trust us, other ways of helping will grow up naturally. But I should like to go every Sunday, and have a Sunday-school.’

‘Oh, Katharine, I *must* help. I should love to help. If Clare will only let me do all her work in the evenings—writing letters and settling work—I really could do it all in a very short time. Then I should have the morning to myself.’

‘You will want only every second morning. I do not think she can refuse. But it will be rather hard work, Lettice. There will be things to do even at home, getting work ready, and such things.’

‘I think I shall not mind any work, that is really work. Not sitting idle half the day and doing things that are of no use the other half. But, Katharine, will you speak to Clare for me? I never can finish my sentences when she looks at me.’

To this Katharine consented, promising to find an opportunity that evening if possible.

When Katharine was alone, she began to marshal her forces for the encounter with Clare. But it suddenly came into her head that perhaps she ought to ask leave for herself as well as for Lettice. She was living in Clare’s house, to a certain degree under her protection, certainly under an obligation to her. And, moreover, the Potteries undoubtedly belonged to Theodore, for whom Clare acted.

This was a most unwelcome thought, and she did her best to banish it. She did not like Clare; she thought her ‘a bit of a humbug,’ and saw very clearly how determined she was to keep her brother under her sway. And then suppose she refused point blank—which seemed likely enough—must the enterprise be given up at her bidding? or could it be persevered in against her will, when that will had been appealed to? No, that would be impossible. If Clare’s right to consent or to refuse consent were once granted, her decision must be final. Would it be better to begin quietly, taking only such help as Lettice could give without any appeal to Clare, and to say nothing to any one? No; that would be underhand, and being underhand, impossible—to Katharine.

All that evening, no matter what else she might be doing, Katharine was debating this matter in her own mind, seeing more clearly every minute that she ought to speak to Clare—and disliking it more, the more she thought of it. She determined not to say anything about Lettice that night, but to give herself time to think the matter out.

that *her* consent, not Theodore's was asked, and that the girl did not seem in any way to wish to bring herself into contact with him. So she was wonderfully gracious, approved of the scheme, complimented Katharine on her practical way of setting to work, promised advice and assistance, and finally handed over five sovereigns, to be used in buying books, etc. It cost Katharine a struggle to accept the money, for she had meant the work to be all her own—but even this she did, and did graciously.

'Now,' said Clare. 'Just one word, dear Miss Thorold, about my brother. You must not talk to him about this. In your perfection of health you can form no idea of how easy it is to excite him, or of the absolute necessity of quiet and peace. I shall myself tell him as much as he need know. You will oblige me in this, will you not?'

'After what passed the other evening I have no wish to talk to him about it,' said Katharine. 'I shall do as you desire. May I tell Lettice that she may give me help in her leisure hours, and that you will arrange her work for you so as to give her leisure?'

'Oh—Lettice! yes, to be sure. Indeed, I do not want her much, poor child. I employ her to prevent her falling into idle habits. Oh yes, certainly, Lettice may help you if you think her capable of it.'

Katharine's last self-conquest that day was, that she made no answer except, 'Thank you.'

They walked back to the house together, Clare highly satisfied, if a little surprised. As to Katharine, if the first glory had somewhat departed from her enterprise, she was certainly in a state of mind far more likely to undertake it soberly and to carry it through successfully.

NOTE.—I am sorry to hear that I have not made the genealogy of the St. Aubyn family clear; but perhaps you will allow me to do so now. Mr. St. Aubyn of the Priory had four daughters—Mrs. Craven, Mrs. Thorold, Florence St. Aubyn, and, by a second marriage late in life, Eleanore. He left no son, and the estate went to a distant cousin, Theodore, whose branch of the family had settled in Jamaica. Lettice Charteris was cousin to Theodore and Clare on the mother's side—no relation to the English St. Aubyn.

ANNETTE LYSTER.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

As the weeks went on, Bessie became somewhat disturbed in her mind about Elys, who did not seem at all disposed to settle down peaceably as she had done before. This was no doubt partly from physical reasons; she had been growing tall, and was languid and irritable; the sunny spirits she had had as a little girl had vanished, and only reappeared under the pressure of excitement. Bessie arranged that she should join a dancing class in the town; but this did not solve her difficulties. A bad cold prevented Bessie from taking her to the class herself for the first two lessons, and she went under the chaperonage of Archer; and on the third occasion, when Bessie went with her, she found that an intense and exciting friendship had been struck up between Elys and Katie Simons, the auctioneer's pretty niece, and that neither had ears or eyes except for the other.

Bessie had her limitations, and had never outgrown the narrow caste feeling in which she had been educated; if Katie Simons had been otherwise unobjectionable, she would still have had a great deal to swallow in allowing a girl of her class to associate with Elys; but as it was she had the further ground that the pretty little girl was distinctly silly, and unrefined in manner and diction. Only the next day Bessie pulled up Elys for saying that some one had 'the headache,' instead of 'a headache,' and told her that it was an expression used by servants. Elys first said, 'Lots of people say it,' and being required to name instances, brought forward Katie's name. This not being received with favour, Elys was anxious to argue the question out on its merits, and proved to her own satisfaction that if you talked of 'the toothache,' analogy was in your favour for also speaking of 'the headache.' Logic, no doubt, was on Elys's side, and she thought her mother very much prejudiced not to yield her point. Then Bessie refused to ask Katie Simons to tea, or to let Elys accept an invitation at her house, and told Elys plainly she did not wish her to make a companion of a girl who was not her equal. Elys thought this very cruel, and her passion throve upon opposition. She wrote verses to her charmer---

'Thy eyes of blue, thy hair of brown,
Are far the loveliest in the town;
They tell us we must separate,
But I will ne'er forget my Kate!'

But this was not entirely satisfactory ; and she managed to persuade Alda Hughes, who, to do her justice, was not aware of the strength of Bessie's views on the subject, to ask Miss Simons to tea, and let them meet there. Alda was much amused with the friendship, and had none of Bessie's rigid views about the demarcations of society, nor of the undesirableness of the companionship ; and Elys, conscious for the first time of double dealing towards her mother, carefully abstained, though with a bad conscience, from mentioning the fact that she had several times met Katie at the Red House.

Matters stood thus, when Alda received the following letter from Russell Verney—

‘ MY DEAR ALDA,

‘ It is a long time since I wrote to you, and now I quite hope in a short time to have the pleasure of seeing all my English friends again. In the spring I *must* leave Parandabad, for my old enemy, jungle fever, threatens to become my permanent companion, and the doctor tells me I must not dream of staying here through another hot season. I hear there is a chance of my being offered the governorship of G. ; but I am half afraid G. is too near the tropics for me. The only man I know, capable of dealing with these people, will be out here shortly, and then I think I shall just wind things up and give them over into his hands, and resign. I shall hope to be with you in May or the beginning of June.

‘ You have not mentioned any of my Hornbridge friends in your letters lately. How is Enderby ? How is Mrs. Maynard and her pretty little girl ? Tell them all I hope to renew my acquaintance when I arrive this summer ; and tell Mrs. Maynard that I intend to ask her again to give me some afternoon tea in her pretty room, which has often been before my mind since I left England. And post me up in all the news about all of them, there's a good old Alda.

‘ Your affectionate cousin,

‘ R. VERNEY.’

This letter discomposed Alda very much. She had a pretty shrewd idea that Russell had on his last visit asked Mrs. Maynard to marry him, and she did not at all like the notion of his coming back again bent on the same object. ‘ It is quite out of the question,’ she said to herself ; ‘ especially now when I know what and who Mrs. Maynard really is. I will write and tell him—I must ! I will not see him entangled by an adventuress !’ And Alda was walking up and down the room, in feelings of anything but charity with regard to Bessie, when Mrs. Maynard was announced, herself not in the most amiable frame of mind towards Alda. Elys was the apple of discord.

The meetings at Alda's house had led to other meetings between Elys and her friend, held under the rose in Dr. Enderby's paddock ;

but they had been found out at last, as children's plots are sure to be. Bessie had questioned Elys; and whether Bessie's pale gravity struck Elys as severity and took away her nerve, whether she had views of sheltering Katie, or whatever the reason might be, is difficult to say; but under Bessie's questioning, for the first time in her life Elys had first prevaricated and then told a distinct falsehood. She did not do it in a lifelike way, however, and was easily convicted on circumstantial evidence; and then she told the truth—how she had met Katie at the Red House first, and then in private and confidential talks in the paddock. It seemed to Bessie as if Alda Hughes had been gratifying Elys by giving her occasions of meeting Katie against her own known wishes, and cut to the heart that her darling should have deceived her, she sent Elys to her room, and herself went across to the Red House, half hoping to find that she might be able to blame Alda more than Elys.

So it happened that neither of the two women was quite in a disposition to be fair and generous to each other. Bessie, because her instinct was to blame Alda rather than her darling; and Alda, because she was indignant with Bessie for still being an object of interest to Russell Verney.

It was not a pleasant interview, though of course good breeding on both sides prevented anything like vulgar vehemence on the part of either. When it came to a contest of tongues, Alda's keener wit easily cornered Bessie. On this occasion Alda, taking advantage of a remark about Katie Simons' social standing, which Bessie unwisely let drop, proceeded to argue entirely on this ground, and floored Bessie easily; ignoring the fact which lay at the bottom of Bessie's distress, the concealment and deceit which Elys had shown towards her. When Bessie told her at last point blank that she hoped in future Alda would let her know whom she asked to associate with Elys, Alda only laughed unpleasantly, and said: 'I assure you, Mrs. Maynard, I will ask no one in future without sending you a full and complete history of their antecedents. But supposing,' and her keen eyes seemed to cut into Bessie like blue steel under their large lids, 'they asked me for the same with regard to Elys, I don't know that I could quite satisfy them with my present knowledge; could I?'

Alda meant this to silence Bessie; but after all she did not feel as if the victory was so completely on her side as she might have expected after that thrust. Bessie rose up with all the dignity of the Mallards in her bearing, and said, 'No, I don't think you could; and perhaps on the whole it will be better for us not to put this difficulty in your way for the present. I must take notice of Elys's present naughtiness, and I think the best plan will be not to let her go anywhere by herself for a little while.'

Alda felt that that shaft had glanced aside, and felt that she hated Bessie—she could not exactly despise her.

‘ You mean to take my pupil away ? ’ she said. ‘ No doubt a *mother* has an undeniable right. ’

The accent on the word, and a cutting glance which accompanied it, might have betrayed to Bessie at another time that her secret was known. But she was not thinking about herself, but about Elys, and she only said, trying to control herself into cold dignity : ‘ You have been very kind to Elys, and I should be sorry to say anything now about it, which I might be sorry for later. I will let you know what decision I come to about her. ’

So they parted ; but of the two angry women Alda was by far the most angry. She hoped she had planted one or two stabs in Bessie’s heart, and that Bessie was now brooding over them. Bessie, who had been her evil genius ever since she came to Hornbridge, but for whom Russell might have been hers, whose child she had befriended, taught, amused, and whom she had discovered to be all the time nothing but an impostor, living under a false name. ‘ For Russell’s sake, ’ said Alda to herself, setting her lips together, ‘ I will get her out of this place before he comes back again ! ’ The insolence of the woman, speaking to me like that in my own house ! But I think she must be rather uncomfortable over one or two of my remarks ! ’

No such thing was the case, however. These shafts of Alda’s, which might otherwise have rankled, she did not even take in, and what went far deeper was the fact that Elys had deliberately disobeyed and deceived her. Ever since that last interview with Dr. Enderby, Bessie had been struggling to put by the thought to which he had pointed her as the solution of all her misery. It seemed to her sometimes as if beyond this desert life of hers lay a region bright with fragrant flowers, breathed on with pure cool breezes, quiet with perpetual peace, the life which Dr. Enderby lived, the gate of which stood open to her too, if she chose to pay the price. But then she thought of Elys, of what the separation would be, how perhaps she would see contempt and disgust in Elys’s eyes when she knew the story, and she shuddered and turned sick. Then she would tell herself that every one had to give up much in life ; what wonder if she had to sacrifice her moral ideal, when circumstances were so strongly against her ? and it was best to let things take their course. But she knew all the time that it was only a hollow truce, and that she could not for any length of time remain content in her captivity.

But now this storm in a teacup, as some might have thought it, this childish deceit of Elys’s, had broken down all the cobweb arguments with which she had hung the walls of her fortress, pretending to herself they were impregnable defences. To Bessie it meant that she had added another failure to the failures of her life, and that in the place nearest of all to her heart. Her training had harmed, not helped, the child she loved ; and she felt bowed down to earth in the intensity of her humiliation. For after all, what else had she a

right to expect? Could she, so faulty, so conscious of continuance in deliberate wrong, expect to lead Elys aright? What was Elys's one falsehood compared with the deceit in which she had lived for years? If she really cared for Elys—cared that she should grow up sweet, candid, and true—had she not better cast the beam out of her own eye, so that she might see clearly to cast out the mote from the child's? 'What would anything else matter to me if Elys really grew up what she ought not to be!' said Bessie, walking up and down the drawing-room in the lamplight, with her hands clasped before her, and thinking how the confidence between them, in which she had trusted so fondly, had snapped at the first strain. 'If I ruin her soul as well as my own,' she said aloud, standing still for a moment. Then almost unconsciously to herself, the resolution she needed came to her. She went out into the hall, took down her hat and fur cloak, let herself out at the door, and in a few moments was standing at the door of Dr. Enderby's house. One moment her heart failed her, and she almost went back; the next, with a 'now-or-never' feeling, she grasped the bell-handle desperately and rang.

CHAPTER VIII.

BESSIE was shown into Dr. Enderby's study, where he was sitting in an easy chair by the fire with a rug over his knees, still crippled, though rather better than on his first return home. He looked up smiling, but his smile died away when he saw the pale set look on her face. 'Tell me what the matter is?' he said, when the first few words had parted.

She tried to speak, but could not for a moment; then she controlled herself with a power born of long practice, and said: 'You told me you could not prescribe for me unless you knew everything. I am come now to ask you to let me tell you everything.'

'Do you really mean it?' said Dr. Enderby. 'Are you sure you won't repent it—that it is not a sudden impulse?'

'I am sure I *shall* repent it,' said Bessie; 'but I must do it all the same—if you will promise to tell me what you think—without sparing me,' she added.

'I promise to do my best,' he said, gravely, 'God helping us both.'

There was a pause, and then Bessie said with an effort, 'I am not Mrs. Maynard at all. I am living under a false name. My name is Elizabeth Mallard, and everybody thinks I was drowned eight years ago in the *Hibernia*. But I never sailed at all.'

'Why not?' said Dr. Enderby.

'Elys caught scarlet fever at the last moment before the steamer was to sail. I did not mean not to go—but I was taken up with nursing her, and then I suddenly saw my own name and her's put down among the lost, and it came across me that if I only said nothing I could keep her all to myself.'

‘Why could you not do that in any case?’ said Dr. Enderby.

Bessie looked at him slightly puzzled and then, after a moment, said : ‘I see, I must explain much more fully. Elys is not my own child, you know. Her father is my half-brother, and her mother is my husband’s daughter. I had the charge of her from the time she was born till she was three months old, and I came to care for her more than anything in the world—much more than her father and mother did. They let me have her to take her to Barbadoes for the winter, but they said after that I must never have her again—and I could not bear it. I thought Wyndham would be quite as well satisfied with the property that would come to him at my death, and I happened to have the Mallard diamonds with me, which I knew would bring me in a competence, enough for myself and the child after me. So I said nothing, and they put me down as drowned. I thought when I had her for my own, with nobody to come between us, life would be so happy!’

‘And have you found it so?’ said Dr. Enderby.

‘No,’ said Bessie; ‘miserable!’

There was a pause, in which he sat silent, resting his head on his hand. Bessie waited.

‘You speak of your husband,’ he said. ‘I conclude you are a widow?’

‘Yes.’ And then Bessie burst out abruptly: ‘I don’t think you can understand the whole situation unless I tell you everything—not only about Elys. Look here. When I was a young girl I was in love—that sounds a foolish slight expression, but it was not slight at all really. It was Major Verney—Miss Hughes’s cousin. He loved me, but he had no money, and I was rich; and he thought it was not honourable to speak. I was a ridiculously foolish inexperienced girl, and I never dreamed that my being rich could be an obstacle. When he went away he said nothing, and I thought he did not care. Then I married the first man who asked me. I was so miserable that I thought any change would be better than home, and I made a great mistake. My married life was most wretched, and I think I should have died or gone mad if it had gone on much longer. Then my husband died, and this that I have been telling you happened about little Elys. We went to America, but I hated the American ways and felt very homesick, and when I saw the White House advertised in the *Times*, I thought no one here would know me. I had never heard of Hornbridge before; so I came here, and then I found Russell Verney’s mother was living on the opposite side of the Green!’

‘And did he recognise you?’ said Dr. Enderby.

‘He recognised my likeness to Bessie Mallard; but of course, as he believed I was dead, he could not do any more; and—and’—Bessie’s face grew crimson—‘he asked me to be his wife. I could not. For one thing I should have had to give up Elys—I felt sure he would

say I ought not to keep her—and of course I couldn't deceive him, whatever I might do to the rest of the world. So I gave him up. Still I thought I had Elys for my own.'

'But did you never think of the cruelty you were inflicting upon the poor mother?' said Dr. Enderby.

'I did not think she cared,' said Bessie. 'I am going to tell you about that. When I was at Sandwater with Denzil, he found a schoolfellow of his, who had brought scarlet fever home with him as Denzil had, and had given it to the other children, and one of them had died. This was really Elys's brother, and the father and mother were coming. That was why I went away; but before I went I *did* see Bertha, without her seeing me, and I saw that whatever she might have done for Elys, she did care really about the little one that had died; and I have thought ever since that I might have been wrong about her not caring for Elys. That is one thing that has been making me more and more wretched lately.'

'And the other?'

'The other is that Elys—that I—that I am beginning to be afraid that even as regarded Elys's happiness it was a mistake,' said Bessie, her voice dropping until it was almost inaudible. Then, more clearly: 'Ever since that month at Sandwater she has pined more and more for the society of other children—she has made me feel more and more that I can't suffice for her, in spite of all my love, and at last I have found her, poor little dear, making clandestine appointments for amusing herself with that wretched little vulgar Katie Simons, and telling falsehoods to keep it from my knowledge!'

Some men would have found bathos in this climax, but Dr. Enderby was too sympathetic not to see through the outside to the real tragedy that underlay it.

'I am very sorry. Poor little girl! and I always used to think her so candid,' he said.

'Yes,' said Bessie, 'she used to be. But you see'—despairingly—'I spoil whatever I touch—not only my own life, but the lives of those I love too. Russell Verney's, and now Elys's. I wish,' she ended, with a passionate ring in her voice, 'I could die and do no more harm to any one!'

'No, no,' said Dr. Enderby; 'don't wish that, before you have learnt what it is to live. All this is only teaching you that.'

'That would be very well to say to Denzil or Elys,' said Bessie, drearily; 'but I have made my bed and have to lie on it. Life is practically over at my age—I am thirty-seven now—do you know that?'

'I don't know about it being practically over,' said the doctor; 'speaking professionally, I should say you had a very fair chance of living till eighty, at least.'

Bessie shrank with a little gasp of pain.

'My dear friend,' said Dr. Enderby, 'indeed, it is good news and

not bad that I am telling you. Life is not nearly such a short game as you think. You have tried one way of taking it, and you have failed; try another, and you won't fail—indeed, you won't. Suffering you may have, but you will get something worth the cost; and I think you will soon lose that intense desire to die. It is only that you have accepted the view of the possibilities of life which fiction instils into us—where the hero and heroine either marry, die, or live single ever afterwards at twenty-five; in any case are supposed to have come to their full growth and finished their story. But that is nonsense, you know; the real growth, the real story of mature years has still to come. Of course it is important that the bent should be given rightly in the early years; but I fully believe that the truest and fullest experience of life mostly comes after thirty.'

Dr. Enderby had gone on talking in order to give Bessie time to recover her composure, and she had done so.

'You say I have tried the wrong way. What way have I tried?' she said humbly; 'and how can I alter it now if I wish it?'

'You have tried your own way; don't you think it would be different if you tried God's way instead?' said Dr. Enderby, gently. Then, as she looked at him with a perplexed uncomprehending glance, he went on. 'Don't you think that in all you have been telling me about yourself you have been showing how you have been grasping at what you wanted in life yourself—not waiting till God gave it you? Don't you recollect the old story of *Passion* and *Patience*?'

'Not clearly,' said Bessie; and Dr. Enderby took down an old brown book with antique letters—real, not sham antique—and read:

"I saw moreover in my Dream, that the *Interpreter* took him by the hand, and led him into a little room where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was *Passion*, and the name of the other *Patience*. *Passion* seemed to be much discontent; but *Patience* was very quiet. Then *Christian* asked, 'What is the reason of the discontent of *Passion*? ' The *Interpreter* answered, 'The Governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now; but *Patience* is willing to wait.'"

'To wait for another life?' said Bessie, with a faint smile. 'That is a long business, when you have just told me I am to live to be eighty. Perhaps by that time I shall have learnt not to care for the things I do now.'

'No, not necessarily for another life. Don't you see, it is not the least a question of learning not to care. It is not the strength of feeling that makes passion bad, it is the spirit of impatient snatching at things, whether God chooses us to have them or not.' There was a pause, and then he said: 'Don't think I don't feel for you. I know too well what it means myself.'

'Do you?' said Bessie, slightly amazed, for she had always

fancied Dr. Enderby as living by nature in a region untroubled by passionate craving for anything he did not possess.

‘It is a thing I suppose every one has to learn by experience,’ said Dr. Enderby; ‘I had, certainly. Do you like to hear about it? I fell in love with my wife when she was almost a child, and I determined then to marry her as soon as she was old enough. Her father was dead, and she was living with her mother in the village where I generally went to spend all the holidays I could spare from my work. I never was very strong in my best days, and London work was apt to knock me up; and Sir Philip Caldwell, who was father and master to me all in one, told me I ought to take a practice in some good country air and stick to it for at least ten years, and then I might be fit for the pressure of London work. Well, Amy’s mother said she would not hear of her child marrying a country doctor; a London physician was one thing, and a country apothecary, as she insisted on phrasing it, quite another; and she was not going to let her child at eighteen throw herself away on a country doctor. She had all the county prejudices,’ said Dr. Enderby, smiling. ‘I dare say you can understand them. Caldwell told me I ought to wait, and I knew that Amy being what she was, she would have waited any time for me; but I could not bring myself to follow his advice. I felt that I must have Amy then, whatever came of it; and I took the London appointment that was offered me, resolving to risk it anyhow. Time proved Caldwell was right. I knocked up entirely, and had to go abroad, and Amy had to nurse me and take all the responsibility for everything through the illness that followed. I cannot tell you how sweet and brave she was; but she was not fit for it, my poor little darling, and the strain was too great. We came back to England so that her mother might be with her when Denzil was born—and she died three days afterwards.’

Bessie’s eyes were full of tears.

‘You can conceive how I reproached myself. I can only remember a kind of blank of misery for some time; but then I began to learn by degrees just what I am telling you now—that I had been taking my life in my own way, and now I was to take it in God’s way instead. And I have found, indeed—and you will find too—that just as far as one gives up everything, one gets everything. I don’t think Amy ever permeated my life so entirely when she was outwardly with me as since I have been alone, as people call it.’

‘It is so hard to be resigned!’ sighed Bessie.

‘Resignation is not the best thing there is,’ said Dr. Enderby. ‘Resignation is the not trying to hold back our joys; but there is something better, and that is to *give* them generously. Active, not passive giving.’

‘Generously,’ said Bessie, bitterly. ‘That is all very well when you give what is your own; but when you give back what you have—stolen, there is not much generosity in that.’

‘There is justice,’ said Dr. Enderby, ‘and that is the foundation on which generosity must be built.’

‘But I can’t do it,’ said poor Bessie, covering her face with her hands, as all the consequences of reparation at once rushed over her.

‘You can if you ought,’ said Dr. Enderby. ‘The strength God gives is limitless, and we can have just as much of that as we need.’

‘But I know so little of Him! I have never been good, or religious—I never knew how,’ pleaded Bessie.

‘You will grow to both if you simply take the way to Him—not caring what it may cost you,’ said Dr. Enderby. ‘Dear Mrs. Maynard, indeed I know my advice must seem cruel; but really and truly I believe that it is not only the way out of your present unhappiness, but the way to all good things for you—far more than you can possibly realise at present.’

‘I will do it!’ said Bessie, after a little pause, lifting up her face, perfectly white and colourless, and clasping her trembling hands together, ‘I will write to Wyndham now—or Bertha—and tell them all. You will help me?’

‘To-morrow,’ said Dr. Enderby. ‘You are too nervous now.’

‘I would rather do it to-night—at once, while I have the courage,’ she said.

Dr. Enderby smiled a little. ‘And repent to-morrow?’

‘It would not matter if I repented afterwards.’

‘Yes, it would. You would be like the man who began to build a tower without counting the cost. If you give up Elys on impulse, and then fret to death because you want her back, that will be neither justice nor generosity. Come now, you have asked my advice, let me give it you in this respect at least. Wait till to-morrow. Come to-morrow evening, and in the interval we shall have had time to think over what is really best. It is not an easy case to act in. Of course you must restore Elys; but it is just as well to think what would be the best and wisest way. And keep yourself as quiet as you can meanwhile. You will be quite ill if you don’t look out.’ And as Bessie still looked inclined to protest, he smiled a little and said: ‘I feel sure Passion wanted to make his reparation just in the way you do; remember “Patience was content to wait,” and you will have to learn.’

‘Very well,’ said Bessie. Then as she shook hands with him, ‘I can’t tell you how grateful I am.’

‘There is nothing to be grateful for,’ he said, holding her hand. ‘God bless and help you! There will be much to go through, but I know you will be glad some day.’

‘You really think so?’ said Bessie, with a wan incredulous smile.

‘I am sure of it. You say that you only do harm where you try to do good. When there is nothing between you and God you will have His strength to draw upon, and you will not do harm any more, but good incalculable. That was what you were made for. Don’t

shrink at the cost; it will be worth it. If not for yourself, for others.'

He had touched the right string, he had appealed to the strongest motive which can inspire a woman. Her expression changed. 'Thank you,' she said again, but in a calmer and stronger voice, 'Good-night.'

CHAPTER IX.

BESSIE went to bed that night expecting not to sleep at all, but to her surprise she slept heavily till the morning. Then she awoke with the sense that she had only one day remaining to her of the life which had become habitual, and after that an unknown chaos awaiting her. She thought afterwards, when she looked back upon it, that her sensations of that day must have been like those of a person awaiting a surgical operation which will probably prove fatal. The very greatness and imminence of what was to come forced self-control upon her. She did not let herself give way. She was less stern than naughty little Elys had expected her to be after the catastrophe of the past afternoon; in fact, Elys could scarcely believe her own good fortune, when after the indignation which the Katie Simon's incident had called out Bessie, told her to bring her lessons as usual, with no attempt to refer to the past. Elys, who was really conscience-stricken, tried all she could to do her lessons well and please her mother, and Bessie was unusually gentle in her manner to the child. Elys little thought how through the round of customary tasks, 'The last time, the last time, my darling,' was tolling like a passing bell through Bessie's being.

Lessons were finished, Elys ran out into the garden to feed her rabbits, and Bessie stood up and opened the window to breathe a little of the soft spring air. The words which Dr. Enderby had said at the conclusion of their conversation came back and refreshed her spirit, as the sweet grey air, full of the smell of growing grass and stirring sap, did her body. The thought of making reparation came to her no longer as a mad desperate grasping after relief—an action permeated by the same impatience which had brought her to this pass, but as a calm rational attempt to right what she had put wrong; and she found herself able to grasp the idea, however hard she might find it to carry into practice, that it was not a step to be taken under a strong impulse with the risk, or rather the certainty that she would repent of it, but if done at all must be done deliberately, calmly, fairly, generously.

So she went through the day, and was cheered a little perhaps by a warmer hug than usual from Elys, who was by this time all the more repentant of her yesterday's fault, because Bessie had not referred to it again. Then Elys went to bed, and Bessie put on her hat and cloak to go across to Dr. Enderby. She set her teeth as she did so, for her strongest force was needed to carry her those few

yards, now that the decisive moment was actually come. But after all cowardice was not Bessie's special fault, and she only looked rather whiter than usual when she came into Dr. Enderby's presence.

Never had the kind, comforting, lifting influence, which she had always felt so strongly when near him, been stronger than at this moment, when he put out his hand and said: 'I have been thinking of you all day. How have things gone?'

'I can't say well or ill,' she said; 'but I have come to tell you that I am in the same mind, and I will try not to repent.'

'I am sure you are right,' he said; 'and however hard it may be, no way is ever too hard that leads us towards God.' He still held her hand, and it seemed to her as if his grasp put into her some of the faith and courage that was in him. Then he dropped it, and said: 'I wish I was not too great a cripple to get a chair for you. Will you sit down?'

She did so, and he said: 'If I were not tied to this sofa, I would go and see your brother for you. As this is out of the question, I have been thinking whether it would be the best way for me to write for you first; but I think on the whole it would probably conduce to soften him if you wrote yourself. What do you think?'

'I don't think anything will conduce to soften him. Wyndham is very hard. The only thing I can think of, that might do so, is if I assured him I did not want Mallard back.'

'But is Mallard in your own power to dispose of?'

'No, not exactly—that is, I could not leave it away from Bertha. But as Bertha must in any case have it at my death, I suppose there is nothing to prevent their having it before if I wished it.'

'On the contrary,' said Dr. Enderby. 'I don't think your wishes have any effect, if it is entailed upon your heirs, and if it is proved to belong to you, it means that you have duties towards it. And really, if you will allow me to say so, I should advise you most carefully to avoid making any promise as to a pecuniary sacrifice of any kind, both for your own sake and your brother's.'

'Why for his?' said Bessie.

'It does not seem to me exactly the way to pacify a rightfully resentful man,' said Dr. Enderby, 'to suggest hushing the matter up by the offer of money; and it does not seem to me quite dignified for you either.'

'I see,' said Bessie. Then, after a pause, 'Is it likely that I could—could be put into prison for this, Dr. Enderby?'

'Not *likely*,' said Dr. Enderby, 'but possible. Does the possibility alter your resolution at all?'

'No,' said Bessie, after a pause. 'That would only be an incident in the thing.'

'You see,' said Dr. Enderby, 'Sir Wyndham is hardly likely to push matters to that. He is not likely to wish to bring upon himself that reflected disgrace.'

‘I don’t know,’ said Bessie. ‘No—perhaps you are right; but if he can do anything to me short of that, I believe he will. But while I have you to ask for advice, I don’t mind that so much. I have wronged him, I know, and I can’t complain if he tries to punish me.’

Dr. Enderby paused, and then said: ‘It may seem a little egotistic to call you off your own subject to mine, but you must not trust too much to my advice. All that I can give you is at your service; but my life is a very uncertain one. More uncertain than you know,’ he went on, ‘or than any one knows except myself.’

She looked at him with startled eyes.

‘My heart has always been my weak point,’ he said, ‘and now it is damaged by this rheumatism beyond repair. I am very glad, if you think I can be of any use, that you have not put off this step for a few months longer.’

‘Oh,’ she said, ‘I didn’t know—I never thought, all this time that I have been coming to you so selfishly with my own affairs.’

He laughed, quite easily and naturally. ‘My dear Mrs. Maynard, what else should you have done? You would not be so unkind as to take away from me the power of helping my friends while I can.’

‘But it is so terrible—and Denzil——’

‘No,’ he said, ‘it is not terrible—only natural. And, there can be very little real separation, if I may be as near my boy in spirit as I know Amy has been to me all this time. But now don’t let us diverge from the matter in hand,’ he went on after a little pause. ‘Will you write yourself to Sir Wyndham, or would you rather that I wrote for you?’

‘I will write myself,’ said Bessie, ‘now, if you will read what I write.’ Her voice trembled, and so did her hand as she took up the pen; but she controlled herself with a strong effort, and presently put before Dr. Enderby the following, roughly drafted and with many erasures—

‘DEAR WYNDHAM,

‘You will be surprised at hearing from me, since you must have thought me dead for many years; and I write to you now to confess to you that I have committed a wrong against you, the temptation to which seemed irresistible at the time, but which I now feel was most blameworthy, and for which I deeply repent.

‘Neither little May nor I was drowned in the *Hibernia*. May was attacked by scarlet fever on the morning on which the vessel sailed, and I stayed behind to nurse her. When I read our names among the victims of the accident, the temptation came to me not to contradict the statement, but to keep the child to myself. I took her to America, and after a time returned to England, where I have since been living at Hornbridge, ——shire. She is well-grown, pretty, and

clever. You cannot help thinking her a dear child. Naturally she is dearer to me than any one else on earth ; but I have felt increasingly for the last few years that I have no right to her, and at last I have made up my mind to risk the separation from her which you may perhaps think right to enforce. I have no right to ask for anything ; but if you will be merciful, Wyndham, do not separate us entirely.

‘ My repentance is towards Bertha, even more perhaps than towards you. I ask you both to forgive me.

‘ Your sister,

‘ ELIZABETH MALLARD.

‘ Address, Mrs. Maynard, White House, Hornbridge.’

Bessie put this before Dr. Enderby, and hid her face on her hands while he read it. When he looked up she was trembling all over. with that tremulousness which in a nervous nature means the alternative to a burst of tears.

‘ Suppose,’ said Dr. Enderby, ‘ that instead of giving your own address you mention mine. If I could see your brother first, perhaps I could spare you some explanations which would be painful.’

She lifted up her face and looked gratefully at him, but shook her head.

‘ You are always kind,’ she said ; ‘ but this is my own burden, and I won’t put it upon any back but my own. It is the sort of thing in which there are hardly any degrees of pain. If I have to give up Elys——’ Her voice faltered. Then she said, after a pause : ‘ may I write it out here, and leave it in your post-box to go by the early post ? I don’t mean to repent ; but I think it would be just more than I could bear to feel that that letter was in my house, and that I could tear it up and burn it if I chose, any moment !’

She took up her pen again and made a fair copy of her letter like a little child ; then mechanically took up the envelope and stamp he pushed towards her, addressed it, and gave it into his hand.

‘ You will see that it goes,’ she said, in a broken, tired voice.

‘ I will,’ he said. ‘ God bless you,’ he added, as he held her hand.

It seemed to Bessie as if that blessing gave her strength to reach her own house. When she got into the drawing-room she lay down on the sofa, not exactly in a swoon, but so near it that she did not know how the time went, and could neither move nor stir. Finally she was roused out of a troubled doze to see the lamp flickering out just as the clock struck four. She rose feebly, crept upstairs in the dark, and went to bed.

‘ To-morrow,’ was her last thought, ‘ I must tell Elys.’

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXL.

1652-1657.

THE PROTECTORATE ABROAD.

On the execution of the King, what sad custom has taught us to call a provisional government, had been appointed by the Rump, to remain in office for twelve months. It consisted of forty-one members, among whom were the Judges, the chief officers in the army, Ludlow, Harrison, Blake, and Monk, and five peers, Denbigh, Mulgrave, Pembroke, Salisbury, and Grey of Werke, and these were to be the executive body, ruling 'by way of a Republic,' without King or House of Peers. The new Great Seal represented—instead of the enthroned monarch—the House of Commons.

War had brought distress. The taxes were far heavier than any exactions of Charles. Numbers of people were starved to death in Lancashire and Westmoreland, and in Cumberland the magistrates certified that thirty thousand families had neither seed, nor bread corn, nor the means of procuring any. This was in 1649, when two more years of warfare were yet to come, and the army had to be supported. The pay was, indeed, always in arrears, and was partly supplied by sales of forfeited property; but it was a heavy burthen, and there were continual promises that the army should be reduced; but the Irish and Scotch wars and the threatened Royalist risings made this impossible. It had also been enacted that the Long Parliament should dissolve at the end of the year 1649; but the time passed and nothing was done. In fact, it did not know how to dissolve itself. After Pride's purge, one member after another had quietly drifted back to his old place; but there were no elections to fill seats left vacant by death, defection, or incapacity, and the Commons were still a Rump.

Every Wednesday they went into Grand Committee, and consulted how to put an end to themselves as a Parliament; but after eleven months this farce was dropped, and when Cromwell came back from his victories in Ireland, Scotland, and Worcester, he found them just where he had left them.

In fact, he seems to have been the only man in the three kingdoms really capable of getting anything carried out. He returned to his Council of officers at Whitehall and his place in Parliament, and there prevailed to get a resolution made that the Commons should break up in three years' time, in November, 1654,

that is to say, and likewise that an amnesty should be proclaimed, securing the persons and properties of the Royalists, so long as they lived peaceably. In the winter of 1651, at Speaker Lenthall's house in Chancery Lane, was held what was called the Conference of Grandees, to decide on the future government of the country. Cromwell himself was of course there, with Whalley, Fleetwood, Desborough, and Harrison, and of civilians, the Lord Keeper Whitlock, Oliver St. John, and Sir Thomas Widdrington. Cromwell held his peace, while all the soldiers were in favour of a Republic, all the lawyers of a limited Monarchy; but then came the question who the King should be. Charles and James had both borne arms against the Commonwealth, and little Henry's name was brought forward; but the conference broke up, and had probably been only an attempt of the Lord-General's to ascertain men's opinions.

Matters lingered on. The war was over, and in October, 1652, a bill was brought in for disbanding a portion of the army, and reducing the taxes to support it. This was carried, and a fourth of the soldiers were dismissed; but six months later, when a further reduction was proposed, Cromwell prevented its discussion by a letter to the Speaker.

On the 19th of April there was a meeting at Whitehall of about twenty members of Parliament, with the principal officers of the army. The former were utterly averse to a dissolution, the latter in favour of it; and after long argument the civilians went home, 'weary and troubled.' There was an endeavour going on in Parliament to so arrange matters that a moderate, or Presbyterian body, should be elected, under the title of Neutrals, and this would create a majority which would be certain to decide on restoring the Monarchy. Consultations were going on at Whitehall between the officers on the morning of the 20th, Cromwell presiding in a black suit with grey worsted stockings. The Parliament men were expected to meet them, but they came not. Colonel Ingoldsby hurried in with the news that the Bill for the admission of these Neutrals was being hurried on, so as to be passed without warning to the army.

The military men were exceedingly indignant at such independent action on the part of their subservient slaves, and the want of warning was felt as dishonesty. Oliver Cromwell started up, commanding a company of musqueteers of his own regiment to follow him, and hurried to Westminster, where he found fifty-three members sitting in debate on the Bill for the election of the Neutrals. He sat down in his usual place as a member, and beckoned to Harrison to come to his side. Thus he waited for a quarter of an hour, till the question was put, 'That this Bill do pass.' He said to Harrison, 'This is the time I must do it!' rose up, put on his hat, and spoke, at first in his ordinary style, but gradually blaming the House for injustice, selfishness, ambition, profanity, growing so abusive that Sir Harry Vane exclaimed that this was unparliamentary language.

‘I know it,’ exclaimed Cromwell.

‘Strange language,’ cried Sir Peter Wentworth. ‘From a trusted servant too, and one whom we have so highly honoured, and one——’

Fired by reproaches to which he had become an utter stranger, Oliver broke forth—

‘Come, come, we have had enough of this! I will put an end to your prating.’

He dashed forth into the midst of the floor, pacing up and down, and occasionally stamping with his foot, he thundered forth his reproaches.

‘It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat here too long for any good you have been doing lately! You shall now give place to better men. Call them in!’ he added to Harrison, as a word of command, and in marched twenty or thirty musqueteers, with weapons ready for action. ‘You call yourselves a Parliament!’ he proceeded. ‘You are no Parliament! I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards!’—and he glared on a Mr. Chaloner. ‘Some of you’—and he indicated Harry Marten and Sir Peter Wentworth—‘live in open contempt of God’s commandments; following your own greedy appetites and the devil’s commandments! Corrupt, unjust persons!’—halting before some of the lawyers—‘scandalous to the profession of the Gospel! How can you be a Parliament for God’s people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!’

Every one had risen in dismay, except the Speaker Lenthall, who sat fast in his chair, as he had done for seventeen years past, and Algernon Sidney by his side. Coming to the table the Lord-General seized the mace, saying, ‘What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!’ and handed it to a soldier. Then pointing to the Speaker, he said, ‘Fetch him down.’

Lenthall refused to stir.

‘I will lend you a hand,’ said Harrison, and pulled his gown, on which he yielded.

Neither would Sidney move, in spite of ‘Put him out!’ from Cromwell, until Harrison and Worsley laid their hands on his shoulders, when he too came down. The members began going out, while Cromwell exclaimed, ‘It is you that have forced me to this. I have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work!’ and as Vane passed him, he said, ‘You might have prevented this, but you are a juggler without common honesty! Sir Harry Vane! O Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane.’

Then having watched them all out, he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, and returning to the officers at Whitehall, he said, ‘When I went to the House I did not think I could have done this; but perceiving the Spirit of God so strong on me, I could no longer consult flesh and blood.’

Probably he believed what he said ; but surely the moving impetus was the passion excited by the unwonted sound of reproach in the ears of a man who had for seven years been admired and implicitly obeyed. The rage in his whole demeanour was unlike any true inspiration, save that which brought about the judicial punishment well merited by the Rump of that Long Parliament which had begun in such high aspiration.

Cromwell then went to Derby House, where sat the executive Government, and said, 'Gentlemen, if you sit here as private persons you shall not be disturbed ; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you ; and since you cannot but know what was done at the House this morning, take notice that the Parliament is dissolved.'

'Sir,' said Bradshaw, 'we have heard what you have done in the House this morning, and before many hours all England will hear it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves.'

The like protest was made by Sir Arthur Haslerigg and two others ; but Cromwell had material force on his side, and all were obliged to withdraw, and leave him master of the field.

On the ensuing Friday, a declaration of his reasons was put forth by him and his Council of officers ; and in June there followed summonses to a fresh Parliament. There was no popular election, nor any shadow of one. The members were summoned simply by the Captain-General and Council of officers to serve for certain places, which were never even asked whether they would have such representatives. Was this what the people had fought for ?

These new members, 139 in number, were mostly gentlemen. There were two peers, many squires and officers, and an admixture of tradesfolk, among them a leather-seller named Praise-God Barbones, who was elected Speaker, and after whom this assembly is commonly called Barebone's Parliament, though it is more decorously designated as 'the Little Parliament.'

It met on the 4th of July, but in Carlyle's words, 'Their history is gone all dark ; and no man for the present has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did or what they aimed to do.'

This is rather a figure of speech, for they began to aim at a great deal, namely, that marriages might take place before a justice of the peace instead of a minister of religion ; that the Court of Chancery should be abolished ; tithes no longer paid, and all scandalous and incompetent ministers ejected by a travelling committee. The more rational men saw that they were going too fast. Sunday the 10th of December was spent in secret consultations, and on Monday the 11th, before the extreme party had arrived at the House or taken alarm, Francis Rous, a member of the old Parliament, moved that the sitting of this present one was no longer for the

need of the Commonwealth, and 'that therefore it is requisite' to deliver up unto the Lord-General Cromwell the powers which we received from him.

No objection seems to have been made. A writing was drawn up, and signed on bits of paper hastily wafered together, and after five months, Barebone's Parliament was no more!

Of course the Lord-General appeared to be much surprised. He convened his Council of officers, and it was decided that the Commonwealth should be vested in one Lord Protector, assisted by a Council not exceeding twenty-one in number. No one doubted who that Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland was to be!

On the 16th of December, 1652, His Highness, now fifty-four years of age, appeared in a black velvet suit and cloak, and a broad band of gold about his hat, in the Chancery Court at Westminster Hall, attended by the Judges in their scarlet robes, the Lord Mayor and aldermen also in full array, and the chief military men in uniform. There a parchment was read, defining the powers of the Protector and the obedience due to him. He signed the parchment on which he made much such engagements as to the laws and liberties of the nation as were usually demanded of the Sovereign, giving free liberty to all forms of religion, excepting the Church, whether Anglican or Roman, and he swore to observe these conditions.

Then, with his hat on, he sat down in the chair of state, where the Lord Chancellor delivered to him the Great Seal, and the Lord Mayor the sword and cap of maintenance. These were immediately returned, and then Cromwell went back in procession to Whitehall, with sound of trumpet, beat of drum, and roar of cannon. Proclamation of the Protector was made in public places, and the Corporation of London invited him to a great feast in the Guildhall.

On these tidings, the young King issued a proclamation that, 'Whereas a certain base mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, has usurped our throne;' a price of a pension of £500 a year was set upon his head, to be bestowed on whomsoever should take his life. To the Cavaliers, many of them men made reckless by camp-life and destitution, this seemed an entire justification of any attempt upon the life of one whom they regarded as a traitor and murderer beyond the pale of humanity, and when they found that his high and resolute tone with foreign Courts was causing treaties to be made with him, and expelling their princes from their refuge in France, their indignation knew no bounds.

One Colonel Gerrard had formed a plot with some other Royalists, for attacking the Protector on his way to Hampton Court. In the meantime, however, Gerrard could not refrain from insulting, in the streets of London, the Portuguese Ambassador's brother, Don Pantaleon Sa.

The next evening there was a sally, headed by De Sa, to revenge the insult with sword, pistol, and dagger. Beside the

Royal Exchange there was a regular fight, the Englishmen rallying round Gerrard; but they had only their rapiers, whereas the Portuguese had pistols and daggers. One Englishman was killed, another dangerously wounded; but Gerrard's spirit prevailed, and he chased the foreigners back to the Envoy's house.

The persons of Ambassadors and their suites were held sacred, and Don Pantaleon pleaded his rights, but Cromwell had no notion of having Englishmen murdered in the streets. He forced the brother to be delivered up, had him tried by a jury half-foreign and half-English, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, though the sentence was commuted to beheading. The Ambassador signed the treaty in haste, and made all speed to get away from England. However, the very next day Gerrard was beheaded on the same spot for his conspiracy against the Lord Protector!

Yet the Levellers were not much more delighted than the Royalists. An Anabaptist, named Feak, preached at Blackfriars: 'Tell your Protector that he has deceived the Lord's people, that he is a perjured villain, and will end worse than the last Protector did.' And General Harrison, who was of the same persuasion, flatly refused obedience to the Protector and retired into Staffordshire. Vane and all the Republicans endured, but most unwillingly. The state of the Continent was such as to invite action on the English side, if it had a head able to direct. Mazarin returning to avowed power in France, thought at first that in the Protector he should find only a rough soldier, but was soon amazed at the ability of the despatches that came from him and his secretary, Milton.

Spain likewise was anxious for the aid of England, which was thought the friend of the enemies of the Dutch. A very numerous fleet was being fitted out at Portsmouth, and there was great anxiety as to its destination; but no one, even in England, had full information, certainly not the sailors. Mazarin sent troops to Dieppe to guard against a descent there, but possibly he knew better, and this was a blind. When at last thirty-seven vessels sailed westward with Admiral Penn in the flagship *Swiftsure*, and carrying an army under General Venables, and twenty-five to the south with Blake, in the *St. George*, it was even said that Blake, displeased at the Protectorate, was going over to the service of Spain!

Indeed, the Spaniards were very civil to him when he anchored in Cadiz Bay; and very much obliged to him also for preventing a French squadron from coming to the aid of the Duke of Guise, that strange pseudo knight-errant who had been making an attempt on the kingdom of Naples in right of his descent through the house of Lorraine, from old King René.

Cromwell was wont to say that there was no embassy like a ship of the line, and Blake's appearance in the Mediterranean created as great a panic as if he had been an ancient Viking, instead of an Oxford scholar. The Pope, Alexander VII., ordered a solemn

procession as in times of the utmost danger, rich people fled from Rome, and a sack, like that by the troops of Bourbon, was apprehended. However, all that these terrible English did was to sail on to Leghorn, and there demand compensation for the owners of all the vessels that had there been sold by the Princes Rupert and Maurice, fixing the sum at £60,000. Some had been sold in the Papal dominions, and Grand Duke and Pope together raised the sum, feeling no doubt much as when ransom was required to prevent the ravages of the Northmen—not that Blake had the least intention of ravaging: all he further requested was liberty of worship for the Protestants of England and Germany in the Tuscan towns.

His next undertaking was to chastise the Moorish pirates, who made the whole Mediterranean utterly unsafe, and even marauded up to the English coast. Sailing to Tunis, he sent a letter to the Dey of Algiers, demanding restitution for the English ships that had been seized, and release of all captives of his nation. In reply, the Dey was willing to make promises for the future, but refused to give up ships or prisoners.

Blake left five vessels under Captain Stayner to watch the harbour, while he sent the others to the friendly ports for provisions; but on the 8th of March, 1655, he was again off Goletta, sending messages to the den of pirates.

All his demands were refused, even for a little fresh water. He drew off, however, till he could collect his whole fleet in full strength; but on the 9th of April, he drew out his ships before the harbour and began firing on the forts of Goletta and Porto Farino, and the whole corsair fleet in harbour between them. The Moorish batteries did comparatively little harm to the English ships, and under cover of the smoke, the Admiral sent out long boats with picked men, to throw brands and torches into the great pirate galleys. The device succeeded. Nine vessels were soon towers of flame, and burnt to the very keel, and their explosion did great mischief to their forts. Blake, however, sailed away to Tripoli, and there all his demands were acceded to. Such a lesson the pirates had not had since Lepanto! It was a wonderful achievement, and for years to come the English were unmolested in the Mediterranean. Then Blake paid a friendly visit to Venice, and returning to Tunis, asked if the Dey was ready for peace! No doubt he was, and he even consented to the residence of a Consular agent for England.

Then Blake paid a visit to Malta, where the knights had captured some English ships as those of rebels; but were too much in awe of the terrible Admiral not to give the compensation he demanded. Lastly, Algiers was to have a lesson; but there the Dey was on his guard, and began by propitiating the English captains by a welcome present of fresh meat. He negotiated with Blake, representing that he could not violently take away all the English slaves from their masters without a despotic exertion of power; but he was willing

that they should be redeemed at a moderate cost, and he engaged to respect the English flag in future. Blake agreed; the English prisoners were collected and ransomed at a fixed rate; but while this was going on, some men came swimming towards the ships, pursued by a boat full of Moors. As soon as they were near enough to be heard, the poor fellows entreated in Dutch to be taken on board, and rescued from slavery. The English sailors forgot all their late enmity to Holland, and hastened to throw ropes to them; and when they were loudly claimed by their Moorish masters, the crews agreed to redeem them, and every mariner subscribed his pay for one day to pay their ransom.

Such a cruise as this was in the interest of Christianity, and it made the Continental powers the more anxious for England's alliance. The Spaniards had esteemed England as their ally since the Stewart reigns had begun; but Cromwell, taking up the old Protestant policy of Queen Elizabeth's latter years, informed Philip IV. that though the English had beaten the Dutch, they would be no allies of Spain, save on a pledge that no Englishman should be subjected to the Inquisition, and that British ships should have full right to trade in all the ports of Spanish America.

He was answered that this was like asking for the King of Spain's two eyes. Whatever the first demand may have appeared to Philip IV., the second would have involved a great loss of revenue, for the unfortunate colonists could purchase nothing but what came from Spain or Flanders, and at an exorbitant price. Even papal licences and grants were purchased wholesale by the King, and retailed to the settlers, and it was the fixed idea of the century that the chief use of colonies was to provide a market for home produce.

But the astute Cardinal who governed France was determined to propitiate the mighty man who ruled England, alien as was his whole sentiment to that of France. One condition of alliance was that a stop should be put to the persecution of the Vandois or Waldenses. These people apparently were disciples of Peter Waldo, and a brotherhood called the Poor Brethren, who existed in the thirteenth century. Their original tenets are not very clear, though later enthusiasm identified them with those of the Reformed. Three valleys in Piedmont had been assigned to them, and there they had dwelt peacefully and industriously; but their numbers had increased, so as to spread beyond these limits; and the Duke of Savoy, in an access of zeal, insisted on these outsiders all conforming to the Roman Church or going back to their valleys.

The decree was put in execution in the depth of winter, when the Alps were almost impassable, and terrible sufferings were inflicted by the soldiery, who drove whole families from their comfortable homesteads—old people, women, little children, and all through snow, ice, and precipices, so that they perished in numbers. Any attempt at

resistance was the signal for absolute indiscriminate massacre by the brutal soldiery. The English were filled with horror. Milton's feeling broke forth in the grand sonnet—

‘Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;’

and he further—with his foreign scholarship—wrote the strong letters of remonstrance that made Mazarin interfere to stay the hand of the Duke of Savoy, and procure a cessation of these cruelties.

Another less generous item in the treaty was the expulsion of the Stewart princes from Paris. Holland had likewise been closed against them, and Charles repaired to Cologne; while James and Henry sought the Spanish army in Flanders, where they met the French exiles of the Fronde.

Nobody could perhaps have devised a better punishment for the proud Prince of Condé than he had found for himself when he took service under Spain. Partly, no doubt, he was distrusted; but his greatest vexations were from the tardiness and incapacity of the Spanish and Flemish generals with whom he had to act, and that in the face of his only rival in strategy, Turenne.

Don Juan of Austria, an illegitimate son of Philip III., was in command, a very different person from his namesake, the hero of Lepanto, fat, sluggish, and intensely proud and tenacious of his authority. He was barely civil to the English princes, but on the request of Condé, the King of Spain gave them commissions.

The Spanish army was besieging St. Venaux, when one afternoon James beheld a convoy on its way to the town. He rode off to tell the Prince de Ligne, who could easily have intercepted it.

‘I shall take care not to move,’ said de Ligne; ‘it is as much as my head is worth to act without orders from Don Juan.’

They went in search of Don Juan, but he was taking his siesta, and no one might disturb him on any account; nor did he show the least vexation when he learned the opportunity that had been missed. When the young Duke, who had seen a very different spirit in England, expressed his wonder to Condé, the answer was, ‘If you wish to see mistakes in war, you must come among the Spaniards.’

No wonder vexation threw Condé into one of those violent fevers to which he was subject. No wonder the star of Spain was on the wane!

Cromwell sent orders to Blake to leave the Mediterranean and cruise in the Atlantic. As there was no war proclaimed with Spain, the Admiral put into the harbour of Malaga for fresh water. Some of the sailors, rambling in the streets, encountered a procession carrying the Host to a dying man, and thought it incumbent on themselves to assert their Protestantism by laughing aloud at the inhabitants who reverently knelt. The Priest in charge called on the people to avenge

the insult; there was a fray, when the sailors got the worst, and were chased back to their boats.

Blake was resolved to clear up the matter, and sent a trumpeter to demand that the Priest should be sent on board the *St. George*. The Corregidor replied that he had no power over the clergy. 'I do not ask,' said Blake, 'who has power to send him; but if he be not sent within three hours, your city shall be burnt to the ground.'

No doubt the Priest thought he was going to martyrdom; but he soon found that he was only wanted in order that the Admiral might hear both sides of the question, and understand who was to blame.

Finally, Blake declared that the sailors had been in the wrong to insult the religion of the country, and that he should have punished them if the people had not taken the law into their own hands; but as it was so, they could only be reprimanded, and then, after civil entertainment, he sent the Priest honourably home again.

At Cadiz the Governor sent presents of fresh food, and it was expected that the fleet were about to attack Salee on the coast of Morocco; but Blake was in fact waiting for tidings from the other fleet, under Admirals Penn and Venables.

This was far less well affected to the Protectorate than was his own; indeed, Penn had sent a secret offer to Charles II. to come over to him with all his ships; but as Charles had no harbour to receive them, no means of maintaining them, and no inclination to go and conquer new worlds on his own account, he refused, and the Admiral sailed for Barbadoes, the largest island in the West Indies held by the English.

Thence, according to the orders, they were sent out as soon as the expedition was out of reach of the Stewarts, and likely to feel only that the war was for the interest of England, they were to make an attempt on the great island of Hispaniola or San Domingo, the chief settlement of the Spaniards, although some French buccaneers had a station in it. There had been no declaration of war, and the expedition, though according to the Elizabethan traditions, did not deserve to succeed, yet, in the interest of the unhappy island and of humanity, it seems unfortunate that it did not; since though English rule has been far from blameless in the West Indies, countless horrors might have been prevented if Haiti had been a British possession. However, when Venables was landed with his troops, he was incapable, he wasted his opportunities, was beaten off by the Spaniards, and would have been lost, if Admiral Goodson had not gone to his rescue with a body of seamen.

The fleet and army were grieved and ashamed, and could not bear to go home repulsed. Jamaica was in a bad condition. The cruel treatment of the Spanish settlers had exterminated the natives, and the settlers, under the colonial régime, were too poor to buy negroes; there was a feeble garrison, and no spirit to resist, and thus Jamaica was added to the English dominions. Cromwell sent out all the

disaffected Scots and Irish on whom he could lay his hand, settlers migrated from Barbadoes, and unfortunately had no scruples as to negro slavery. Sugar, with other West Indian produce, was cultivated, and the island was soon prosperous.

Of course, such an act brought an open declaration of war from Spain. Blake on this made for Cape St. Vincent, whence his ships scattered to watch for the great fleet of vessels laden with silver coming home from Peru. In Cadiz were ten large galleons being fitted out to escort them, and Blake hoped to provoke these to come out and become his prey; but nothing would tempt the Royal navy of Spain to risk themselves against the terrible Admiral. Cromwell wished part of the fleet to be sent home to reduce the expense, and indeed, refitting was much needed, for the ships were leaky and unwholesome, and even the *St. George* had an unsound main mast, and Blake himself was very ill from want of fresh air. However, on learning that the merchants of Cadiz were fitting out a convoy, he waited three weeks longer, but in vain, and then returned to England.

There was, however, no rest for him, for Holland and Portugal both showed signs of breaking their treaty with England, and ill as he was with scurvy and dropsy, no one but Blake could be trusted to take the command. The point was to secure English subjects from the Inquisition, and the Portuguese clergy persuaded King João that it was sinful to extend toleration to any heretics, even of other nations. Moreover, his former envoy, Don Pantaleon de Sa, was believed to have attempted to murder a Mr. Meadows, the English 'Envoy to Lisbon, in revenge for the death of his brother who had been hanged in England. Mr. Meadows, however, recovered from his wound, and no search was made for the assassins. Blake, however, came to exact reparation, and sailed into the Tagus, so alarming the citizens of Lisbon that they rose upon the King, and insisted that he should come to terms with this terrible enemy. Finally, the treaty was fully accepted. English residents in the Portuguese domains were not to be interfered with by the Holy Office, and all the money demanded as compensation for ships sold by Rupert was paid.

Then Blake lay off Cadiz watching for the Silver Fleet, whose return had all this time been deferred, and at last Captain Stayner, in the *Speaker*, with six more ships, caught four splendid galleons and four lesser ships, in one of which was the Viceroy of Lima and his family. There was a sharp fight for six hours. One galleon was taken full of gold and silver, two were burnt, one sunk, two traders were taken, and only two escaped. The Viceroy and two of his children perished in the burning ship. The father might have been saved, but his wife had been scorched to death, and throwing his arms round her body, he refused to leave her. Two sons and two daughters were rescued by the English, brought on board the *Speaker*, kindly treated, and finally sent ashore.

Blake, in spite of constant sickness, of tempests, of unsound ships, and even of discouragement from home, resolved on remaining on the coasts of Spain and Portugal all the winter, watching the Spaniards, and keeping the Moors in order, till at last, in the spring of 1657, he learnt that another Silver fleet had set forth from America, consisting of six great galleons, and sixteen smaller vessels, but that it had put into the Canary Isles for shelter, in the bay of Santa Cruz, a horse-shoe shaped harbour, strongly fortified, and guarded by Don Diego Dieguez, a Spanish Admiral with numerous ships of war, and musqueteers in all the forts.

Never was there a more desperate undertaking, made, too, by an old man under a mortal disease! Blake could not hope to carry off the vessels, but to destroy them. On the 19th of April, prayer was offered on board all the English ships. Then Stayner, with the best equipped vessels, dashed into the harbour, through the thunders of the war-ship and batteries, and laid himself alongside of the galleons, Blake followed and cannonaded the Castle. For six hours the tremendous battle lasted; but soon after noon the flames had done their work. Not a ship was left of the Silver fleet. All were burnt, their cargoes lost. And at night, having completed the destruction, the English fleet safely left the bay, having lost only 50 men killed, and 150 wounded. No prizes had been gained, but England had won her rank as mistress of the seas.

The wonderful Admiral was, however, dying. Yet even then he sailed to Salee, in order to obtain the restoration of Christian captives by the terror of his name. Having done this effectually, he sailed to England; but he was rapidly sinking, and even as the *St. George* came in sight of Plymouth Bay, he drew his last breath, the noblest warrior of the Parliamentary side; never cruel, always just, and able to set country above party. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and had been a scholar till necessity made him first a soldier, and then a marvellous sea-general, and to the last he was the calm and thoughtful civilian in his ways and manners, only, when perplexed or angered, twirling his moustaches. He was buried in great state in Westminster Abbey.

READING AS AN ART.

BY GRACE LATHAM.

'Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.'

CHAPTER III.

WE now come to the literature of the second class, in which the form, or the choice and arrangement of the words, is equal in importance with the sense.

This class is written to be communicated by the voice to the ear; chiefly for the purpose of conveying feeling, or thought as affected by feeling to the mind; this alone is sufficient to change the whole manner of the reader. The fact that this kind of literature is addressed to the ear necessitates some one who will be the medium of communication between the author and his public, and gives the reader an almost unlimited power; he alone can show the world the beauties of a poem, and without him a writer practically ceases to exist, especially in the case of the drama. Then again the very essence of this kind of literature is that much in it is not absolutely set down in words; the presence, force and quality of an emotion is often expressed by the use of a word, which from its construction is capable of being pronounced with such an intonation as exactly portrays this emotion, its strength, or kind; by a pause which suddenly breaks a sentence across, just where strong feeling would require us to stop; by the short and snapping, or long and sonorous, syllables which hasten or retard a line, and indicate the presense of some joy or sorrow, requiring quicker or slower speech.

Thus the reader is no longer a mouthpiece, but rises to the rank of an interpreter; for it is now his office not merely to repeat a message word for word, but to study and translate it, that his hearers may fully enter into its meaning. Hence an interpreter holds a distinctly different position with regard to his hearers; if the reader gave his message clearly and accurately, and his listeners did not like or understand it, well, that was the fault of the author; but the interpreter is like a musician, who has the thoughts of a composer written down before him in crotchets and quavers, but who alone is able to wake the spirit which inspired them, and make it live to the public. An interpreter must be always listening to, and testing his own work as though he were one of the audience; he must continually ask himself, did such an intonation convey what I meant? did I pause long enough for my hearers to take in that idea before I went on to the next line?

Now we are all accustomed to learn far more from the manner of

our friends' speeches than we at all realise ; a faint variation in tone, a sharper, or quicker method of articulation, the slightest softening of the voice, and we know very well whether they are pleased or angry, touched or hurt, though they may have said no word to tell us so, and it is means like these that we must use for translating the work of the second class.

As to the gifts and powers needed by an interpreter, they are very nearly the same as those required by a reader ; only they must be more highly developed by cultivation, better trained to render perfect obedience to their master ; they must include absolute accuracy of mind to seize and reproduce each shade of meaning, perfect articulation, breath and voice completely under control, and a highly trained ear, to which he must add the power of experiencing and expressing feeling. This power is especially important ; for emotion forms so large a part of all works of Class II., that no interpreter is of any use who cannot exhibit it ; not *indicate*, that is not sufficient ; he must be able to feel it strongly enough to have a clear vision of it in his mind, and to produce tones, which, corresponding to all its shades and gradations, will communicate the vision to his audience. There must be no shirking of this task ; no saying, ' I don't like working myself into such a state ; it sounds so exaggerated.' You are an interpreter, and as such are bound to deliver your message exactly as it is given to you ; if it sounds exaggerated, it is because you have not hit upon the tone or manner, which adequately and naturally expresses the feelings of your author. François Millet, the great French painter, spoke a profound artistic truth, when he said : ' The beautiful is the suitable ' ; get the right tones, and your rendering of a poem will be lovely, because true to nature. Of course your delivery must be regulated by the matter of your message, and the place in which you speak it ; for example, to take an extreme case, no one with a spark of artistic feeling would dream of reading Keat's ' Endymion,' with the tones appropriate to Constance's ravings in ' King John.' If you read in a large hall, your effects must be such as would sound too much for a little room ; if you stand up to recite in a drawing-room, you must do so more dramatically than if you sat down to read the same thing to a single friend, for you would naturally say anything across a room more energetically, than if you poured it into the ears of one person only, as your ideas and emotions would have a longer distance to travel, a *greater space* to fill. But in every case there must be the same absolute truth of feeling, telling its story in the same unmistakable manner, or our reading is a failure, and, like most failures, probably absurd.

The literature of the second class comprises all prose works, written for the purpose of being spoken, like sermons and lectures. Then come fables, the simplest poetic form of a story ; then ballads, in which we find a greater breadth and power of expression, and such

poems as those of Crabbe; then sonnets, odes and other species of short poems, and then idylls, epics, and finally the drama; the form of composition which requires most care and elaboration on the part of the reader, the widest knowledge of the human heart, and the most perfect command of the means of expression.

To begin at the top of the list we will take a passage from Jeremy Taylor's Sermon on: 'The Return of Prayers.' The moment we open the book we feel we are on fresh ground; true the ideas are expressed clearly enough, but how much are they not helped by the sound of the words?

'Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more and more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministeries here below: so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was a matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it, when his anger is removed . . .; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.'

We should begin with calm authority, the preacher is laying down a maxim; no change is necessary, and there is nothing in the words for an interpreter to take hold of till we come to the end of the first sentence, where the firm, clear but narrow sound of the words, 'right line,' seems to show us the prayers of the peaceful going straight up to heaven; and to give these words their full expression, they should be very clearly articulated, the t in 'right,' and the n in 'line' being well brought out. By 'narrow' we mean that there is nothing broad, nothing sonorous about the vowels, which usually govern the sound of a word; in 'bound' for instance they are rich and broad; in 'right line' they are so appropriatetly narrow, that they bring before our minds the picture of a long straight road going direct to its object. In the lovely description of the lark's flight, everything travels

upwards; we feel the strong ascent of the bird in the very sound of the words 'rising,' 'soaring'; this effect is given by their long, open first syllables; 'flying upwards' would have nearly the same meaning, but from its sound not nearly the same value in the passage. What exultation there is in 'singing as he rises!' and the alliteration too attracts the ear to the important words, a common device among writers of the second class; there is joy, as of happy achievement, in the repeated c l. Then comes discouragement; the long monosyllable 'poor' can be said so as to be full of pitying grief, as though the lark were our friend, and we sorrowed for his discomfiture, and the four b's: 'but the poor bird was beaten back' seem like blows from the baffling wind, whose loud sighings we now hear of the words forming a picture, if we may say so, for the ear as well as the eye. The march of the sentences now loses its strength and evenness of movement, and does not recover them until the little minstrel makes ready to start again, when not only the smoothness, but the exceeding sweetness of the words teaches us that we must take a sweet tone, and seems to show us the happy, melodious ascent of the now successful bird. But when we come to the application of the parable the sweet sounds end, and in their place we have grave, hard ones, which become harsh when the tempest of anger rises, showing us plainly what tones we are to use, and there is a touch of pathos in the open vowels of: 'and the *good man sighs* for his infirmity.' Although the sound of the i in sighs is the same as in 'right line,' yet in the one case it is dwelt upon, and made long and open, in the other it is shortened by our passing at once to the consonants. As we read of the return to calm, and to renewed communion with Heaven, the sound grows smooth and happy, though still grave as befits the subject.

Having now shown how sounds of words assist their meaning, we will illustrate the different methods in which some of the various styles of poetry should be read, beginning with Cowper's fable: 'Pairing Time Anticipated.'

The subject is simple, so is the form in which it is presented to us, and therefore our interpretation of it must be simple too.

It chanced upon a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.'

As we are telling a story we begin, of course, in the narrative tone. How the soft-sounding second line, drawn out so as to seem long both by its commas and the length of its syllables, brings before us the lovely winter's day, full of promise in its repose; and we need

hardly say that the voice must reproduce the ideas thus suggested and be soft and calm, yet bright, like the day; and for the future it must be understood that whenever a line or word has such or such a sound, it is meant to be echoed by the voice. The moment we come to the discussions of the birds, we seem to see their restless movements, to hear their little chirrupy cries in the short syllables of the last two lines, which are farther brought out by the contrast they make to the preceding ones; and here we must say that in this kind of reading contrasts must be diligently sought for, and carefully marked, both because they catch the ear and arouse the interest of our listeners, and because they break the monotony of sound, almost inseparable from metre.

‘At length a Bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment’s liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Deliver’d briefly thus his mind:
“My friends! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet!”’

This is one of the chief actors in the little drama. Not only have the words relating to him a weightier sound, to draw attention to him, but the line is broken in the middle; a pause, represented by a comma, after his name, attracting the ear to it. ‘Bullfinch,’ therefore, must be slightly accentuated. He begins his speech; there is another break in the line after ‘entreated’; it marks both that word, and the sentence after it; these premature weddings will have serious consequences for the bird community, the feathered orator is in sad earnest, he shouts above the tumult. The crowd hears the patriarch; there is another break in the line, to emphasize the fact that a quiet hearing was obtained for him, ‘and, silence publicly enjoined,’ and a most serious tone of exhortation should be taken for his little speech. Now we meet a second character, the giddy heroine of the story, a complete contrast to the Bullfinch. She is a vain, flighty, young bird, with the quick vivacious movements, and coquettish airs of most of the finches, to which tribe we are told she belongs.

‘A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing, and satin poll,
A last year’s bird, who ne’er had tried
What pairing means, thus pert replied:’

The lines have a light skipping movement, very characteristic of her; they should be read in a light narrative tone, with no smoothing over of the sharp consonants; the pause given by the line ending at ‘tried,’ may be made very significant. Her speech is jerky, as though it harmonized with herself, as indeed our manner of speaking

mostly does, especially the first two lines with their short-sounding syllables, and we should use a sharp enunciation, and a pert tone, until we come to the last line, into which an affected sentimentality may be thrown, for the next quotation :

“Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,
 “Opposite, in the apple tree,
 By his good will would keep us single
 Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
 Or (which is likelier to befall)
 Till death exterminates us all.
 I couple without more ado;
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?”

Cowper must have been a close observer of the ways of small birds, to judge by the picture given in the next two lines. They must not be hurried over, or they will go for nothing; every word must have full time given to it, and to the pause after it, there is a whole sentence in them; besides ‘Dick’ is the lover of the comedy, and an important personage. A rather inflated narrative tone should be used, long pompous words having been provided for it, in the account of his answer. For the last three lines of the quotation we must return to the lighter tones of the opening verse; it is the poet, not Dick, who is now speaking.

‘Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
 Turning short round, strutting, and sidling,
 Attested glad his approbation
 Of an immediate conjugation.
 Their sentiments so well express’d
 Influenced mightily the rest;
 All pair’d, and each pair built a nest.’

Now comes the fatal end of ill-considered actions; we must speak a little more gravely; a tragedy is at hand, things go worse and worse, and we must carefully emphasize the fatal changes of the wind, especially the twice-repeated ‘east.’

‘But though the birds were thus in haste,
 The leaves came on not quite so fast,
 And Destiny, that sometimes bears
 An aspect stern on man’s affairs,
 Not altogether smiled on theirs.
 The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
 Now shifted east, and east by north;’

then confidentially :

‘Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
 Could shelter them from rain and snow,’

and as though announcing a disaster :

‘Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
 Themselves were chill’d, their eggs were addled.’

The dramatic pause after nests should be insisted on, and so should the rhyme, as it helps, as it often does, to bring out the sense. In the next line there is a most expressive little pause at the end :

‘ Soon every father bird and mother ’

We tremble to think what is coming next :

‘ Grew quarrelsome, and peck’d each other.’

Notice too how the comma after ‘ quarrelsome ’ obliges us again to wait for the dénouement of the play :

‘ Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn’d in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.’

The last two lines must be very carefully emphasized ; for they contain the moral of the fable, for the development of which it was written.

In strong contrast to this pretty little comedy is the ballad of ‘ Barthram’s Dirge,’ our next example. The difference between them is not merely that this is in a tragic key, but that while ‘ Pairing Time Anticipated ’ is delicately, though simply touched, ‘ Barthram’s Dirge,’ with equal simplicity is stronger in sentiment and bolder in delineation, more coarsely and roughly drawn ; as is indeed the case with most ballads, even comic ones. The reason of this is that the fable was written to be read at home, in the library or family circle ; the ballad, to be recited in the big farm kitchen, or in the barn at the thresher’s dinner-hour, and the different audiences need a different style both in writing and rendering. The tone used in our first example should be clear and pleasant ; here, though far rounder and more open, pleasant and pretty it must not be ; what is appropriate to the loves of the birds, would jar and grate on our ears, if used for the hasty burial of the murdered knight. The prevailing tone used should always be suited to the matter and manner of a poem. We must not however be misunderstood, our voices here must not sound harsh or unpleasant ; the interpreter’s business is to give pleasure ; and such tones should be rarely and sparingly used for very special effects, mostly to be found in drama. Again, though the sound should not be clear, the articulation must be so, for if a reader does not make himself understood, well, he had better shut his book at once.

BARTHRAM’S DIRGE.

‘ They shot him dead at the Nine Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken boughs,
 The sauch,* and the aspen gray,
 And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
 And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
 And threw her robes aside;
 She tore her ling, long yellow hair,
 And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady Well,
 His wounds so deep and sair,
 And she plaited a garland for his breast,
 And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
 And bare him to his earth,
 And the Grey Friars sung the dead man's mass
 As they passed the chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
 When the dew fell cold and still,
 When the aspen grey forgot to play,
 And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
 By the edge of the Nine Stane Burn,
 And they cover'd him o'er with the heather flower,
 The moss, and the lady fern.

A grey friar staid upon the grave,
 And sang till the morning tide;
 And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
 While the Headless Cross shall bide.'

Here there are no commas breaking the lines every moment, and requiring an infinity of little pauses, and variations of tone to express them; the sound flows evenly on, almost the only pauses being at the ends of the lines. The first verse gives us the key to the whole; there are neither hard nor bright sounds, and the tone used should be subdued, but impressive, suitable to a description; we have to bring before our hearers the savage grandeur of the wild and melancholy moorland, calm and monotonous, but full of power, and the dead man lying in his blood under the grey northern sky. In the two first lines *shot* and *dead* are the only words to be brought out with any sharpness; *left lying* and *blood* must be accentuated, but not sharply articulated in the third, and *moor* and *moss* in the fourth. There must be no personal feeling, no dramatic intonations, as in 'Pairing Time'; the speaker is telling a story with which he is not concerned, but, rightly read, this first verse should form the scenery, the background as it were, of the whole ballad. In the next verse we hear how people came, possibly two friars; they made a bier, evidently in all haste, using the broken boughs of the trees around, and bore him to a lonely little chapel, recognising the duty of giving him Christian burial, but feeling no sorrow for one unknown to them. Here again the tone should be descriptive, but lighter and less subdued,

* Willow.

and the lines should move more quickly. The first line of the third verse should be given clearly and almost pleasantly; the lady, as yet, knows nothing of what has happened; for elocutionary purposes this reading is better than one which would represent her hurrying in wild misery to the chapel, as it affords a good contrast both with what preceeds, and follows it. She comes of a wild race of Border knights, and has neither the self-control, nor the passionless temperament, which are often the outcome of a comfortable, fairly prosperous burgher life, and the second line must be given with force and energy to show the violence of her grief at the sight of the dead body of her beloved; the third has a touch of pity for the long yellow hair that was so ruthlessly torn, returning to the force of despair for the fourth when she flings herself on her knees by the corpse. Here it is not 'knelt' but 'Barthram' which should have the chief accent; for the first time she names the unknown man, and the accent should show her overwhelming grief.

We should then take a beautiful intonation of the deepest pathos to tell how she washed his wounds, and dressed and decked him for the grave, and the voice should swell to a cold stern but full tone, as we speak of the mass sung by the Grey Friars, vowed to renounce all human ties, as the last procession starts.

For the sixth verse the voice should have that tonelessness and mystery which comes when supernatural things possess the mind, broken only by the second line which should be clear, and cold as a chilly night. With increased rapidity, and almost in a whisper, we must tell of the hasty burial; the shallow grave covered in and concealed with the wild plants of the moor, and rather more deliberately of the friar, who dared only stay by the grave while hidden by the darkness, and then with hushed gravity we must repeat the last two lines, which are supposed to be an addition of the speaker to his tale. In this ballad we find no complicated effects, all is simple and massive, and the few changes of feeling should be strongly marked. It is however far more difficult to render than 'Pairing Time,' the emotion being stronger, deeper, and all important; the mere grouping of the words being of comparatively little account, and we shall need a powerful imagination to realise the scene, and produce the appropriate intonations, as well as a skilful ear to seize and retain them, as it is the contrasts they produce which give 'Barthram's Dirge' much of its charm.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XXII.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.¹¹*(Supposed date 1601; published 1623.)*

THOUGH warm admirers may rank this play as high as they please, and though those like it less cannot deny to it many merits, there is certainly something in the effect it produces different from that of any in the great series of comedies which it closes. Whether from the oddly bad state of the text, which leaves many passages still obscure, despite of the labours of commentators, or the frequent shifting of locality, each change giving a sort of jolt to the story, or something else, undefined though felt, the effect of the play as a whole, is not as satisfactory. Perhaps the fact that Shakspeare burdened himself with an awkward story and intolerable hero has most to do with the comparative weakness of the whole. This is to be charged on the original story 'Giletta of Narbonne,' one of the tales of the 'Decameron,' and translated in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. Here the simple story is much the same as we have it in the play, in what concerns Helena and Bertram. The tale does not give much space for the development of character, but as far as the hero, Count Beltramo, is represented, he shows some points upon which Shakspeare has not improved, contrary to his usual practice. Count Beltramo is certainly disagreeable enough to make Giletta's passion seem a sort of infatuation; but he yields to the forced marriage only under strong protest, making no pretence of being reconciled to it, and at the end of the story he receives Giletta as his wife on her simple declaration that his conditions are fulfilled, without needing any of that elaborate battery of lying which Helena uses to reclaim her runaway husband. On the other hand, Shakspeare introduces new characters who have an interest quite unknown to the novel. The Countess, Lafeu, and Parolles are all strongly marked characters, distinctly individual, though owning kinship with people in the other plays. There is one important point in which *All's Well* differs from the rest of this series of comedies, it appears to be an early play remodelled. Supposing the idea to be correct which identifies it with *Love's Labour's Won*, a play which did once exist, but under that name at least, has disappeared, we have an explanation of some of the peculiarities of *All's Well*, the rhymed passages coming in without any marked necessity, and the comparative faintness of some of the characters. It would be hazardous to attempt to say what the play may have been in this earlier form, and how much of

the present one represents Shakspeare's maturer work, as there is nothing definite to go upon. Some passages strike the ear as having the cadence of the later plays rather than the earlier, and again some scenes may want the finish of *As you like it* or *Much Ado*; but it would not be safe to draw positive conclusions from these things. To the end of his life as a writer, Shakspeare sometimes used rhymes and varying metres, and did not always work up each scene to the same degree. Therefore, leaving this doubtful question, we must take our play as it stands.

The group of persons presented to us in the opening scene contains some figures not exactly paralleled in the other plays. Such an old *lady* as the Countess has nowhere a precise counterpart. Lady Capulet comes near her in position and presumable age, but is far removed, mentally and morally, from the Lady of Rousillon, so loving and generous in her gracious dignity. She has a strong and clear mind, and a wonderful freedom from prejudice, and anything small and spiteful. Not all her great love for Bertram can blind her to the fact that he behaves disgracefully in repudiating Helena, nor does her natural sense of her daughter-in-law's social inferiority at all prevent her from fully accepting her as Bertram's superior in every other respect. Clearly our Lady Countess looks well after her son's house during his minority, we shall not find here such midnight merry-makings as went on in Olivia's establishment, and we wonder greatly how Parolles gained a footing here. But the Countess has one weakness, a certain toleration for the Clown of the story, not quite comprehensible, as we shall see when that person appears. By bringing in the old Lord Lafeu as a companion figure to the Countess, Shakspeare made an opportunity for showing one of the less hackneyed combinations of dramatic characters, a pair of old friends, true lady and gentleman, each esteeming the other with a regard which has grown through long years, a specially delicate and graceful picture. Time has mellowed and refined them without breaking their strength. Lafeu never troubles to make professions of friendship for the Countess, but he is evidently deeply interested in all her affairs, and she counts on his looking after her son for her. It may be noticed that Lafeu's roughness of speech vanishes when he speaks with her, and between this high-bred old couple, familiarity is never allowed to lead to contempt. In many respects Lafeu is a typical old aristocrat, too thoroughly assured of his own position to be the least afraid of being easy, even homely, but entertaining the strongest prejudice against upstarts and pretenders. He is never harsh to any one avowedly holding a subordinate position; for instance, he is invariably courteous to Helena, and goodnatured to the Fool, but let a hanger-on give himself airs, and assume equality with his betters, and Lafeu is down upon him like a sledge-hammer. Here again Shakspeare hits hard and heavy at a form of that affectation which he so much despised. Otherwise Lafeu is thoroughly kind-hearted, the grains of

pepper in his composition do him no harm, and when even the rogue he most dislikes is once exposed and in want, he is quite ready to befriend him, without stickling for consistency. Like other old gentlemen, Lafau may sometimes prose, and make a fuss about nothing, as the sick King petulantly complains, but on the whole he is undeniably pleasant company.

The hero of the story next presents himself for consideration, hero only by position, for there is nothing the least heroic about Bertram. But no one can deny that he represents a permanent type with astonishing fidelity. Who has not known such a handsome, weak, selfish boy, for really Bertram is no more, with a surface amiability covering surprising capabilities for falsehood, cruelty, and baseness? Probably the Rousillon household all spoiled and adored the young heir, who did well enough there, with a wholesome awe of his mother to keep him straight. It would be pleasanter to him to keep on good terms with everybody as long as they did not cross his inclinations, and the latent baseness might possibly never have been developed without the pressure of circumstances; but it is in him from the beginning. We are not disposed to blame him extremely for thinking too much of his birth and rank when the world around him attached so much importance to such things, nor is it unpardonable in the inexperienced youth that he believes in the adventurer Parolles, though Helena has penetrated his real character. On these points Bertram might easily grow wiser; but what experience could put any real nobility into his shallow and selfish disposition? Courage in battle we may credit him with, it would be regarded as part of his birthright, and some special talents for military command he evidently possesses, but beyond this and a superficial polish, it is difficult to discover the attractions which so fascinate Helena. Nevertheless, she is neither the first nor the last girl who credits a man with all the virtues on the strength of his arched eyebrows and brilliant eyes.

This fairly brings us to our heroine, whose character has excited such differences of opinion. According to some people, she is the finest of all Shakspeare's women creations, the most lovable as well as the most admirable of them all; while others feel her forward, unscrupulous, selfish, in fact, can hardly see any good in her! Between such extremes we may perhaps arrive at the character which Shakspeare conceived. We need not trouble to speculate why he undertook the difficult task of making a girl attractive while engaged in trying to force a man to take her as his wife, who particularly objects to do anything of the sort. View it as we please, the position is not a graceful one, and not even Shakspeare can make it so. He makes Helena fair, brave, loving, and grateful, with plenty of energy, resource, and perseverance; but the story needs other qualities which go far to destroy her charm. No one would quarrel with her for falling in love with Bertram, though, as Benedick might

say, 'it is no great argument of her wisdom.' But we do quarrel with the selfishness of her affection. Strange, that while she fully realises the social barriers between herself and Bertram, she never heeds the real barrier, the fact that he does not love her in the least. It never seems to cross her mind that he must be miserable, tied to an unloved wife, if her desires are to be gratified. She conceals her passion because she thinks it hopeless from their relative positions in the world; but it is evident that if she could get over these, his indifference to her personally would not be an obstacle to her eagerness. It is true, as we have noticed in the other plays, that the age of romance allowed much more advance from the woman's side than does ours. The errant damsel, plainly offering her hand and her love to the knight of her choice, frequently appears in the old stories of chivalry with which the Elizabethans were well acquainted. But even in these wild tales the knight might as plainly refuse the offer, and it was greatly to the lady's discredit if she persisted in her courtship. Helena's admirers contend that she only wants to improve Bertram, and, in fact, is in love from entirely disinterested motives. To which it must be replied, that as she never even suggests that she thinks him less than perfect already, this is assuming a good deal more than Shakspeare tells. She is rather like her hero in this respect, that what she wants she means to get, whoever suffers by it. It is only human nature after all, especially in a passionate Southern girl; but it hardly entitles her to rank as an ideal heroine.

Then could we imagine Viola, or Rosalind, or Beatrice, with all their freedom of speech, holding the conversation which Helena does in this first scene, with Parolles? It would not be possible, and we rather wonder, considering Helena's estimate of Parolles, why she stops to talk to him at all. This is one of the few passages in Shakspeare which strongly suggests the idea of padding. Something was wanted to prevent the scene from being awkwardly short after Bertram takes his leave, and so it is filled out by this talk, characteristic enough of Parolles, but strange for Helena. This same Parolles really does more to give life to the play than either hero or heroine, and whatever we think of them, there is but one view to take of him. Let it not be thought a disparagement of Shakspeare to say that he loved drawing rogues. Villains are a disagreeable necessity in the drama, and the contemporary dramatists were greatly given to villains with plenty of solid black about them; but Shakspeare seems to enjoy himself with these half-tinted characters, introducing them freely, and making each consistent only with himself. Good-for-nothings as they all are, there is no taking any of them seriously or being indignant with them. Yet no two are quite alike. Parolles differs from most of them mainly in this, that the laugh is always against him—we enjoy his discomfiture, not his wit. In Massenger's play, *A King and no King*, there is a character nearer to Parolles than any of Shakspeare's; but Bessus is something more of a fool

than the adventurer of Rousillon. Parolles is not a fool, by any means, though he is a humbug and a sham. He makes his slender resources of character go a long way, and does, for a good while, succeed in making the world take him at his own valuation. He has wit enough to play on Bertram's inexperience, and adapts himself pretty well to the society into which he makes his way as the Count's friend, where few trouble themselves to look below the surface. A ready, supple, plausible adventurer he is, capable of many a shift and wile, but wanting that supreme ingenuity which carries Falstaff, for instance, triumphant over most of his difficulties. Parolles evidently thinks himself a good deal cleverer than he is, and counts on being able to twist himself out of any entanglement; but he forgets that there are other clever fellows in the world beside himself, and ignores the penetrating power of such love-quicken'd instinct as Helena's, or such shrewd common-sense as Lafew's. But his fatal mistake is in failing to see that, by becoming conspicuous, he lays himself open to attacks which he is not capable of resisting. His armour has far too many weak places to defend him against the enemies he provokes, and so he comes to utter confusion. Such as he is, he accompanies Bertram to the French court, on a curiously nondescript sort of footing, as he is evidently considered as one of the young Count's followers, but extremely resents being regarded as his servant.

The scene of Bertram's introduction to the King (Act i., scene 2) has two special points of interest. One is the sketch of the true nobleman given in the King's recollections of the elder Count Rousillon, showing a graceful blending of courtesy and dignity and sensitive recoil from the superficial misjudgments of a younger generation, only fit to criticise new clothes! We could easily fancy one of the stately Elizabethan nobles warmly echoing these sentiments. The second point of interest is the pathos of the sick King's brief complaints. Here is not sheer exhaustion as of a man worn out by toil like Henry IV., or a very old man feeling that his work was done; but it is a sad sense of incapacity to do the work that remains to be done, a bitterness in taking up 'some labourer's room.' If the King talked for an hour we should not feel half so much sympathy with him as is evoked by these short utterances, seemingly dropping from him unawares. 'I fill a place, I know it,' he sadly answers, when the courtiers speak of his subjects' love for him. In other respects, it is singular that the King's character never becomes very distinct, considering that we see a good deal of him, first and last. He is talked about as a model sovereign, and we know that models are rarely very interesting; but we think this one might have had a little more individuality. It is all very well for other people to present amiable despots with no features in particular; but we do expect to know a Shaksperian King when we meet him. A yet greater surprise awaits us on returning to Rousillon (Act i., scene 3). After Touchstone, after Feste, after the thousand drolleries of the

non-professional jesters, why do we meet this terrible falling off in the Countess' Clown, really a clown which the others were only in name? His dullness is not explained, either if we glance on to the Fool in *Lear*, whose wild jests quiver with the wilder grief beneath them. This Clown is not only unnecessary to the story, but has nothing in him to atone for his presence. It is as if Shakspeare had put him in on compulsion, not feeling in the vein for such a character, with the result that the fooling is heavy and flat. If, as the Countess states, her husband really amused himself with the Clown, he did not require much in the way of diversion. Passing on from his laboured wit to the passage where the Countess draws out Helena's confession, we notice one of the sudden bursts of rhyme which mark this play, and should also observe the kindly feeling on the elder lady's part expressed in the rhymed passage. It is not every dame who would recall her own girlish fancies so as to deal gently with her love-sick maiden. But she means to get at the truth in spite of all Helena's pretty evasions and parryings, and she will not be content till she has wrung a direct answer from her. Helena's pleading for herself is certainly charming. A hopeless passion was never described more gracefully; perhaps she is none the less natural because, at the bottom of her heart, she is not only quite hopeless, but has a wild scheme for attaining her wishes. How far the wise old lady penetrates and approves her design is difficult to say. She tells Helena that she has 'wound a goodly clue,' by loving Bertram; but her affection for the girl overpowers such objections as she might naturally make to their marriage, and though she does not commit herself at this stage, she cordially approves when once it is effected. Meantime she fully sanctions Helena's attempt to cure the King.

As we re-enter the French court (Act ii., scene 1) we are, for once, able to sympathise with Bertram, who is fretting and chafing at his compelled inactivity, while his friends are starting for the wars. Naturally enough, the restless lad longs to exercise himself in the one thing for which he has real ability, and the weight of his royal guardian's authority galls him till he is in a fever to be independant and active. The Elizabethan dramatists and other writers make many allusions to the hardships attendant on this condition of being 'under ward.' Times of constant war left many young heirs and heiresses without a father to look after them, and there are many references to the utter helplessness of the youths and maidens at the mercy of unscrupulous guardians. It appears to have been perfectly usual for the guardian to make a profit out of his office, even when the ward had not to complain of neglect or wilful injury; but the worst part of the position was the likelihood of a forced marriage to some entirely unsuitable person if the guardian saw his advantage in so disposing of his ward. Nor were the Crown wards better off. Not only were they married without their consent, that the Sovereign

might obtain his legal fine from their estates, but the whole 'wardship' was openly sold to the highest bidder, so the poor orphans were in virtual slavery. This wretched system only ended in the time of Charles II. It bears particularly hard on Bertram, as he was nearly grown up before he became a ward, and is, therefore, unused to be at any stranger's disposal, even the King's. While he is in this state of secret revolt, with no better counsellor than Parolles beside him, the crisis of his fate comes on, heralded by the appearance of Helena with her medicine for the King. She is very graceful and modest in her strange position, and acquits herself well in the difficult task of persuading his majesty to let himself be cured. There is a touch of specially womanlike art in the ease with which she seems to accept his first refusal as quite final, and then quietly proceeds to argue the whole question over again! The King almost anticipates Molière's Apothecary in his objections to be cured in any unorthodox way, and his sense of the dignity of the Faculty of medicine might satisfy the immortal M. Purgon himself. Nevertheless, Helena prevails in the end. Surely it is an artistic mistake, when the King asks the simple question how long his cure is to take, for her to reply with a triple set of metaphors about 'the horses of the sun' and 'Hesperus' and 'the pilot's glass,' by way of telling him that he will be well in twenty-four hours? 'Fully thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbid ground' is a very good beginning for the Player King in *Hamlet*; but that style of thing sounds out of place in a quick conversation on matters of fact.

However, Helena effects the cure, and claims the price she stipulated for when offering her services (Act ii., scene 3). She does flinch a little when she comes to the point of actually selecting a husband from the young gentlemen paraded before her by the King, and has to be backed up by him. While she prettily enough intimates to the young lords that none of them is her choice, she unintentionally infers that they are all too good for her—not a particularly agreeable suggestion for the man upon whom she does fix. Naturally she delays speaking to Bertram from moment to moment, but when she does speak her meaning is unmistakable, and is instantly confirmed by the King. We can fancy the young man's start of astonishment and disgust when a wife is thus suddenly pitched at him; and he has good right to be indignant thus deprived of the common privilege of choice in such a business. The shock makes him bluntly outspoken and direct in his language. It is certainly strange that neither the model king nor the all-virtuous Helena seem to see that an enormous injustice is being inflicted on Bertram. Granting that a much worthier man might gladly have married Helena, the fact still remains that he detests the idea of doing anything of the sort, she has not even the charm of novelty in his eyes. But the King apparently considers himself very generous in paying his debts at the expense of his defenceless ward, and Helena finds it compatible with

her love for Bertram and her woman's dignity, to be forced on him by threats of the royal vengeance, for her one attempt to draw back is so half-hearted that, of course, it leads to nothing. The King's really eloquent argument that Bertram should not mind Helena's inferior rank, ignores the fact that the Count has been trained to mind it extremely, and to consider such a marriage a positive degradation, and all the beautiful sentiments of equality and so forth, are shipwrecked by Bertram's 'I cannot love her.' So his majesty has to drop his special pleading and fall back on force. If Bertram were not a radically weak creature, he would abide by his refusal and chance the consequences, or at least, like Count Bertram, yield avowedly only to force without affecting to be reconciled to the match; but his heart fails him, and he feigns to be converted, though his consent is almost ironical, it is couched in terms of such gross flattery. It is really far more insulting to Helena than his blunt refusals, but this does not seem to trouble her at all.

We should like to know what ruffles up Lafeu so much during this scene, or awakens his sense of Parolles' presumption in ranking himself as Bertram's equal, for he suddenly attacks the adventurer, while the ill-omened marriage goes on, to his utter surprise and confusion.

Parolles has no chance with the old lord. His poor little balloon of importance is stabbed through and through by Lafeu's supreme contempt, though he might have met anger with bluster, this easy disdain crushes him. Those keen old eyes look through all his brag and finery and lies, and see the poor worthless creature that he is, Bertram's lackey, nothing more. Lafeu certainly enjoys discomfiting him and watching the rage and mortification with which Parolles tries to persuade himself that he is not horribly afraid of his tormentor. There is infinite dry comicality in Lafeu's scorn, he will not leave his victim a single refuge for his bruised conceit. Presently the veteran resumes his dignity, and giving gravely a few more home-truths in uncommonly plain language to the wretched pretender, he leaves him to meditate thereon. Not that Parolles does so, for in rushes unlucky Bertram, raging with vexation and impotence, of course extremely selfish in his fury, ready to wreak his wrath with the King on Helena, and determined to be as little as possible bound by the chains forced on him. His half-formed scheme of a flight from the Court to share the adventures of his friends in the Florentine war, now appears as a happy escape from the hateful position in which he finds himself. Regarding Helena as the source of all this trouble, he is rather glad to think that she is going home to sorrow, and Parolles is not the man to persuade him into a more forgiving frame of mind. Besides, he, we should fancy, is delighted to get away from Lafeu and his sarcasms.

Meanwhile, Helena's sensations cannot be exactly pleasant, though she has had her will, nor can it be agreeable to have her husband's first request conveyed to her through Parolles (Act 2, scene 4). But

with admirable self-control she represses her feelings, and sets about the next business in hand with her usual energy, doubtless hoping in time to win Bertram's liking by prompt attention to his wishes. On the news of Bertram's intended departure, Lafeu makes an effort to enlighten him as to Parolles' character (Act ii., scene 5); but the Count refuses to profit by the wisdom of his elder, though perhaps his opinion of his follower is slightly shaken by Lafeu's inimitable description, 'The soul of this man is in his clothes,' 'I have kept of them tame and know their natures.' Parolles writhes under this treatment; but Bertram is too much occupied with his own arrangements just now to pay a great deal of heed to him. At this point of his scheme Bertram's first desire is to get rid of Helena's presence and her shy advances to him. These could not be pleasant to him in the nature of things, yet he might have given her the one kiss at which she hints so prettily, if only to avoid being brutal. But though Bertram can be as false as possible on occasions, he is not skilful in playing a part. Here, while trying to conceal his anger with Helena he cannot bring himself to feign affection for her.

The continual change of scene between Rousillon and Florence through the latter part of the third act is so confusing that it is simpler to disregard the sequence of the scenes and trace separately the fortunes of Bertram and Helena till the lines unite at Florence. Helena then, innocently expecting her husband to follow her, arrives at Rousillon. It would appear that the two gentlemen who bring her Bertram's renunciation, overtake her as she reaches her home, for she is in her first agony of distress when the Countess greets her. Notwithstanding all her indignation with Bertram and her sympathy with Helena, the noble old lady shows both the self-control of good breeding as well as the composure which comes from experience—she has borne too much in her time to be easily upset, or to forget her courtesy to her stranger guests. Her address to her daughter-in-law, 'I prithee, *lady*,' perhaps intentionally marks her recognition of Helena's new position as Countess of Rousillon, in spite of Bertram. But not even her motherly kindness can help poor Helena to bear up under this crushing blow. However much we hold her to blame in marrying Bertram against his will, one cannot but pity her under this unexpected consequence of her action, more especially as she passes rapidly from her own feelings to considering Bertram's exile from home and country, and the dangers to which he is exposed. Helena is obviously not the stuff of which Roman matrons are made, no amount of honour and glory would, to her mind, compensate for a scar on Bertram's dainty limbs, and she makes no pretence at that style of heroism. Ignoring her husband's wilful determination, she makes herself feel responsible for everything that may happen to him, and half maddens herself with anxiety, till every risk and effort seems nothing to her, if she can only get him safe home somehow.

Her first movement is to get herself out of the way, the plan of going after him to Florence seems to have occurred to her later on. So away she starts on her travels again. In the novel, Giletta deserves well of her runaway husband by restoring order in his property, and during a year, proving what a noble lady she can make. This lapse of time would be awkward in the play, and there are other reasons for altering the story, but we lose thereby points in the heroine's character which are to be regretted. The concluding lines in Helena's touching little letter to the Countess are rather puzzling. Does she imply that she means to destroy herself, or is she merely preparing the way for the subsequent report of her death? The elder lady does not seem alarmed though deeply distressed at her flight, and can only hope that if Bertram returns home on hearing of it, Helena may be drawn to follow him.

Now we turn to the cause of all this trouble, who, after the fashion of his kind, is concerning himself very little about the distress of any one else. When we see Bertram at Florence, he has fairly won the distinction as a soldier which he craved for, but in other respects he is fast going down hill. The King's injustice, and his own weakness, have put him into a false position, and he is doing his best to make it worse, by recklessly following his own impulses. Very little is made of the character of the widow and her daughter Diana, who now cross Bertram's path. They are not wanted to be much but useful tools for Helena, yet Diana would not have been the worse for a little more distinctness of character. Her most marked feature is the self-possession with which she supports a trying part—one would fancy her a cool, unsentimental sort of girl, thoroughly loyal to her mother and her friend, but not easily impressed, and treating admiration almost with contempt. Perhaps this indifference forms part of her attraction for Bertram, it is a change after Helena's unsought affection, and it draws him on, quite against the young beauty's will. She has quickly seen through Parolles, and is not disposed to tolerate him for his master's sake as did Helena. With all her propriety, Diana has no objection to going out to see the fine show of the return of the troops from the field. With the beautiful girl the two matrons make a picturesque group outside the wall of Florence (Act iii., scene 5), and it is presently augmented by the arrival of Helena in her pilgrim garb. Then comes sweeping by the brave array of the Florentine troops, led by their noble commander, the young captain of the horse conspicuous among them, bright armour glittering in the sun, plumes and scarves waving in the breeze. Diana's frank admiration of Bertram's handsome face, and her sympathy for his discarded wife, must sound almost equally odd to Helena, who, safe shrouded in her disguise, gazes with all her heart, and can only utter little, half-panting sentences as Bertram passes so close to her, and yet so far removed.

Other people beside the fair Diana have made up their minds as to the character of Parolles since he arrived in Florence. Though Bertram might be infatuated on the subject, Lafeu's stinging contempt has taken effect on the minds of the other Frenchmen employed in the war, and two of them undertake to enlighten Bertram once for all, safely counting on getting a good deal of fun out of the process (Act iii., scene 6). Though not yet liking to admit the possibility of having been so egregiously mistaken, Bertram inclines to test his follower, and wickedly leads him into the trap by his pretended regrets for the morning's mishap, which incites Parolles to assert the possibility of recovering the lost drum. Of course, the Dumain brothers conspire to lead him on, and between them and Bertram, with his civil encouragements, Parolles finds himself pledged to the attempt before he knows where he is. So we have two plots going on in the same night in Florence, the one worked by Helena through Diana and her mother to recover her husband, the other carried out by the Dumains to unmask Parolles. If the first plot is most important, the second is far the most interesting. Helena's plan of availing herself of Bertram's passion for Diana, to fulfil his own conditions, is the stock end of contemporary romances, and has nothing particular to mark it, except the generous zeal with which her cause is adopted by her allies, and the part played in the business by Bertram's heirloom ring. If we needed any proof of his extreme weakness, we should have it in the facility with which this is obtained from him. The other set of conspirators have equal success in the opening of their plot (Act iv., scene 1). Poor Parolles comes strolling past their ambush, wondering how on earth he could have been so silly as to get into *this* scrape, and still more how he is possibly to get out of it. His frankness when alone is most edifying to his listeners, who have some difficulty in repressing their chuckles over his self-revelations. Possibly if they gave him time, he would hit on some plausible way of retreating from his enterprise; but the pretended 'Muskos' regiment' cruelly cuts into his meditations, and takes him away in a state of mortal fright, which does not lessen while he is waiting till Bertram rejoins his comrades.

We are not told how it was that Helena could arrange the false news of her death so neatly, and whether she timed it to come with the conclusion of the peace, which would naturally make Bertram wish to return to France; but the news, arriving at this point, seems to have the effect of cooling his love for Diana, now that he may be called upon to fulfil his promises of marrying her. At this stage (Act iv., scene 3) the Dumains conveniently play chorus, and give us the benefit of their information. Though they are willing to be at the trouble of enlightening Bertram as to Parolles, they have evidently no great opinion of the Count himself, in spite of his

success and reputation. Presently Bertram appears, no touch of regret for Helena's death troubling his anticipations of a triumphant return home, unless his swaggering rather more than usual betrays that he is not quite easy in his mind. In any case now that he finds Parolles is ready to betray him, he gives him up at once, and is more merciless than his fellow-conspirators. The delightful scene which follows depends for its dramatic comicality on Parolles' utter unconsciousness of the auditors of his confessions. Nothing could be richer of its kind than the contrast between his nervous anxiety to say what might please his imaginary captors, the zeal and ingenuity with which he piles on the agony, multiplying stories and details to confirm his statements with marvellous ease, and the malicious delight of his real listeners, choking with suppressed convulsions of laughter, so as to avoid betraying themselves as Parolles' veracious descriptions hit each in turn. The Dumains are inclined to triumph a little over Bertram at this exposure of his friend, but Parolles' audacious statements turn the joke against them. They can only laugh at the knave, while Bertram is half disposed to be angry, and, indeed, the gratuitous offer to betray 'the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon,' gives him extra cause for resentment; but Parolles has sunk below that, so Bertram only jeers with the others when the unlucky adventurer finds out where he is, and stands unmasked with all his enemies around him. But with a Shaksperian rogue, while there is life there is hope. Baffled and disgraced, Parolles falls back on his native energy, confident that it will bring him through somehow, not with honour possibly, but he can do without that, and not die either. When he falls from the level of life which he has attempted he has a cat-like agility in recovering his balance on a lower one.

So the course of events draws all the characters to a meeting at Rousillon. Bertram naturally goes back to his home, for some unexplained reason, the King chooses this time to pay the Countess a visit, and Helena, with her Florentine friends, follows on his steps. Her intention at first appears to be, to enlist the King once more on her side before confronting Bertram; but failing to reach him before he goes to Rousillon, she rearranges her plans. Bertram is the first of the travellers to arrive at his castle, where Lafeu is industriously soothing away the remains of the Countess' wrath, and consoling her for the loss of Helena, by proposing a new daughter-in-law. This time Bertram's consent is to be asked, so we infer that his minority expired while he was in Italy. Helena never seems to have considered that on the news of her death Bertram might possibly marry somebody else before she could come alive again, and though that catastrophe is averted, it is rather hard on the Demoiselle Lafeu to be more than half-betrothed to a married man.

While the more important folks are gathering together at Rousillon

Parolles also reappears there in characteristic fashion. He displays both his audacity and his knowledge of Lafeu's essential good-nature, by appealing to him for help in his destitution, and not in vain. The sharp-tongued old lord would not let even Parolles starve; nay, now that he is discovered as a knave, Lafeu is disposed to be amused with his absurdities and to deal mercifully with him (Act v., scene 2). This immediately precedes the arrival of the King, and again his majesty appears in the light of a match-maker, though his former effort in that line could not be held a success. Time and the fame Bertram has brought back from the wars have softened the King's wrath with his rebellious ward. He cannot find it in his heart to be hard on the brilliant young soldier, and is anxious to let bygones be bygones.

Helena was matchless, no doubt, but there is no use talking about that now, or raking up the past, so Bertram is saved the trouble of excusing himself, and his new marriage becomes the question of the moment. One would like to know whether Bertram is supposed to be speaking the truth about his feelings for Maudlin Lafeu. That he should have had a boyish fancy for her is perfectly possible, and he is evidently quite ready to marry her now, but his facility in telling lies is so great that one hesitates to accept his assertions. We should be glad to believe that he had loved Helena since he lost her, but remembering that he 'buried a wife, mourned for her' among the hurried transactions of his last night at Florence, we find it hard to credit. The King moralises most eloquently on this subject of tardy love, but rather spoils the effect by the abrupt cheerfulness of his transition to the new bride-elect. Everything so far has gone through this scene with such velvety smoothness that we are fairly startled by the sudden change when the ring Bertram offers to send to Maudlin arouses the King's suspicions that he has made away with Helena. For this turn of affairs we are quite unprepared. It is strange enough that Bertram, who has plenty of sins against his wife to answer for, should be accused of one of which he is wholly innocent, and probably incapable, for in his worst hatred of Helena, such a way of releasing himself from her never occurs to him. But he certainly lies with Parolles-like freedom in accounting for his possession of this mysterious ring, yet he cannot succeed in deceiving those who listen to him. There is great dramatic effect in the swift change in Bertram's position, from the height of favour, reputation, and brilliant prospects, to that of a prisoner in his own halls, suspected of the foulest of crimes, and seeing no way of clearing himself. But there is more coming on his head before he is done with. He hoped to outrun the consequences of his doings at Florence, but now the retribution is coming fast upon him. After Bertram's arrest, things would be at a deadlock, for one hardly sees what the King would do next; but fortunately Diana appears on the scene.

Wise men have wondered why Helena resorts to this roundabout way of claiming Bertram instead of simply declaring herself, like Giletta in the novel. We should like Helena better if she dispensed with all this falsehood and the unpleasant position in which Diana is placed, and did at first what she must do at last; but, without seeking more highflown reasons, the play would have a very flat ending if Helena simply walked in and revealed herself, and something more was necessary. The scene is certainly telling as it stands. When Bertram is recalled to the royal presence, he is startled by the sight of the object of his late passion, confronting him where he least expects it, and the sight so upsets him that he loses his head entirely and blunders in the most desperate way. The first consequence of Diana's appeal to the King is that Lafeu withdraws his proposal of his daughter's hand in disgust, nor is the King disposed to judge Bertram leniently. Even the Countess, shocked and distressed, refuses to credit her son when Diana produces the ring which he parted with so lightly. Bertram struggles fiercely and impatiently to resist being judged by Parolles' testimony, yet the mere sight of his ex-confidant leads him to take back his former words and make a half confession. It is a queer reversal of their former positions for Parolles to find Bertram's fate possibly depending on his utterances, and apparently he wishes to say as little to annoy his late master as possible; but nature is too strong for him, and he betrays all he knows, doubtless to Bertram's helpless fury. At this point Diana thinks that she has played her part long enough, and begins to change it, to the utter perplexity of all around. Laughing defiance at the King's threats, the Florentine takes back all her accusations, retracts her words, and contradicts her own assertions, bewildering everybody, more especially Bertram, who must seem to himself plunged in a sea of mystery. At last comes in Helena, the real owner of the ring, and dissipates all the confusion by her living presence. We can easily believe that Bertram is sincerely glad to see her at this juncture, as nothing but her appearance in the flesh could get him out of his predicament. Perhaps, too, he is not so entirely hardened as not to feel something like contrition for his past treatment of her, when she thus comes to his rescue, and tenderly pleads his own fulfilled conditions with him; but one can hardly put implicit faith in his promise to 'love her ever, ever dearly.' That love of his has been too much bandied about, to our thinking, and his conversion is something too sudden. Nevertheless, it apparently compensates to Helena for all she has suffered, and the rest of the party seem equally well pleased. We leave them in the first flush of the reunion, while everything is rose colour, and the King, inveterate match-maker, must needs express his satisfaction by offering Diana a dowery!

This is the only one of the comedies which leaves an uncomfortable

feeling behind it, as to the after fate of the chief characters. How could Helena and Bertram be happy together? How could she have any trust in him after proving his baseness? How could he ever forget that she had caused his open disgrace? One cannot see how it could turn out well, and perhaps Shakspeare was aware of it too. The sweet gaiety of his early comedies is disappearing for a time, not to be lost, happily for us, but it is temporarily eclipsed. When a man has the mysteries and darkness of *Hamlet* beginning to perplex his soul, how should we ask him to give us comedy untroubled by a sigh, unvexed by a doubt?

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXIV.

ESPOUSALS.

Aunt Anne. Before beginning, I think we should divide the service into its two parts. There were the espousals first, sometimes months or even years before the real marriage.

Susan. They were betrothal or engagement?

A. Yes; but a much more solemn thing than an engagement is with us now.

S. More like what a betrothal is still in Germany?

A. Even more binding, for without a dispensation these espousals invalidated a later marriage with any one else.

S. I remember Edward IV.'s marriage with Elizabeth Woodville is objected to because 'first he was contract to Lady Lucy.'

A. These espousals or betrothals often were made between little children, and then the small bride wore her ring on the first joint of her finger until her actual wedding.

S. The ring belonged to the espousals?

A. Certainly; it was the mark of them, and always was so among civilised nations. I heard a curious Hindoo fable the other day, showing that the same ring and the same finger are chosen among them. The fingers of the hand quarrelled for precedence. The thumb said, 'I am half the hand, nothing can be done without me.' The forefinger said, 'Men point with me, I am foremost in all work.' The middle finger boasted, 'I am taller by the head than all of you.' 'Ah!' said the fourth finger, 'but men wed with me; I wear the ring.' And the little finger declared, 'When the hands are clasped in prayer, it is I who lead them all.'

S. It is very remarkable, and the gesture of prayer, and the token of betrothal must certainly date before the separation of the Aryans and the Semitic nations.

A. I believe the espousal ring was of gold, with two hands clasped together, or sometimes rings, called gimnal rings, were made in threes, which could be separated, one for the bride, one for the groom, and one for the witness.

S. The ring is as the token of eternity, and fidelity of union; but why that finger?

A. There is a Christian reason, which we shall come to when we go through the service; but as a pre-Christian custom, we must fall back on the ancient notion of a vein going straight to the heart from that finger.

S. I suppose the Jews used to be thus previously espoused, as we find it was so with the Blessed Virgin.

A. I do not know of other instances; but it evidently was a custom in the New Testament times, and the Church adopted it. The betrothal was made in the presence of the Bishop or his Vicar, or the parish priest. If there were any property to be made over, the *tabulæ* or records were signed by him, the consent of each party was taken, there was a presentation of gifts, an exchange of rings, a clasp of hands, and a kiss.

S. Surely the signing of '*Contrat de Mariage*' in France was a survival of that? And so is the German betrothal.

A. Sometimes in France the bridegroom gave the old Roman penny. Coins were made for the purpose, with two lilies on one side, and on the other a cross with the legend '*pour espouser.*' But gradually the ordinary custom of giving the real marriage ring with the troth-plight at the actual wedding came in, only this was done outside the church.

S. I remember in illuminations of old histories like Froissart's there are marriages outside the door. Yes; and at that terrible wedding of Henry IV. of France and Margaret of Valois, there was a platform outside the door of Notre Dame. Well, the weddings I have seen all began in the nave.

A. Look at the rubric.

S. I see—'shall come into the body of the church.' But why is leading to the altar' a sort of affected synonym for marrying?

A. I fancy in it is a remnant of the love of classical terms; as, indeed, a newspaper will still announce that some grandee is about to lead a lady to the altar of Hymen.

S. Which, by the bye, must be incorrect any way, for you said nothing about Hymen's altar in the account of Roman weddings.

A. No; he was only invoked in the bridal hymn.

S. By the bye, I want to ask the meaning of bride and bridegroom.

A. Bride, or brid, is the old Teutonic word for maiden——

S. 'The bower of Burd Ellen.' Oh! I know it in the old Scottish ballads.

A. And groom is man, he is the bride's man. Wed, again, is to pledge. Wife, you know, answers to weaver.

S. She is promoted to weaving instead of spinning, and the husband is the housebond.

A. No; the last syllable answers to *bonde*, the master, the northern word still in use for a free peasant, coming from *bua*, to build, so that it is rather the house master or builder.

S. That reminds me of the way I heard of some boys being corrected who made that regular mistake of putting the wife before the house in the Tenth Commandment, 'You would not have a wife before you had a house to put her in.'

A. So now let us go to the service. The address, like most of those

in the Prayer-book, was framed in 1549, when instruction was so much required by the people. The Sarum use had only the beginning in Latin; then the explanation was partly taken from Hermann's book. I do not think we need go through it, except to note that enterprised means undertaken. The conclusion, addressed to the persons themselves, was always in English. Here it is in the old form: 'Also I charge you, both and eyther be yourselfe, as ye will answer before God at the day of dome, that if there be anything done pryvely or openly between yourselfe; or that ye know any lawful lettyrgy why ye may not be wedded togyder at this tyme, saye it now, or we do any more in this matter.'

S. Or?

A. Ere, or before—as in Daniel, 'Or ever they came to the bottom of the pit.'

S. The present exhortation calls on the bystanders to mention any hindrance. And if such objection be made they must give a caution, a pledge, I suppose, that they can prove their words. Then comes the actual espousal. Was that always in English?

A. Certainly. The question to the man in the old use is precisely the same as at present, and so is his vow, except that in the York use he promises to keep to her 'for fairer, for laither.'

S. Laither. Is that uglier, as in the loathly lady?

A. Yes; and also the words were down to the second Prayer-book, 'Till death us depart'—depart meaning separate. The question to the woman asked her if she would be buxum to him, instead of obedient.

S. I should not have thought it desirable that she should be buxom.

A. The word had lost its original meaning, even before the Reformation. It is really boughsome—bending, ready to incline her will—I suppose from meaning obliging, it came to give the idea of easy careless good-nature.

S. As in L'Allegro—

'So buxom, blithe, and debonnaire.'

A. You find debonnaire cut down into bonner in the woman's vow. 'For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health, to be bonner and buxom.'

S. But does not debonnaire mean graceful?

A. It was not in that sense that Louis le Debonnaire was so called.

S. No; Louis the Pious is his synonym. But what did it mean in the vow; De-bon-air, is it?

A. I believe so. Good-humoured, in fact, cheerfully submissive, a high quality in a wife. It must have come to be associated only with cheerfulness, when Milton applied the words to mirth.

S. Submissive and cheerfully willing. I wonder whether foolish girls would be less unwilling to promise that, than to say 'to obey.' I have heard of a bride actually slurring the word over.

A. It was a good deal worse than foolish to do so. Woman does not know what is good for her when she struggles against her subjection, which began as the punishment of her transgression, but has been changed into the 'type and pattern of true love.'

S. What a curious rhythm there is in the vows.

A. I believe they were so arranged as an assistance to memory when books were scarce. Yet the rhythm does not diminish the solemnity of the enumeration of all the changes and chances through which the pair are to be bound together to love and cherish one another.

S. Plight my troth. Is that the same as pledge my truth?

A. Troth means rather faithfulness. I believe both came, as well as trust, from the same verb, *trow*; but truth is the wider quality, troth the faith to an individual pledge.

S. Then the bride is given away.

A. The father, or head of the family, to whom in olden times she was held to belong, gives her up to the Church, that the Church may give her to her spouse.

S. I suppose it is a remnant of the time when the woman had no power over herself, and was absolutely purchased from her father.

A. As now in semi-savage countries, where, unless the purchase has taken place, her father has power to claim his daughter and her children; just as Laban claimed Leah and Rachel from Jacob. But with us, it is a really beautiful idea that thus the parents resign their right to the first interest, placing her in the hands of the Church to be made over to the husband.

S. Then the wedding—with the ring.

A. There was in some rituals a blessing of the ring. At Lerins there was a prayer that the woman might wear it in all fidelity and grace, and devoutly persevere in all integrity of the faith.

S. The man lays it on the book.

A. He used likewise to lay a gold and silver coin, in token of his giving his property to his wife. In the north of England, up to the present generation, handsome silver coins were kept for the purpose. So the old form at Sarum, and in the first English Prayer-book is, 'With this ring I thee wed, and this gold and silver I thee give, with my body I thee worship,' and the York, instead of such worldly goods, said worldly cathel I thee endow.

S. Cathel—chattles?

A. Chattles were once cattle, just as the Latin *pecunia* comes from *pecus*.

S. Has there not been much questioning about 'I thee worship.'

A. It is simply equivalent to 'honour.' It is honour in the York use, and the old French, which seems to have tried to be rhythmic like ours, said: '*De cet anneau je vous épouse, et de mon corps je vous honore, et de mes biens je vous doue.*'

S. *Vous* instead of *toi*.

A. As more respectful. French prayers always use the second person plural. Sometimes the ring was put on while these words were said; but the more general and English practice was to put the ring on the first finger, saying: '*In Nomine Patris*'; on the second with, '*Filii*'; on the third with, '*et Spiritu Sancto*,' and to leave it on the fourth with '*Amen*.'

S. I suppose the good custom was dropped when there was such a dead set against the use of the ring at all.

A. No doubt. However, the Priest's solemn blessing in the name of the Holy Trinity is not withheld.

S.

'Tis He who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves you kneeling hand in hand,
Out of His stores to bring.
His Father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed.'

A. The next words, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' were, as you know, our Blessed Lord's own addition to the prophetic words at the first marriage: 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.' This was part of the Gospel used at a wedding mass; but it is more striking as said over the clasped hands of the kneeling pair—and it is well that it should have been so retained.

S. And is the tie really indissoluble?

A. The law of God, therefore of the Church, makes it absolutely indissoluble. For only one cause does our Lord permit the putting away of a wife; but even thus He forbids her remarriage. In corrupt times, man has taken upon him to relax the bonds, and put asunder what God has joined together; but an increase of vice, contention, and misery has always been the result of such laxity. Here are the times when it is needful to remember that all that the law of man permits is not permitted by the law of God.

S. Then the Priest declares the pair to be man and wife, and there is another blessing.

A. In Southey's beautiful lines describing a Greek marriage—

'He raised his voice, and called aloud
On Him who from the side
Of our first father, while he slept,
Formed Eve to be his bride.
Creating woman thus for man,
A helpmate meet to be,
For youth, for age, for good and ill,
For weal or woe, united still
In strict society.
Flesh of his flesh, appointing thus
One flesh to be, one heart;
Whom God hath joined together,
Then let not man dispart.'

DOCTOR JOHN.

IN MEMORIAM J. R., MUS. DOC.

THERE lies my dear music-mistress's portrait. It is only a faded photograph, but in it you may trace her broad brow; straight, small, well-cut nose; shapely mouth, strong and tender in expression; and small sagacious eyes. But this poor photograph gives no hint of the depth and variety of expression possible to that face—how it could beam with mother-love, glow with enthusiasm, or under humour's spell—

‘Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
It would break into dimples and laugh in the sun.’

Above her thick braids of grey hair is her black cap. Her daughter Cecilia used to make those caps, and it fretted the girl's orderly spirit that some evil fate always ruled that, as in this likeness, her clever millinery should be perched a little out of the perpendicular, or a trifle too far back, or too far forward. Cecilia's defect in the Platonic ‘sense of measurement that saves men's souls,’ was the disproportionate importance she attached to trifles, whereas her mother's failing in this respect lay in the opposite direction; she was so engrossed with the larger things of life and art that small matters passed unobserved. Mrs. Reilly could not tell you whether the mother of her favourite pupil was arrayed in dimitty or in brocade; but she could certainly tell you of some interesting trait of her patron's character, or some noble act of generosity on her part. My music-mistress had a happy way of seeing the dispositions of her fellow-mortals. She would quote Lowell with zest—

‘Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
Having two faces, as some images
Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is ill;
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.’

And, in some unexplained way, she communicated her belief in humanity to her pupils while she taught us the technicalities of piano-playing, or the management of the voice. Music is ‘the language of the emotions,’ or it is nothing. Mrs. Reilly woke in us new, strong, and high emotions, and we played them into our sonatas and fugues—even into our ‘finger exercises’—more or less eloquently; and when the piano was shut, her influence was not at once withdrawn. She lived twenty-five miles away. When the railway was made, over twenty years ago, it brought us within the reach of ‘finishing lessons.’ Mrs. Reilly would arrive by the afternoon train, give us

our four music-lessons, spend the evening, and go on next morning to other pupils in our neighbourhood, before returning to her 'town tuitions,' her little suburban garden, and her numerous family.

Mrs. Reilly's most constant themes were her art and her children. The smallest incident would recall to her mind some passage out of the life of a great composer, which she would recount with delightful *verve*; any small social *contretemps* would remind her of something that had happened through the forgetfulness of her king and chief of musicians, Beethoven. Only to hear her utter Beethoven's name was in itself a pleasure, for into the one word she infused a sentiment of worshipful delight. Then, there were coming concerts to be announced, and pretty transparent devices for inducing the elders to take 'the dear young ladies' to hear some great pianist, or some famous singer. 'These concerts were as instructive as six of her lessons,' she would humbly plead. 'The dear children were so industrious, they really deserved every advantage.' Or perhaps it would be: 'Before I pass on my elder pupils to Doctor John's tuition, I am most anxious that they should hear some fine concerted music. They have heard absolutely nothing, dear children! There are going to be two very splendid classical concerts next month in Dublin——' But we longed almost in vain, in those days, for great music.

Then, as to her children, the proud mother would recount Cecilia's wonderful gift for housekeeping (a critical elder earned our indignation by saying, *sotto voce*, 'By Mrs. Reilly's own showing, that gift is no inheritance from herself!'); the bravery of the little boys; the goodness and devotion of her second son, who hoped to go into the Church; the love of all the brothers for each other and for Cecilia; and the splendour of the gifts of heart and mind of her eldest-born, her genius, 'Dr. John!' There was so much to be told about him, that in all the days of shade and shine through which she taught us, she never twice repeated an anecdote of him, and yet had not told us half that was noteworthy in his career. He inherited his musical faculty from his father as well as from his mother. It had displayed itself with marvellous precocity. He began to translate into music of his own composition the family feelings on all important occasions, before he was ten years old. Everything *meant music* to him. He must *play* the river, the sunshine, the joyful chorus of the woods in spring. His patriotism (for like most Irishmen, he had an ardent national sentiment); his sympathy with the sorrowing and the poor; all his boyish feelings were a burden to him till he had breathed them through the organ-pipes of the parish chapel, or wrung them from the creaking old Broadwood at home. Yet he was no mere 'man of music' who might grow

'Grey,

'With notes, and nothing else to say.'

He wrote verses; he delighted in great poetry; he held opinions,

and could do battle bravely for them at home, at the Parochial House, or in his own small social world; but after a stormy argument on politics, or art, or mere personal topics, he must go through it all over again 'on his instrument,' as his mother phrased it. When her John was seventeen, he was already organist and choir-master. All the musical friends of the family said it was a crying shame that his great gifts should not receive the best cultivation; and when he was eighteen, his admirers had so worked on the feelings of the parish priest that he promised to reinstate John's father as organist, or even to allow the younger brother to take the duties, if the Reillys would only contrive to send John to Germany. And to Leipzig he went, to study under Moscheles. It was very hard to part with him, who had already become so helpful, and who had ever been the pride and joy of the home; but as the parish priest said: 'Ireland has always had her famous men; and we must all do our best to lengthen that great muster-roll. We must foster native genius.' His Reverence further gave the young student his best wishes, his paternal blessing, and a silver watch—a prize from a lottery held for the benefit of a neighbouring church—as a parting present. The Reillys, one and all, thought a great deal of that watch, although it was of the kind often to be met with in lotteries, which cannot, by any possibility, be induced to perform the work of a time-keeper. On the mother fell the heaviest of the sacrifice. She must work very hard now—harder than ever! Some of John's younger pupils came to her for teaching at her son's departure. She had pupils of her own, and must, if possible, add to their number. Her husband had aged prematurely. He was but a broken reed upon which to lean. Then there were the younger children claiming her care, and the household to manage—ever a difficult task when sixpences must do the work of shillings. Sickness came sometimes, trebling her anxieties and her duties; but still the brave little woman battled on. There were the loved children at home—'such *rewarding* children a mother never had!' she would say from her very heart, a little teardrop glittering in her ever bright eyes—to console and cheer her; there was the world of music, '*truly the most re-creative of the arts*,' again to quote Mrs. Reilly; and there were her John's letters, tender, humorous, simple-hearted, telling of his novel experiences in the Leipzig surroundings, which seemed to him a very paradise of music, of happy labour, of good fellowship. Sometimes, after the manner of Mendelssohn, his letter would contain musical notes only. The first of these came to Cecilia. She could not regard it as an epistle till her mother laid it on the music-desk, and played it over two or three times. Then they both discovered it was a little pastoral. A brook murmured, and birds trilled, as an accompaniment to a sweet and dreamy melody. Oh, yes; clearly John had made a country excursion. Very happy he must have been, for it was in a major key—and John was so strangely addicted to the minor! Just at the end he had woven in a fresh

'motive,' a suggestion of one of the Irish melodies. Of course, that meant the thoughts of home that were floated to him on the German breezes. The mother and daughter were very much touched. They agreed that it was much more satisfying to get four sheets of a 'song without words' of John's composition, than a bare recital of facts, even if six times as long; for, in the music, they found what he was feeling; it was the transcription of his very mood. How perfectly they could enter into his emotions, with the help of their sweet-toned old piano, as they pored over his pages! And emotions are the 'atmosphere of thought,' out of whose representation grow images, more or less definite, and very beautiful; so that the mother and daughter, knowing what John had felt, soon realised the scenes, in a shadowy fashion, which had caused those feelings to their beloved musician. When the first glad excitement of interpreting these musical letters had partly worn off, Mrs. Reilly would interrogate them from the side of counterpoint and thorough bass. John was composing with more science; or culture was deepening instead of effacing the characteristics which were his very own, he was becoming more 'romantic' instead of more academical as he studied; or his 'motives' were gaining strength by their greater simplicity; in short, the happy mother saw in every composition he sent home, even those little informal *album blätter* of letters, some indication of growth in the genius of her boy. As he acquired German unusually rapidly, he soon wrote home long accounts of conversations with men who had often seen Beethoven, known both the Schumanns, or been on friendly terms with Felix Mendelssohn. Moscheles would talk to the young Irishman in unofficial hours; these conversations found their way almost entire into the letters to his mother. From the first, very modestly, he had chronicled certain successes—the praises of those who taught him; the encouragement of his fellow-students. As time went on, it was easy to infer that he was looked upon as one of the most promising of Moschele's young musicians. His imagination teemed with graceful and original themes. He longed, first, for complete 'science' to work them out, and then for leisure for the task. As Spenser says—

'The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glorie excellent.'

In his letters, little allusions would show that his enthusiastic friends built castles for him to inhabit 'when he should become a great composer.' Meanwhile the hard struggle for bread went on at home, without a hint of its bitterness being conveyed to the student in happy Leipzig.

'He would come straight back to help us, if he knew all,' his mother would say. 'As long as we can, we must struggle on. As Father Cassidy says, it is a great honour and an immense responsibility

to have a genius in the family. We must not mar dear John's prospects by calling him home with our wailing.'

How worn she was! How fast her chestnut locks turned grey! Her husband was always ailing. Cecilia was delicate. The little ones seemed to catch one childish complaint after another. The fear of carrying infection to the pupils often put a stop to lessons, and consequently to the larger part of her earnings. The father, and organist Henry, might derive some leisure from the temporary cessation of lessons; but not so Mrs. Reilly, for whom there were ever waiting arrears of household business, besides the chief duties of the sick-room. Happily, there was always the faithful servant, Bridget; and Cecilia was clever with her needle, even as a tiny child. She was devoted, too, in her attendance on her invalid father. And the valiant little mother toiled on. 'God helps those that help themselves,' she would say, heartening herself up for fresh effort. Then a letter from her John would come to sustain and cheer her. He had carried off a prize perhaps. There was sure to be some good news. Sometimes he would send them presents. Poor fellow, he did not guess that the money he had paid for these little gifts would have been more than acceptable at home. Bridget, who received a brooch from him once, strongly urged that he should be told to save even the little that was possible out of his slender allowance and remit the sum to his mother, whose constant toil was not paid well enough to save the household from a grinding poverty. But Mrs. Reilly treated the suggestion as unkind, even cruel, on Bridget's part. This happened soon after John's father had slowly faded out of life. Sickness and death strain severely the resources of struggling toilers. The Reillys were at the lowest ebb of fortune's tide. John had now been over two years in Germany. His mother sometimes felt as if she must lose heart and hope. Still, when he asked her might he not come back and try to be a comfort to her—he, little thinking how she needed him!—she wrote bravely that he must return only when he could come home 'for good;' that he must 'complete his studies;' and meantime he must cheer them all with good news of himself. And soon there was good news! Herr Moscheles' pupils gave a concert at which the King of Prussia was present. John was selected to improvise. To be chosen for this office was in itself a great tribute to the Irish student's powers. The King came to the piano, and, with one finger, picked out the notes of a well-known *Volkslied*. John played over the air gently, dreamily, twice, and then covered himself with glory by working his theme up into a delightful *fantasia*. He played straight 'at' a Polish student, his particular friend. The 'eloquence of the audience' was not wanting in this case. John forgot his kingly listener; forgot the crowd; aimed straight for the friendly breast bent towards him from the gallery opposite the platform; touched the Pole's heart; tossed the *Volkslied* from the treble to the bass, from the major to the minor; made it pray, and sob, and rave;

then, by degrees, dropping the fire out of his *impromptu*, he made the homely air sing itself more and more gently, till at last came the mere single notes of his theme, just as the King had given it him ; and after them one long drawn *arpeggio* that might have been the harp's—so clear, true, and thrilling was it. It died away in a silent room. Then came a tumultuous burst of applause. John was startled, having utterly forgotten his audience. He had looked up to meet the fiery Polish eyes, and beheld a sea of faces ; heard this thunderous greeting. His face grew white to the lips. His presence of mind deserted him. He forgot to bow his acknowledgments of the applause. But Moscheles stepped up to him and whispered a word in his ear—a word which was a cordial and a restorative. John would never say what *was* that word. The King complimented the master and the pupil. The whole thing was put into the Leipzig papers ; and an Irish fellow-student sent a translation to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. The day the account was read aloud by Mrs. Reilly to the whole family (Bridget included) the clouds had turned towards the Reillys all their silver linings. A few months later, when John was twenty-one, he came home. He was to go up for his musical degree in Dublin. Old friends rallied round him and gave him a great welcome. His loving family so fenced him round with attentions and the ingenuities of kindness, that it took a good while for him to discover the poverty of his home. At first, he had so much to recount ; so many gifts from friends at Leipzig to display ; such plans of future work to unfold ! This work—all that was important and worth telling the home-circle about—lay in two directions ; first, original writing (he felt it in him to be a great composer ; all Leipzig, too, had recognised his gifts ; had not the students serenaded him on six different occasions ? had not the master presented him with the collected edition of his Works, bearing a beautiful inscription to his Irish pupil ?) ; and, secondly, the popularisation of music. He would try to bring home music to the poorest. Hullah was busy with this work in England. It would be much easier to make music the household art of Ireland, for was there not a marked superiority, for one thing, in the quality of Irish voices ? and again, the Irish were a music-loving people in a deeper sense than the English. It was Father Cassidy who first suggested that the drawback alike to composition and to the work of an 'apostle of music' was the lack of pecuniary reward in such a career. John answered gently—he was ever gentle—but with youthful optimism and entire ignorance of the family needs and struggles, that he 'thought we could afford to wait for riches. We must first make the people in Ireland as musical as the people in Germany.' His mother told us, between smiles and tears and beaming glances of love and pride, how he made his great resolve as, little by little, the fact of their poverty was borne in upon him—the need of better education for the younger boys ; the weekly difficulty of making housekeeping ends meet ; and the shabbiness of house, and

furniture, and wardrobes. Above all, she said, he fretted over the necessity for her teaching morning, noon, and night. Henry, too, was toiling in the same mill-horse round; but he, poor fellow, was young and strong still.

The photograph that lies before me was taken in the first days of John's return (and only taken because it was impossible frankly to tell him that his mother could not afford it!), and even from it may be gathered some hints of her poverty—the very plain, indeed scanty, dress—Cecilia made it, so as to do honour, as far as in her lay, to the young musician's return!—the little cheap brooch at the throat; and the silk watch-guard; all look rigidly economical, as does that poor black cap, which is home-made too.

Long before the *cantata* (which he composed for his Musical Degree) was finished, John was giving lessons; and when he could write *Mus. Doc.* after his name, and thus command higher fees for tuition, he did little but teach. Oh, the drudgery of it! The young ladies of the Squares in Dublin professed enthusiasm for his beloved art—and insisted on his allowing them to learn waltzes of the poorest quality! Or the pupils perhaps had some germs of taste for classical music, but their fathers demanded 'The Maiden's Prayer' and other dreary productions of the same low type. Dr. John began by refusing to give instructions in 'musical trash,' as he called it. But there were other music masters who were less fastidious; the number of pupils bent on the serious study of classical music was very small; and he had just placed his two youngest brothers at an expensive school! He *must* have fees. So, from early morning till dewy eve, he went from place to place teaching. Idle girls, mischievous boys, vulgar and pretentious pupils of larger growth, succeeded each other through the long hours, with little intermission. There was, indeed, one large family of plain daughters who were a happy exception. They were industrious—the poor girls having scant distractions from society, their extreme plainness preventing their shining in the gay world. They loved the best music, made rapid progress, and were as an oasis in Dr. John's desert. And there was a new pupil at a convent school at which he gave lessons. When first she came to the music-room, she said: '*Sprechen-Sie deutsch, Herr Doctor?*' and at the sound of the familiar speech all the joys of Leipzig rushed over him in a flood! The Fräulein's lesson was the bright spot in the weekly seven hours he spent at that school. His mother, seeing him come home, day after day, jaded and depressed, would entreat him to have mercy on himself. 'And you, *Mutterchen*,' he would say, 'had you any mercy on yourself when I was away? This is what headship of the family means!' And he would try to laugh! 'And when are you to find time for composing?' she might perhaps ask.

'In the holidays, *Mutterchen*—just a little, in the holidays—until the boys have left school, and Cecilia is married, and Henry is a Divinity student, and then—— Ah, yes, *then* I will "work at my celebrity," as the students called it.'

And, for all he could speak so lightly of it, this resolution had cost him a fearful struggle. It had drawn tears from the strong man! To postpone—perhaps to part with—his ambition, his darling hopes; to keep fond hearts vainly waiting for proofs of his talent; to lay to rest, for the time, all the projects that Leipzig—the beloved master, the dear comrades—looked to him to carry out; and, worst of all, to exchange a life of happy labour at his great art for this weary round of almost unmixed drudgery—this was indeed most hard! And music, which had ever been to him a thing divine, the most heavenly influence, had now turned temptress! It was all very well, in a heroic moment, to resolve to put away all extended projects of composition, but the resolution had to be kept amid constant temptation. His gift of musical fertility was a trouble to him now. He was haunted by snatches of original song, or novel modulations. In his short railway journeys, between his lessons, he jotted down these fugitive musical ideas, hoping the day would come, sooner or later, which would bring leisure to elaborate them; and, moreover, writing them down exorcised these haunting presences to some extent. When once he had them in his music-ruled pocket-book, he was not so ‘sore bested’ by these whisperings of his ‘dæmon.’ How he sighed, some days, to forsake his tiresome pupils just for so long as was needful to write out some work which he felt would run glibly from the point of his pen! Had he not thought of it by day, and dreamt of it by night, for weary weeks past? But parents of pupils were not pleased with him when he begged a postponement of lessons even on the ground of indisposition. He was not strong now. Joy would have been his best tonic, but there was little room for that blest visitant in his life of drudgery.

The strong-hearted little mother was the best stay and comfort Dr. John could find as he toiled on. She used to marvel at his noble courage. Once I ventured to say I thought he must be very like herself. She was quite distressed and agitated at such a disparaging comparison for her idol. At first, she could not argue; she could only exclaim. Finally, she protested that he could not be judged by the rules that applied to ordinary mortals. Dutifulness, and industry, and devoted family affection, were beautiful traits wherever one met them; but *John was a genius!* Commonplace beings did not renounce fame when they devoted themselves to the duties of the work-a-day world. She felt the hardness of his fate for him when the work of some student—his inferior, perhaps his junior—was performed at a great musical festival, while Dr. John had never had leisure to attack any important composition since the *Cantata*, though two years had rolled by.

‘Well, well,’ she would say, fearful of repining, ‘God knows what is best for us all; but if only it might be that——’

It was a great event to us, her elder pupils, when we had some

lessons from Dr. John. We were at Bray for a little time. He came there twice a week to teach other pupils, and added us to his list of engagements. We had never seen him all the time his mother had been speaking so much of him. I believe we had an undefined impression that his forehead would emit rays of light, or that there would be some other portent, because he was not as other men—‘*he was a genius!*’ We were vastly surprised to find that Dr. John was a tall, thin, very pale man, of quiet manners. He always wore a very German-looking frock-coat when he came, and carried a peculiar little hat—probably also of German build—in his hand as he entered; and he had very dreamy dark eyes with rather heavy eyelids. He was totally unlike his mother. A genius, we felt, ought at least to have been quick and mercurial like her! We missed her swift, bright glances, and her emphatic though rapid speech. So we had to get over a good deal of disappointment at first. And he, too, poor man! Our dear Mrs. Reilly had so praised us that he expected too much. We were less gifted, and had worked less, he evidently thought, than his mother had led him to infer; so he also was disappointed. I cannot say if his unfavourable impressions wore off at all; but ours did, for he played to us, at the end of the first lesson, and always afterwards. He might be a silent, unemotional man as he sat by the piano, but it was far otherwise when he touched the keys. It was Beethoven who said, in a moment of deep feeling: ‘Let us speak to each other in music.’ Dr. John could ‘speak in music.’ He, indeed, did not believe that

‘The kingly bard
Strikes the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace.’

All gently he dealt with the key-board. But then—and this is the end and aim of music—he smote the heart and fired the imagination. To us, he only played the works we were about to learn. His were no showy performances; still, they were *great* performances, a revelation of what eloquence was possible to two hands and an indifferent ‘cottage grand.’

The weeks went by. We had had the last of our twelve lessons, and we were at home again, with Mrs. Reilly coming on Wednesday afternoons as heretofore, bringing the news of her son’s toil, of the little songs, or piano and violin pieces that he composed during the winter evenings, when choir practice, or the new Choral Society did not claim his time; of the recognition he was receiving as a conductor, and, alas, tidings also of her darling’s ill-health. It was a very severe winter. He was weary and worn out with ‘constant, distasteful work—in other words, a fit subject for illness. Cecilia was a little mother to him. ‘She thinks of his overcoat,’ said Mrs. Reilly, ‘or his umbrella, or his warm gloves. And she is my memory as well as his, dear child! To-day I had started without your new sonata, and she ran after me with it.’

But, one morning of cruel east wind, Cecilia had left the house to fulfil an early engagement, Mrs. Reilly was with her country pupils, and Dr. John started for the train on his way to a distant college. Being late he ran lightly along, feeling no need of wraps, and threw himself into his carriage the moment before the train started. The keen wind blew in at all the chinks and crevices. The poor musician was chilled to the bone. We had that week asked Mrs. Reilly to make some small purchases for us, and she wrote to say that, on her return, she had found Dr. John coughing and very feverish. The doctor had seen him, and had alarmed them very much. She could not attend to our shopping for a few days, but would bring the things next Wednesday, 'all being well.' Ah, that Wednesday! Before it dawned Dr. John lay dead—dead, 'with all his music unspoken.' How much of brightness and beauty left this earth with his dear soul! Poor brothers! poor Cecilia! above all, poor sorrowing mother! And the world, too, needs pity, in that he, with his heaven-born gift of song, left it almost mutely, or had, at best, but given earnest of the gift he held in trust for all men. Still, silence and toil were the more heroic. He 'chose the better part,' although his was not the quiet life of prayer and praise, but the distracted life of weary work. Poor hero! He laid down his hope and his joy, and bought at their price the education of his two youngest brothers; some reprieve from grinding poverty for the rest of the family; and he fitted Cecilia and Henry for their work in the world by precept and example.

But the greatest gift the hero leaves his race 'is to have been a hero.' The greatest legacy John bequeathed us all is the memory of his perfect unselfishness, his splendid devotion to duty. His mother might perhaps be broken-hearted, but that she felt the eloquence of his life-story. She must forget herself, for was there still work to be done? There are famous lines that give the spirit that animated both the mother and the son—lines by Tennyson, who was, for Doctor John, the greatest of poets—

'Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she,
Give her the wages of going on, and still to be.'

THE CHURCH HOUSE.

WHAT is the Church House?

The Church House is a building which the authorities of the Church desire to see erected as a Memorial of the wonderful fifty years that our Queen has reigned.

Such a building will be a most fitting Memorial of the time during which, under a gracious Sovereign, the Church of England has gained in strength and vigour at home and abroad; in our thickly populated busy towns, in our quiet villages, and perhaps most of all in our far-off colonies, where the sons and daughters of our Church cherish her history and traditions, and are continually spreading the influence of her teaching. It will be not only a Memorial of the work of past years, but a centre of life for work in the future, for what is the object of the Church House? It is to be a central office where information on all matters in which the Church is concerned can be obtained, business can be done, records kept, and all the work brought into harmony; and it is to provide suitable rooms where the Houses of Convocation, and all their various Committees, can meet without having to depend upon hired rooms, or rooms lent for the occasion.

At present there is no such office or place for meetings. The need for both is very great, and only those who have to do the work can fully know how great it is. Almost everything is hampered and hindered by the difficulty of getting information at the moment when it is wanted, and of arranging meetings with a certainty that a suitable room can be found in which they can be held. And, indeed, there is no other body in the world, religious or political, and undertaking any large amount of work, which has not its recognised and suitable centre, except only the Church of England.

The Church House should obviously be in a suitable position in order effectually to carry out these ends; and as a Memorial it should be beautiful, so that in time to come it may be pointed out as an evidence of the love that the people of England had for their Church in the Jubilee year of their most gracious Sovereign Lady Victoria.

But to carry out these intentions funds are needed, and therefore we appeal to all Church people to assist in a scheme of celebrating the Jubilee year which shall enable the Church to do her work more thoroughly.

KATHARINE WESTMINSTER, *President.*
 MARY BENSON } *Vice-Presidents.*
 BEATRICE-TEMPLE } *Ladies Committee.*

Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Benson, Lambeth Palace, S.E., Mrs. Temple, Fulham Palace, S.W., or to the Treasurer, Church House Fund, 2, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME LETTERS FROM A YOUNG SUBALTERN AT MANDALAY.

MY DEAREST —

I find the post does not go out just yet, so I can scribble on for a little while. You can't imagine how gorgeous King Theebaw's Palace is. The columns supporting the roof at the headquarter's mess are about forty or fifty feet high, and are all glass curiously cut, and of different colours; the panels in the wall are all imitation flowers, also in glass; it is very picturesque. We are sleeping in the apartments lately occupied by the Queen and her Maids of Honour; you can't think how incongruous it looks, to see the subalterns' things all about the room, the walls of which are gilt. The framework of the beds is all glass, and very curious and pretty. The Incomparable Pagoda is supposed to be one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. A place called Pagan, that we passed on the way from Rangoon, is said to be larger than London, but has very few inhabitants; it has no less than 9999 pagodas, the king who built them died before he could build the last to complete the 10,000. All the inhabitants are priests, or poyngees, as they are called. You should see what rum wheels the bullock carts have here, they have not the slightest pretension to being round, and are made out of one solid block of wood; the creaking row they make is something awful, and of course the jolting dreadful, as they are guiltless of springs. I came up in one from Rangoon. There are no such things as seats, you have to sit anyhow, and double up your legs under you, so you can imagine I had slight cramp when I got out. . . . There is a most beautiful view of the Shan Hills from here, you can see the tops above the clouds. . . . The Palace used to be regilded every year, and on the top of each apartment there are little things that look like boxes, where men used to sit all day to scare the birds away, lest the gilding should be spoilt. You see it is gilded within and without, and as the Palace buildings are a mile square, it must have taken some time. . . . The King's sacred white elephant is dead, for when we took Mandalay, instead of feeding it on dainties, we gave it commissariat rations, which did not agree with its royal stomach. I always meant to tell you, that white elephants are really only brown ones, with a white star on their foreheads; it takes off from the romance of the thing, doesn't it? . . . All the Burinese are tattooed from the waist to the knee; it looks awfully rum. . . . The service is held here in what used to be King Theebaw's receiving chamber. The parson seems to be a real good sort. Holy Communion is held in a

most beautiful chapel; it is a perfect gem of a place, covered with gold and silver gilt outside, and inside painted glass, cut like precious stones, so that when the sun shines, it looks as if it were studded with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires.

I had to take command of a funeral party the other morning, you can't think what ghastly work it is; of course there are no coffins here, and the body is just sewn in a blanket, with the Union Jack thrown over it. . . . Last night, just as we crossed the bridge over the moat, which is about fifty yards broad, there was a thunderstorm, and the black clouds were coming up, and gathering over the Shan Hills, and the sun was having a last shine on the Palace all glittering as if it were gold, and the moat covered with pink flowers, something like water-lilies in shape, only much larger and prettier; it was a lovely sight, such as I have never seen before, I wish you could have seen it. . . . The floods are very great here. I went in a boat all over the town yesterday, over the tops of houses, etc., the water in some places being quite fourteen feet deep; it was an awfully funny sensation going over chimney tops. The Burmese laugh at it all; but they are always laughing. At present they live on rafts, and on the tops of houses; the smell was so unpleasant, I don't think I shall try boating in the town again. . . . A Burmese came to see me to-day, and asked permission to bring his wife to see the huts; she is a very handsome woman, with most lovely diamond earrings; we afterwards went to his house, and were introduced to the old Queen of Pagan. In her room was one of the most lovely curtains you can imagine, a heavy dark coloured velvet, worked with magnificent gold and silver embroidery. We saw a kind of consecration of a new image of Buddha, or rather Gotama; it was a huge brass image set on high, and round it from the ground upwards were piled fruit and flowers of every kind, these are given to the poyngees (priests) when the ceremony is over. I also saw a chief's wife in her full court dress, dark blue velvet, simply covered with gold and silver work, and jewels, principally rubies; I only wish you could have seen it.

The Burmese have some very curious superstitions; for instance, a man or woman born on a Friday ought not to marry one born on a Monday, or one of them will die; children born on Wednesday must be very careful what they do in the months of January and May; a man born on a Sunday is not allowed to eat eggs or cocoanuts, etc. They are very lazy people, and let the Chinese do all the work. The men wear their hair long, and twisted in a knot on the top of their heads. . . . I went to a Burmese ponay, which corresponds to a big ball at home, all in the open air. A great unit of importance is the band, which consists of any number of drums, an instrument, that makes a noise like a bagpipe, cymbals, clappers, and bells, the latter are arranged in a circle, and the fellow who plays them sits in the middle, and goes at it like fun; people all sit round a narrow circle in rows of hundreds, some men are armed with great long

bamboo canes, to hit any one who stands up, as when they stand, they prevent those behind from seeing. My invitation to this party was strange, it ran as follows—‘Honoured sir, Will you and your friend come immediately to my entertainment, when you receive this!’

Our fighting column that I had volunteered to join, started on Sunday, five columns went by land, and thirty men in two steam launches on the river Punloungh under my command; it was ticklish work steaming slowly up a narrow river with jungle so thick, down to the water’s-edge, that we could see nothing through, it and we knew it to be infected with dacoits; but we returned home without any misadventure. . . . I expect you in England don’t know half what goes on out here; our men of the left wing are almost clothless and bootless. . . .

'A WINTER PRAYER.'

OH Thou, who stirrest with Thy quick'ning Breath
The seeds of Winter in their sleep of death
To new mysterious powers;
Who, in the darkness makest them unfold
The secret wonder of the germs, which hold
Bright promise of Spring flowers,

Look, we beseech Thee, on *all* buried seeds,
All sleeping germs of noble words and deeds,
With Thy reviving care;
Stir the first impulse of each thought divine,
As it lies hidden from all eyes but Thine,
Make each good wish a prayer!

EMILY H. BRODRICK.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Has second-rate or third-rate work, literary, artistic, or philanthropic, a *place* in the world which first-rate work *could* not fill?

Chelsea China begs to apologise for the misprint of *plan*, instead of *place*, in the last question, although most of her correspondents have taken her real meaning for granted.

So many of them have also taken her view, and have expressed it so well, that there is very little left for her to say in support of it. But she does honestly believe that, the world being as it is, each worker has to work on his own level. Work of all sorts *must* be genuine; it is as impossible, as it is undesirable, consciously to mix our gold with alloy, for any purpose whatsoever. Each must give his best, and, if the best work is not popular, it will prepare other workers, and teach the teachers; which is perhaps the way in which all great movements begin. But work, not only inferior, but alloyed, has, Chelsea China thinks, its own place.

There are conditions of mind and soul which are reached, not only by the goody story, but by the silly and frivolous one, in which, among foolish details of dress and amusement, there is one bit of self-sacrifice, one view of love or life, higher than those of its readers. There are those to whom the 'Penny Novelette' may be a revelation of refinement and aspiration, even of duty; while works to which others owe everything would fail to touch a responsive chord. The gaudiness and commonplace sentiment of the cheap chromo, enable people to like it, who are really the better for dwelling on its tale of family affection and constancy in adversity. When the shilling gallery hisses the villain in a melodrama, and claps the sentiment that honesty is the best policy, or 'Though fallen, he is still my father,' it is being educated, as it could not be by Shakespeare himself. In all these cases, what seems to the higher culture to be vulgar, silly, objectionable even, anything short of absolutely immoral, is too much a matter of course, too congenial, to make much impression, while the points that rise a step above, are novelties, but still within view. Moreover, we are ourselves on different levels at different periods of our lives; nay, in different moods of our minds. We should not be ungrateful to what seemed helpful once, even though we can no longer receive a message so delivered. Nor is it always well to despise methods of spreading good of all kinds, which we ourselves could not use. Perhaps we may come to find many imperfections in some that we can use now enthusiastically. Whatever is well meant and genuine may appeal to minds feeling the same needs as the mind that conceived it; and, to take up the idea put forward in so interesting a manner by *Spermologos*, at a slightly different point, does not this show that the taste, the sentiment, or

the fun of other times, though to us it may be neither tasteful, tender, nor funny, was just what was needed once. Is not the idea a contribution to the difficulty of understanding the different needs of different generations.

Dorothea, Ignoramus, See-Saw, Titania, Flip, T. M. D. (an excellent paper, but too long for printing), *Elaine, Fanciful, F. Mclean, Napper Tandy*, have answered the question more or less in the affirmative. All very sympathetic and comprehending papers.

Spermologos and *A Learner* are given at length, and in *Arnaud* the opposition speaks for itself.

Spermologos.—I am heartily of opinion that first-rate work being for all generations and times, often flies over the head of the existing generations, and is only appreciated by the higher spirits of successive ages, who thus establish its renown. The secondary genius is more influenced by surroundings, therefore more in sympathy with them, and thus wins an audience more immediately and widely *at the time*. No one can read the lives and works of women without feeling this. Their success was often complete, even beyond that of the greatest men of their time, *e.g.* Hannah More influenced many more than Dr. Johnson, but when we look at her writings, we wonder how or why.

Yet let us be content. To have served God *on his generation*, was the praise of that Poet King, whose works have been the treasure of thousands of generations.

A Learner.—At a certain stage of development, minds of inferior calibre seem incapable, not only of taking as wide a grasp of ideas as does a master mind, but also of grasping them at all from the same point of view. What they do see differs so greatly in shape that *they* do not recognise it for the same thing.

Superior, though ignorant, minds are attracted, but inferior ones are frightened and repelled by the force which there is in a masterpiece, and which cannot be hid by the utmost simplicity of treatment. Thus Shakespeare could hardly successfully have written plays for schoolroom acting, nor George Eliot stories for nursery reading; Titian could not have illustrated children's picture books; and there is work for the Dolly Winthrops as well as the Wilberforces and Howards, because they know *little* enough to be in perfect sympathy with the ignorant and puzzled.

Here, I think, is the real place that none but second-rate work can fill. Here, where there are real needs to be supplied, though those of inferior natures; and these may thus be cultivated into something better, since appreciation, like all other faculties, grows in the using.

We must not, of course, dwarf our work to suit a fancied need. It may take all our efforts to make it even third-rate, it will take all our efforts to make it all it was meant to be; but there is this comfort in watching lives that otherwise would seem cruelly marred, they have a real work to do, and one which could not be wrought by the more perfect creature.

Arnaud.—From the remark 'Chelsea China' makes at the end of this

question, I fear that, either I misunderstand it, or else that I differ very strongly. First, I presuppose that 'could not fill,' means 'could not fill with equal advantage to the world.' Secondly, in order to arrive at a perfectly clear understanding of what is meant by first, second, and third-rate work, I presuppose that 'work' means only *worthy* work, and that such of the world's work be divided into about six classes. (Supposing it to be divided into forty classes, the first three would of course be fairly interchangeable.)

I am of opinion that first-rate work could fill, and would fill more desirably, any place now filled by second-rate, or third-rate work.

Let us first take literary work. We cannot imagine Scott's Poems (which I call, roughly speaking, third-rate) being injured by the higher skill of Shakespeare.

I do not think that Thackeray's skill added to the ordinary matter of a tract, would in any way diminish its power.

And if there were *only* these first-rate writers, we could spare even such high class authors as W. Black, Mrs. Craik, etc., if, with them, should be also swept away others who shall be unnamed.

So again with Art. It is true that Art does require a certain amount of education for its due appreciation, and so inferior Art appeals to a larger number of people. But if the skill of a Turner could be applied to the glorification of well-known subjects, the greater power would *aid*, and not *hinder*, the usefulness of the work.

Of philanthropic work, it is more difficult to speak. It is so frequently undertaken by those who have absolutely no 'call' for it, but merely plenty of leisure, and a fairly good will. Yet it seems to me to be the one thing which demands first-rate work, and if possible, first-rate work only. Literature may be allowed its 'padding,' Art its 'tricks of the trade;' but for philanthropic work, work dealing with human souls, and Life's most complex problems, first-rate work can never fail to be the best.

Surely 'first-rate' means the best of skill, added to the soundest judgment. I can imagine no worthy place in the world, which such work '*could* not fill.'

Received late by Chelsea China.—*Nil Desperandum* makes the idea an encouragement to beginners. *Popinjay*, in an extremely interesting paper, makes the excellent suggestion that, at any rate in some lines, first-rate work is beyond us all, and that we all owe much to the lesser lights. Chelsea China is entirely of this opinion, only she thinks people ought to learn to know that what they honestly prefer is second-rate.

SUBJECT FOR MARCH.

Is it, or is it not, a good thing for the character to have the attention claimed by a great variety of interests?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher of the 'Monthly Packet,' before April 1st.

Spider Subjects.

THE SPIDERS' LAMENT.

A FAREWELL TO ARACHNE.

The owl hath sung her watchsong in the towers of Afrasiab,
The Spider hath woven her web in the palace of kings.'

Whence comes the voice of wailing
That sounds o'er half a realm?
Do armies mourn their leader?
Have seamen lost their helm?

Why in each hole and corner
Do mournful Spiders sit,
All heedless of their weaving?
Why care they not a bit?

No more the careful housewife
The duster stern shall ply,
Those lovely webs have vanished
For ever from on high.

No bands have lost their leader,
No vessel mourns its helm,
But Spiders sit lamenting
Their late delightful realm.

Ah, cruel 'Monthly Packet,'
How could you treat us so!
Why send us into exile?
Woe for Arachne! Woe!

Ah, happy days of spinning,
Why did ye flee away?
Arachne says she's older,—
We cannot say her nay.

But to her faithful Spiders
Arachne still is young;
To *them* she grows no older,
Who by her orders hung

Their webs on rafters olden
And scorned unseasoned wood;
Who ever held her counsels
An oracle of good.

Oh, say were ever Spiders
In such a dreadful fix?
Arachne dooms her Spiders,
To wander by the Styx!

'Arachne, halt, we pray thee,
And pass not thus away;
Oh, grant thy loving Spiders
At least some brief delay.

"Arachne out of fashion"!
It could not be for long—
We all would rally round thee,
And spin good webs, and strong.

'First dear old "Chelsea China,"
Our very Cynosure,
"Bath-brick," "Karshish," and "Bubbles,"
Whose webs shall long endure.

'Our "Muffin Man," the merry,
How we shall miss his bell!
And "Money Spinner," steady,
And "Simple Susan's" spell.'

Alas! Arachne answers:
'I pause not for a day,
I will not stay my journey,
Nor grant e'en brief delay.

'Ye Spiders, while ye had me,
Your tasks were all undone;
Now, mourn your lost Arachne,
Farewell! and get you gone.'

'Arachne, dear Arachne,
Before we pass away
To other tasks less genial
Than thy beloved sway,

'May one neglectful Spider
Speak out for all the rest,
And say we owe Arachne
What ne'er can be expressed.

'High aims and noble duty,
All that is pure and true;
Tender and sweet and kindly,
She held before our view.

'Sometimes by counsel gentle,
Sometimes by sparkling fun,
Sometimes by sterner comment,
The guiding work was done.

'Farewell, farewell, Arachne,
If we must part from thee,
Thy influence will be with us
Where'er our webs may be.

'Thy name shall be our watchword
Mid webs of stranger folk;
So says—for all thy Spiders—
'Thy faithful old *Bog-Oak*.'

November, 1886.

Some kind Spiders so much wish this affectionate farewell to appear
that Arachne cannot but consent, though it is far beyond her deserts.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

December Class List.

First Class.

Creag-an-Fithcach	38	Midge	}	32
Moonraker	37	Marion		
Speranza	}	Apathy		
Bluebell		Philomela		
Emu	}	Lisle	}	31
Vorwärts		Lia		
Eva	}	Cherry Ripe	}	30
Bladud		Apia		
Water-wagtail				

Second Class.

Fieldfare	29	Charissa	25
Fidelia	28	Carlotta	24
Countess	}	Deryn	22
Taffy			
Jackanapes			

Third Class.

σκέπτομαι	19	Donna Pia	18
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REMARKS.

45. It adds to the interest of this portion of the history to remember (what several students have omitted to note) that the Alexandria Ariorum and Alexandria in Arachosia, founded by the Macedonian Conquerer, are represented, in modern times, by the well-known names of Herat and Candahar. Midge says nothing about Alexander's ill-starred queens: Roxana, the fierce, beautiful Bactrian princess, whom he wedded at the Sogdian Rock, in remote Bokhara; and Statira, daughter of Darius, with whom he celebrated his nuptials with such magnificence at Susa. Roxana, in her jealous ambition, procured the assassination of Statira (B.C. 323), and was herself murdered by Cassander, together with her son, Alexander Ægus, a youth of sixteen (B.C. 311).

46. Deryn: Darius was not killed 'by a Macedonian soldier,' but by his own satrap Bessus. Bladud: Maracanda (*Samarcand*) was not founded, but conquered, by Alexander; and it was not the Hydaspes (*Jelum*), but the Hyphasis (*Gharra*), which formed the easternmost limit of his Indian invasion. σκέπτομαι mistakes his 'return' to

Babylon for his first visit, and thus leaves out all his campaigns in further Asia.

47. (Life of Philopœmen.) Bladud best explains the gradual increase of the influence of the Romans, through their protectorate of the Achæan League, of which 'the last of the Greeks' was Strategus.

48. Water-wagtail, Fieldfare, and others: a mere list of events and dates, however clear and correct, is not quite sufficient as an answer to the question. These are the raw materials for an answer, which should be worked up and reproduced in the form of a brief essay. Lia says: '*under* Pyrrhus the Romans had become a great people'—an incorrect phrase, as Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was not *over* the Romans, but *against* them. Speranza, Countess, and others, pass over the Declaration of Grecian Independence by the Roman Consul Flamininus at the Isthmian Games, 196, B.C.

'A gift of that which is not to be given

By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.'

—Wordsworth, '*Sonnets on Liberty*.'

Thanks are due, and are cordially offered, to all those who have accompanied Clio through the course of Grecian history now finished. The more advanced students have done admirably; the less advanced have done creditably; and we all, both by questioning and answering, have learned something more than we knew before about Greece, the country of the most interesting people that the world has ever seen, the birthplace of Art and Philosophy, and 'the first garden of Liberty's tree.'

P.S.—The final class list, and announcement of prizes, will appear in the April number.

THE HISTORY OF ROME.

Questions for March.

9. Tell the story of Camillus and the Fall of Veii.

10. Who were the Gauls? Into what two branches were they divided? Give some particulars about the first Gaulish Invasion of Rome.

11. What were the provisions of the Licinian Laws, and to what extent were they carried out?

12. What were the different kinds of names which a Roman citizen might bear? Mention the Latin term for each kind of name, and say when or how it was given.

Notices to Correspondents.

E. G. H.—The following lines asked for by F. E. C. in the February number of the 'Monthly Packet' are by Matthew Arnold—

'We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The Spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery our soul abides,
But tastes in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.
With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.'

Another version of the lines quoted by Alpha—

'Lord, I lay me down to sleep,
Do Thou my soul in mercy keep;
And if I die before I wake,
Do Thou my soul in mercy take.'

M. W. H.

Miss Elizabeth Sewell did not write 'Little Servant Maids,' but she did write, 'What can be done for our young servants?' and the tract was published by the S. P. C. K.

Constant Reader.—'The Sculptor Boy' is quoted at length in the 'Monthly Packet' for September, 1877. It is there said to have been written by the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, U.S.A.

Torfrida.—By J. M. Neale, 'Hymns and Sequences' (Hayes, 1866), 'Christian Martyr'; also in 'People's Hymnal.' R. E. L.

A. E. B.—Queen Henrietta Maria, who by her husband's order was called Mary in the Prayer-book.

Lia asks for a poem which she knows to exist on the murder of the apprentice boy who carved the pillar at Rosslyn.

How to utilise Christmas and New Year's Cards.—The Secretary of the 'Children's Scrap Book Missions' will be glad to receive any cards that friends can send. Since the first appeal over 53,000 cards have been made into 6,900 scrap books, card albums, and framed cards, and distributed to the poor children of London. Full particulars sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address: 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton, London, S.W.

A CRY FROM THE SEA.

UP in the North Sea there are fishing-grounds, on which are annually engaged no less than 12,000 English fishermen. The largest proportion of these, the men belonging to Hull, Grimsby, etc., are there all the year. They call it home. When at the end of six or eight weeks they go ashore for a few days, they say they are going away; when they return they are coming home. But into the midst of these established inhabitants there come, for three or four months every year, some fifty or sixty vessels from Devon. These Brixham boats join the others soon after Easter, and it is the crews of these boats who—altogether out of their own hearts—are uttering the cry ‘Come over and help us.’ The cry comes from their having learnt to value Church blessings so highly that they cannot bear to do without them. It is altogether a different thing, as you will see, from an appeal made by others for some means of doing them good. It is their own cry. They say, ‘We have learnt, we value, and we want this gap in our year filled up; we want to take our Church with us; we want weekly Communions; we want to help other fishermen who are out there all the year, and have been lost by the Church.’ The Deep Sea Mission does a good work in many ways; it distributes books and medicines, and has checked drunkenness. Sometimes, it is said, a clergyman is on board; but these men have never seen one, and the religious meetings are conducted much on the lines of those of the Salvation Army. The men do not wish to run down the Deep Sea Mission, but they say, as Churchmen, they want more. They desire eventually to get a vessel permanently fitted up for this Mission work, which should go year by year for a certain time to the North Sea. This would cost £600 or £700, besides the expenses of the crew. For this year they have the offer of a Brixham sloop, on very low terms—£100 for eight weeks—this including *everything*, except the salary of a chaplain—and a crew has volunteered. The men are personally giving all they can, and small meetings have been called in the neighbourhood, where they have spoken for themselves; nor is any one who heard them likely to forget the strong earnest faces, or the simple straightforwardness with which they told their tale. These men belong to St. Peter’s Mission, at Brixham; and two years ago their chaplain spent a fortnight in going to the North Sea to give his men one Sunday of Holy Communion and Church services. As they said, when he went away, they seemed to miss it the more. Each had the same tale to tell. They feel the blessing of weekly Communion, three or four months is long to be without it. Things often ‘go cross’ up there, ‘me and my brothers gets sadly discouraged.’ ‘The Deep Sea Mission does a great deal with drunkards; happy to say, all aint drunkard; we who are Churchmen feel the want of any Church privileges.’ One old man has fished in the North Sea for forty years; they ‘used to spend their Sundays gambling and drinking, things is very different now.’ ‘Things go wrong with our youngsters sailing with careless men; we want to have help for them.’ ‘We believe, with a Chaplain and Services, lots of men might be brought back to the Church.’

It is felt that if the temporary Mission can be raised, at a cost of £100 for smack and crew, and it does good and useful work this spring, they can then appeal with more hope of success to get funds

for the larger undertaking. There is the Chaplain to find. Might one, perhaps, be moved to volunteer? The present chaplain of St. Peter's Mission would go if no one else could be found, and if his work could be provided for. That the men are deeply in earnest there is no doubt. They have 'learnt the principle that only really brings success, that is, sacrifice.' They are doing what they can by self-denial. Some of them are binding themselves while in the North Sea not to shoot their trawls (nets) on Saturday night, as it involves hauling up on Sunday morning.

If those who read this could join in the hearty services at St. Peter's, and hear from the men's own lips how bad the blank seems when they are without them, they would, I think, be stirred to give them the prayers they ask for, and with them such help as they could spare, for the sake of Him Who chose the fishermen of Galilee to be His friends and His Apostles, and blest the drawing of the nets.

Help would be gladly acknowledged by Mrs. Maxwell Hogg, Berry Head House, Brixham.

F. M. P.

Elfric.—Thanks for the correction as to Lady Rolle, being the first instead of the second wife of Lord Rolle. It would be a betrayal of confidence to give the name of the Octogenarian.

M. F. B. will be glad to know of a publication issued periodically, giving a description of any new kinds of work, either painting or needlework. She will be very much obliged to any one who can tell her of one, at a moderate price. Launton Rectory, Bicester, Oxon.

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1887.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE QUEEN OF THE WHITE ANTS.

THE High School was very large. It stood at present at the end of a budding branch of Rockquay, where the managers, assisted by the funds advanced by Lord Rotherwood and that great invisible potentate, the head of the marble works, had secured and adapted a suitable house, and a space round it well walled in.

The various classes of students did not see much of each other, except those who were day boarders and spent the mid-day recreation time together. Even those in the same form were only together in school, as the dressing-room of those who dined there was separate from that of the others, and they did not come in and out at the same time. Valetta had thus only really made friends with two or three more Rockstone girls of about her own age besides Kitty Varley, with whom she went backwards and forwards every day, under the escort provided in turn by the families of the young ladies.

Gillian's studies were on three mornings in the week at the High School, and on two afternoons she learnt from the old organist at Rockstone Church. She went and came alone, except when Miss Mohun happened to join her, and that was not often, 'For,' said that lady to her sister, 'Gillian always looks as if she thought I was acting spy upon her. I wish I could get on with that girl; I begin to feel almost as poor Lily did with Dolores.'

'She is a very good girl,' said Miss Adeline.

'So she is; and that makes it all the more trying to be treated like the Grand Inquisitor.'

'Shall I speak to her? She is always as pleasant as possible with me.'

'Oh, no, don't. It would only make it worse, and prevent you from having her confidence.'

‘Ah, Jane, I have often thought your one want was gentleness,’ said Miss Ada, with the gesture of her childhood—her head a little on one side. ‘And, besides, don’t you know what Reggie used to call your ferret look? Well, I suppose you can’t help it, but when you want to know a thing and are refraining from asking questions, you always have it more or less.’

‘Thank you, Ada. There’s nothing like brothers and sisters for telling one home truths. I suppose it is the penalty of having been a regular Paul Pry in my childhood, in spite of poor Eleanor making me learn “Meddlesome Matty” as soon as I could speak. I always *do* and always *shall* have ringing in my ears—

“Oh! what a pretty box is this,
I’ll open it,” said little Miss.’

‘Well, you know you always do know or find out everything about everybody, and it is very useful.’

‘Useful as a bloodhound is, eh?’

‘Oh, no, not that, Jenny.’

‘As a ferret, or a terrier, perhaps. I suppose I cannot help that, though,’ she added, rather sadly. ‘I have tried hard to cure the slander and gossip that goes with curiosity. I am sorry it results in repulsion with that girl; but I suppose I can only go on and let her find out that my bark, or my eyes, is worse than my bite.’

‘You are so good, so everything, Jenny,’ said Adeline, ‘that I am sure you will have her confidence in time, if only you won’t poke after it.’

Which made Miss Mohun laugh, though her heart was heavy, for she had looked forward to having a friend and companion in the young generation.

Gillian meantime went her way.

One morning, after her mathematical class was over, she was delayed for about ten minutes by the head mistress, to whom she had brought a message from her aunt, and thus did not come out at noon at the same time as the day scholars. On issuing into the street, where as yet there was hardly any traffic, except what was connected with the two schools, she perceived that a party of boys were besetting a little girl who was trying to turn down the cross road to Bellevue, barring her way, and executing a derisive war dance around her, and when she, almost crying, made an attempt to dash by, pulling at her plaited tail, with derisive shouts; even Gillian’s call, ‘Boys, boys, how can you be so disgraceful!’ did not check them. One made a face and put his tongue out, while the biggest called out, ‘Thank you, teacher,’ and Gillian perceived, to her horror, that they were no street boys, but Mrs. Edgar’s, and that Fergus was one of them. That he cried in dismay, ‘Don’t, Stebbing. It’s my sister,’ was no consolation, as she charged in among them, catching hold of her brother, as she said—

'I could not believe that *you* could behave in such a disgraceful manner!'

All the other tormentors rushed away headlong, except Stebbing, who, in some compunction, said—

'I beg your pardon, Miss Merrifield, I had no notion it was you.'

'You are making it no better,' said Gillian. 'The gentlemen I am used to know how to behave properly to any woman or girl. My father would be very sorry that my brother has been thrown into such company.'

And she walked away with her head extremely high, having certainly given Master Stebbing a good lesson.

Fergus ran after her. 'Gill, Gill, you won't tell.'

'I don't think I ever was more shocked in my life,' returned Gillian.

'But, Gill, she's a nasty, stuck-up, conceited little ape, that Maura White, or whatever her ridiculous name is. They pretend her father was an officer, but he was really a bad cousin of old Mr. White's that ran away; and her mother is not a lady—a great fat disgusting woman, half a nigger; and Mr. White let her brother and sister be in the marble works out of charity, because they have no father, and she hasn't any business to be at the High School.'

'White, did you say? Maura White!' exclaimed Gillian. 'Captain White dead! Oh, Fergus! it must be Captain White. He was in the dear old Warden Buffs, and papa thought so much of him! To think of your going and treating his daughter in that shocking way!'

'It was what Stebbing said,' gruffly answered Fergus.

'If you let yourself be led by these horrid cads——'

'He is no such thing! He is the crack bat of Edgar's——'

'A boy is a cad who can't behave himself to a girl because she is poor. I really think the apology to me was the worst part of the matter. He only treats people well when he sees they can take care of themselves.'

'I'll tell him about Captain White,' said Fergus, a little abashed.

'Yes. And I will get the aunts to call on Mrs. White, and that may help them to a better level among these vulgar folk.'

'But you won't——' said Fergus, with an expressive pause.

'I won't get you into trouble, for I think you are sorry you treated one of our own in such a manner.'

'I wouldn't, indeed, if I had known.'

'I shall only explain that I have found out whom Maura belongs to. I should go and see them at once, only I must make Val find out where she lives.'

So Gillian returned home, communicating the intelligence with some excitement that she had discovered that Valetta's school-mate, Maura White, was none other than the daughter of her father's old fellow-soldier, whose death shocked her greatly; and she requested to go and call on Mrs. White as soon as she could learn her abode.

However, it seemed to be impossible that any one should live in Rockstone unknown to Aunt Jane.

‘White?’ she said. ‘It can’t be the Whites down by Cliffside. No; there’s a father there, though he generally only comes down for Sunday.’

‘I am sure there are some Whites on the Library list,’ said Miss Ada.

‘Oh, yes; but she washes! I know who they must be. I know in Bellevue there are some; but they go to the Kennel Church. Didn’t you come home, Ada, from that function you went to with Florence, raving about the handsome youth in the choir?’

‘Oh yes, we thought it such an uncommon, foreign face, and he looked quite inspired when he was singing his solo.’

‘Yes; I found out that his name was White, a clerk or something in the marble works, and that he has a mother and sister living at Bellevue. I did see the sister when I went to get the marble girls into the G.F.S., but she said something foolish about her mother not liking it.’

‘Yes; nobody under the St. Kenelm influence ever will come into the G.F.S.’

‘But what is she doing?’ asked Gillian; ‘did you see Kalliope?’

‘I suppose I did. I saw a rather nice-looking young woman in the department where they make Florentine mosaic, and I believe they said she was Miss White; but she cut me off very short with her mother, so I had no more to do with her.’

‘I am sure mamma would wish me to call on Mrs. White,’ said Gillian.

‘There’s no reason against it,’ said Aunt Jane. ‘I will go with you the first day I can.’

When would that be, wondered Gillian. She told Valetta to talk to Maura and learn the name of the house; and this was ascertained to be 3, Ivinghoe Terrace, Bellevue Road; but Val had very little opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of town girls, who did not stay to dinner, as she had to go home immediately after school, under Emma Norton’s escort, and perhaps she was not very ardent in the cause, for Kitty Varley and her other friends did not like the child, and she was more swayed by them than perhaps she liked to confess to her sister.

Each morning at breakfast Gillian hoped that Aunt Jane would lay out her day so as to call on Mrs. White; but first there was the working party, then came the mothers’ meeting, followed by afternoon tea at Mrs. Hablot’s for some parish council. On the third day, which might have been clear, ‘a miserable creature,’ as Gillian mentally called her, wrote to beg the Misses Mohun to bring themselves and her niece to make up a lawn tennis set, since some one had failed. Gillian vainly protested that she did not care about lawn tennis, and could not play unless Jasper was her partner, and Aunt Jane so far

sided with her as to say it was very inconvenient, and on such short notice they ought not to be expected. But Aunt Ada clearly wanted to go; and so they went. It was a beautiful place, but Gillian could not enjoy herself, partly because she knew so few of the people, but more because she was vexed and displeased about the Whites. She played very badly; but Aunt Jane, when pressed into the service, skipped about with her little light figure and proved herself such a splendid player, doing it so entirely *con amore*, that Gillian could not but say to herself, 'She was bent on going; it was all humbug her pretending to want to refuse.'

That afternoon's dissipation had made it needful to do double work the next day, and Gillian was again disappointed. Then came Saturday, when Miss Mohun was never available, nor was she on Monday, and when it appeared that she had to go to a meeting at the Cathedral town on Tuesday, Gillian grew desperate, and at her *tête-à-tête* meal with Aunt Ada, related the whole history of the Whites, and her great desire to show kindness to her father's old brother officer's family, and how much she was disappointed.

Miss Adeline was touched, and indeed, fond as she was of her sister, she could not help being flattered by Gillian's preference and confidence.

'Well, my dear, this is a nice day, not too hot or too cold, I do not see why I should not walk down with you and call. If I find it too far, we can take a cab to go back.'

'Oh, thank you, Aunt Ada, it is very very kind of you, and there is no knowing when Aunt Jane may be able to go. I don't like to close up my Indian letter till I can say I have seen them.'

Gillian fidgetted a good deal lest, before her aunt's post-prandial repose was over, visitors should come and put a stop to everything, and she looked ready to cut the throat of a poor lady in a mushroom hat, who came up to leave a message for Miss Mohun about a possible situation for one of her class of boys.

However, at last they started, Kunz and all, Miss Adeline quite infected by Gillian's excitement.

'So your father and mother were very fond of them.'

'Papa thought very highly of *him*, and was very sorry he had to return,' said Gillian.

'And she was a beautiful Greek.'

Gillian began to be quite afraid of what she might have said.

'I don't think she is more than half Greek,' she said. 'I believe her mother was a Corfiote, but her father was English or Irish. I believe he kept a shop in Malta.'

'Quite a mixture of nationalities then, and no wonder she is beautiful. That youth had a very striking profile; it quite reminded me of a gem as I saw it against the dark pillar.'

'I did not say she was very beautiful now,' said Gillian, feeling a qualm as she recollected the Queen of the White Ants, and rather

oddly divided between truthfulness, fear of alarming her aunt into turning back, and desire of giving her a little preparation.

'Ah! those southern beauties soon go off. Some one told me that Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens," whose portrait I used to think the loveliest thing in the world, became a great stout woman; but was quite a mother to all the young Englishmen about. I remember I used to try to hold my head and keep my eyelids down like the engraving in an old book that had been my mother's.'

'Oh! I think I have seen it at Beechcroft,' said Gillian, very much amused, for she now perceived whence arose Aunt Ada's peculiar turn of the head and droop of the eyelashes, and how the conscious affectation of childhood had become unconsciously crystallised.

She grew more and more anxious as they found some difficulty in making out Ivinghoe Terrace, and found it at last to be a row of rather dilapidated little houses, apparently built of lath and stucco, and of that peculiar meanness only attained by the modern suburb. Aunt Ada evidently did not like it at all, and owned herself almost ready to turn back, being sure that Valetta must have made some mistake. Gillian repeated that she had always said the Whites were very poor, but she began to feel that her impatience had misled her, and that she would have been better off with the aunt who was used to such places, and whose trim browns and crimsons were always appropriate everywhere, rather than this dainty figure in delicate hues that looked only fit for the Esplanade or the kettledrum, and who was becoming seriously uneasy, as Kunz, in his fresh snowiness, was disposed to make researches among vulgar remains of crabs and hakes, and was with difficulty restrained from disputing them with a very ignoble and spiteful yellow cur of low degree.

No. 3, with its blistered wall and rusty rail, was attained, Kunz was brought within the enclosure, and Gillian knocked as sharply and fast as she could, in the fear that her aunt might yet turn about and escape.

The door was opened with a rapidity that gave the impression that they had been watched, but it was by a very untidy-looking small maid, and the parlour into which they were turned had most manifestly been lately used as the family dining-room, and was redolent of a mixture of onion, cabbage, and other indescribable odours.

Nobody was there, except a black and white cat, who showed symptoms of flying at Kunz, but thought better of it, and escaped by the window, which fortunately was open, though the little maid would have shut it, but for Miss Adeline's gasping and peremptory entreaty to the contrary. She sat on the faded sofa, looking as if she just existed by the help of her fan and scent bottle, and when Gillian directed her attention to the case of clasps and medals and the photograph of the fine-looking officer, she could only sigh out, 'Oh my dear!'

There was a certain air of taste in the arrangement of the few chimney-piece ornaments, and Gillian was pleased to see the two large photographs of her father and mother which Captain White had so much valued as parting gifts. A few drawings reminded her of the School of Art at Belfast, and there was a vase of wild flowers and ferns prettily arranged, but otherwise everything was wretchedly faded and dreary.

Then came the opening of the door, and into the room rolled, rather than advanced, something of stupendous breadth, which almost took Gillian's breath away as she durst not look to see the effect on her aunt. If the Queen of the White Ants had been stout before, what was she now? Whatever her appearance had been in the days of comparative prosperity, with a husband to keep her up to the mark, and a desire to rank with the officers' wives, she had let everything go in widowhood, poverty, and neglect, and as she stood panting in her old shiny black alpaca, the only thing Gillian recalled about her like old times was the black lace veil thrown mantilla fashion over her head; but now it was over a widow's cap, and a great deal rustier than of old. Of the lovely foreigner nothing else remained except the dark eyes, and that sort of pasty sallow whiteness that looks as if for generations past cold water and fresh air had been unknown. There was no accent more interesting in her voice than a *souppçon* of her Irish father, as she began, 'I am sorry to have kept the lady so long waiting. Was it about the girl's character that you came?'

'Oh no, Mrs. White,' interrupted Gillian, her shyness overpowered by the necessity of throwing herself into the breach. 'Don't you remember me. I am Gillian Merrifield, and this is my aunt, Miss Adeline Mohun.'

The puffy features lighted up into warmth. 'Little Miss Gillian! And I am proud to see you! My little Maura did tell me that Miss Valetta was in her class at the High School; but I thought there was no one now who would come near the poor widow. And is your dear mamma here, Miss Gillian, and are she and your papa quite well.'

Gillian could hardly believe in such dense remoteness that her father's accident should be unknown, but she explained all, and met with abundant sympathy, the dark eyes filled with tears, and the voice broke into sobs as Mrs. White declared that Sir Jasper and Lady Merrifield had been the best friends she ever had in her life.

But oh! that the handkerchief had been less grimy with which she mopped her eyes, as she spoke of the happy days that were gone! Gillian saw that poor Aunt Ada was in an agony to get away, and hurried out her questions for fear of being stopped. 'How was Kalliope, was she at home?'

'Oh no, poor Kally, she is the best girl in the world. I always say that, with all my sorrows, no one ever was more blest in their children than poor little me. Richard, my eldest, is in a lawyer's office at

Leeds. Kally is employed in the art department, just as a compliment to her relation, Mr. White. Quite genteel, superior work, though I must say he does not do as much for us as he might. Such a youth as my Alexis now, was surely worthy of the position of a gentleman.'

The good lady was quite disposed to talk, but there was no making out, through her cloud of confused complaints, what her son and daughter were actually doing, and Aunt Ada, though preserving her courtesy, was very anxious to be gone, and rose to take leave at the first moment possible, though after she was on her feet Mrs. White detained her for some time with apologies about not returning her visit, she was in such weak health, so unequal to walking up the cliff, that she was sure Miss Mohun would excuse her, though Alexis and Kally would be perfectly delighted to hear of Miss Gillian's kindness.

Gillian had not made out half what she wanted to know, nor effected any arrangement for seeing Kalliope, when she found herself out in the street, and her aunt panting with relief. 'My dear, that woman! You don't mean that your mother was fond of her.'

'I never said mamma was fond of her.'

'My dear, excuse me. It was the only reason for letting you drag me here. I was almost stifled. What a night I shall have!'

'I am very sorry, Aunt Ada; but, indeed, I never said that mamma was fond of her, only that papa thought very highly of her husband, and wished us to be kind to her.'

'Well, you gave me that impression, whether you wished it or not! Such a hole; and I am sure she drinks gin!'

'Oh no, aunt!'

'I can't be mistaken! I really was afraid she was going to kiss you!'

'I do wish I could have made out about Alexis and Kalliope.'

'Oh! my dear, just working like all the lot, though she shuffled about it. I see what they are like, and the less you see of them the better. I declare I am more tired then if I had walked a mile. How am I ever to get up the hill again?'

'I am sorry, aunt,' said Gillian. 'Will you take my arm. Perhaps we may meet Kalliope, if the marble people come out at four or five. What's that bell?' as a little tinkle was heard.

'That's St. Kenelm's! Oh! you would like to go there, and it would rest me; only there's Kunz.'

'I should like to see it very much,' said Gillian.

'Well,' said Aunt Ada, who certainly seemed to have something of the 'cat's away' feeling about her, and, moreover, trusted to avoid meeting Kalliope. 'Just round the corner here is Mrs. Webb's, who used to live with us before she married. Kunz will be happy with her. Won't he, my doggie, like to go and see his old Jessie?'

So Kunz was disposed of with a very pleasant neat-looking woman,

who begged Miss Adeline to come and have some tea after the service.

It was really a beautiful little church, 'a little gem' was exactly the term that suggested itself, very ornate, and the chief lack being of repose, for there seemed not an inch devoid of colour or carving. There was a choir of boys in short surplices and blue cassocks, and a very musical service, in the course of which it was discovered to be the Feast of St. Remigius, for after the Lesson, a short discourse was given on the Conversion of Clovis, not forgetting the sacred ampulla.

There were about five ladies present and six old women, belonging to a home maintained by Lady Flight. The young priest, her son, had a beautiful voice, and Gillian enjoyed all very much, and thought the St. Andrew's people very hard and unjust; but all this went out of her head in the porch, for while Lady Flight was greeting Miss Mohun with *empressement*, and inviting her to come in to tea, Gillian had seen a young woman who had come in late and had been kneeling behind them.

Turning back and holding out her hands, she exclaimed—

'Kalliope! I so wanted to see you.'

'Miss Gillian Merrifield,' was the response, 'Maura told me you were here, but I hardly hoped to see you.'

'How can I see you? Where are you? Busy?'

'I am at the marble works all day—in the mosaic department. Oh, Miss Gillian, I owe it all to Miss Merrifield's encouraging me to go to the School of Art. How is she? And I hope you have good accounts of Sir Jasper?'

'He is better, and I hope my mother is just arriving. That's why we are here; and Alethea and Phyllis are out there. They will want to know all about you.'

At that moment Aunt Adeline looked round, having succeeded in persuading Lady Flight that she had another engagement. She saw a young woman in a shabby black dress, with a bag in her hand, and a dark fringe over a complexion of clear brown, and straight features, to whom Gillian was eagerly talking.

'Ah!' she said, as Mr. Flight now came up from the vestry; 'do you know anything of that girl?'

'Second-rate people, somewhere in Bellevue,' said the lady.

'The brother is my best tenor,' said Mr. Flight. 'She is very often at St. Kenelm's, but I do not know any more of her. The mother either goes to Bellevue or nowhere. They are in Bellevue parish.'

This was quite sufficient answer, for any interference with parochial visiting in the Bellevue district was forbidden.

Aunt Ada called to Gillian, and when she eagerly said, 'This is Kalliope, aunt,' only responded with a stiff bow.

'I do not know what these people might have been, Gillian,' she said, as they pursued their way to Mrs. Webb's; 'but they must have

sunk so low that I do not think your mother can wish you to have anything to do with them.'

'Oh, Aunt Ada! Kalliope was always such a good girl!'

'She has a fringe. And she would not belong to the G.F.S.,' said Aunt Ada. 'No, my dear, I see exactly the sort of people they are. Your Aunt Jane might be useful to them, if they would let her; but they are not at all fit for you to associate with.'

Gillian chafed inwardly, but she was beginning to learn that Aunt Ada was more impenetrable than Aunt Jane, and what was worse, Aunt Jane always stood by her sister's decision, whether she would have herself originated it or not.

When the elder aunt came home, and heard the history of their day, and Gillian tried to put in a word, she said—

'My dear, we all know that rising from the ranks puts a man's family in a false position, and they generally fall back again. All this is unlucky, for they do not seem to be people it is possible to get at, and now you have paid your kind act of attention, there is no more to be done, till you can hear from Ceylon about them.'

Gillian was silenced by the united forces of the aunts.

'It *really* was a horrid place,' said Aunt Ada, when alone with her sister; 'and such a porpoise of a woman! Gillian should not have represented her as a favourite?'

'I do not remember that she did so,' returned Aunt Jane. 'I wish she had waited for me. I have seen more of the kind of thing than you have, Ada.'

'I am sure I wish she had. I don't know when I shall get over the stifling of that den; but it was just as if they were her dearest friends.'

'Girls will be silly! And there's a feeling about the old regiment too. I can excuse her, though I wish she had not been so impatient. I fancy that eldest daughter is really a good girl and the mainstay of the family.'

'But she would have nothing to do with you or the G.F.S.'

'If I had known that her father had been an officer, I might have approached her differently. However, I will ask Lily about their antecedents, and in six weeks we shall know what is to be done about them.'

(*To be continued.*)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHOOL KEEPING.

THE events recorded in the last chapter took place early in October, when Katharine had been at the Priory about four months. Looking back afterwards it always seemed to her as if those four months had been one long dream, and that only when she began her work at the Potteries did she wake up and begin to live. She had been used to a life of usefulness—of real, tangible employment, and having now no home duties, she threw herself into her new sphere with all her natural energy. She had many gifts of mind and temper which fitted her for the work she had undertaken, for she was very practical, fearless, quick to see what was the best thing to be done in an emergency; and, moreover, she possessed a fund of dogged, resolute perseverance, which no difficulty, no apparent failure, could conquer. She really belonged to the nation which never knows when it is beaten, but tries again and again, till a very different result is obtained. Above all, she had a very loving heart, full of tenderness and pity. The stupidity and opposition she encountered at first did not make her angry, but sorry for the poor ignorant creatures who resisted what was so plainly for their good. She had a most efficient assistant in Lettice, and after a time, a second in the person of Susan Freeman, the Admiral's second daughter, who, with her father's consent, asked to be allowed to help as soon as she understood what was going on. And there was another helper—Sam Halliday, the son of the Priory gardener, who had become Miss Thorold's devoted servant when she taught in the Southerton Sunday-school, and who gave all his spare time to helping her in every way open to him, from carrying messages, to inflicting corporal punishment on Tim Wills when he was impertinent to Lettice. To Katharine the boys were tolerably civil, for the flash of her blue eyes and the ring of indignation in her voice alarmed them; moreover, her kindness, when they behaved well, was so pleasant to them, that they really dreaded being in disgrace with her. Lettice was quite a different person—they could frighten her, and rather enjoyed doing so, until Sam Halliday thrashed Tim Wills, and promised to do the same to anybody who did not 'behave.'

All this kept Katharine very much away from the Priory, and Clare encouraged the work and left Lettice at liberty to help, only too glad to be rid of her fear that Katharine had designs upon

Theodore. As to poor Theodore, he found himself treated with curt civility by the girl whose pleasant companionship he had begun to prize so much, and he was kept very much in the dark as to the employment which took up so much of her time. Clare told him, indeed, that Miss Thorold had promised to see after a little school which she (Clare) had attempted at the Potteries; but she entered into no particulars. If Theodore said anything about seeing so little of Miss Thorold and Lettice, she would carelessly remark that the passion for rambling all over the country was really becoming quite too absurd; but there was no use in interfering. Somewhat piqued by Katharine's manner, and really interested in his painting, he nearly forgot how time was going—he had no intention of estranging himself from Katharine, but as a matter of fact he saw very little of her. As for her, she had made up her mind that he knew all that was going on, and had known all along the state of neglect the place was in, and that he cared nothing about it; and in this she did him a cruel injustice. But hasty damsels like my impetuous Katharine are apt to jump to conclusions, and to form somewhat harsh judgments, as they generally find it out some fine day to their confusion.

Eleanore was married in December, Katharine and Marcia being her bridesmaids. The General took his wife to Scotland, to visit his relations, and when they came back Southerton was very gay for a time. Katharine frequently met Miles Addison at these festivities, and was distantly polite to him—as for him, he seemed to keep out of her way as much as possible, and Marcia Craven began to think that she had been misled in thinking that there had been any attachment, on her side at all events. But as Theodore never made any objection to the presence of Beatrice in his studio, and the girl herself was satisfied with the state of things, Marcia had ceased to care about Mr. Addison's connection with Katharine. Mrs. Craven and Clare were of opinion that their little plan was going on nicely—as to Theodore, he hardly knew whether Beatrice was at her easel, or not. She was no talker, and did not annoy him in the least.

The only other thing that needs notice during the next few months, is that Florence St. Aubyn, relieved from her anxiety about her youngest sister, took a quiet opportunity to let Clare see that she suspected that Lettice Charteris was not entirely dependent on her cousins. Clare took no notice of this at the time, but on the girl's twentieth birthday she spoke to her of her own accord, telling her that she had improved so much of late, that she was now capable of managing her own affairs, and that she was the happy possessor of about a hundred a year, half of which had been saved and invested for her benefit ever since she and her money had passed into her cousin's keeping. Now that she was quite a woman, no doubt she would like to have a regular allowance, and manage her own affairs 'to a certain extent,' as Clare put it. Poor Lettice, in the midst of her delight and surprise, could not help wishing that her money had

been spent in giving her a good education, and dressing her like other girls—but she said nothing. The dress question was easily set right, and as to education, she and Katharine spent many a pleasant hour in reading and working together, so that Lettice was making up for lost time.

Perhaps I ought to explain here that Clare St. Aubyn had not defrauded her young cousin of a penny. She had a perfect delight in managing, saving, and increasing the sums of which she had the charge; but every fraction was carefully accounted for, and she had greatly increased the little income Lettice had inherited. It was the same with her brother's income and estate. A delight in secrecy and a love of power were so strong in Clare that they almost amounted to a mania, certainly to a passion.

A considerable time now passed without any occurrence worth relating. The work at the Potteries grew under the hands of the workers; they had several things to attend to now, besides the schools. Maurice wrote regularly and cheerfully, and Katharine was fairly happy. Sometimes she felt what she herself called annoyed at Theodore's manner to her. He had made one great effort to renew his discussions on painting with her, begging her to sit for him now that he really could paint, and she abruptly told him that she had no time to spare. She refused to show the least interest in his improvement, although he reminded her that it was her own work. Perhaps she was not sorry to mark her sense of the uselessness of his life; but whatever her reason might be, Theodore was now cold and distant, and once or twice looked at her reproachfully. All this, as I have said, 'annoyed' her a good deal.

Summer came round again, and passed away, as all summers do, alas! and it was soon August once more. One wet and windy day, the Priory party was assembled in the drawing-room; and, for a wonder, Katharine was there, sitting at her work among the rest. Theodore was there too, reading aloud for their benefit; he had chosen Cowper's 'Task,' and it may be doubted whether any one was listening to him, except Katharine and Lettice. Indeed, Mrs. Craven had been lulled into a gentle doze, and poor Beatrice, to whom Greek would have been quite as intelligible, was stifling yawns and fidgetting miserably. To this company enter the respectable Smiles.

'A gentleman wishes to see you, Miss Thorold,' said he, and making his way to Katharine, he gave her a card. In the surprise of the moment, she ejaculated—

'Miles Addison!'

And at the word Theodore dropped poor Cowper, and the book, being heavy, came down with a thud.

'Mr. Addison?' cried Marcia, pricking up her ears. This was far more interesting than Cowper.

'I suppose I must see him. May I take him into the dining-room, Clare?'

‘He is in the dining-room, ma’am,’ remarked Smiles.

‘Very well, I suppose I may as well go at once.’

‘Ladies and Gentlemen!’ said Marcia, when the door was closed, ‘this is a very interesting occasion. Dr. Buckland told me yesterday that there is a report that Mr. Addison has come into a large fortune—and behold! his first thought is the fair but cruel Katharine.’

‘Nonsense!’ said Beatrice, who was cross and contradictory, became intensely bored. ‘He never goes near her. I don’t think they’ve ever done more than bow to each other.’

Marcia regarded her sister with mild contempt, and Theodore opened his book again and began to read. He was an excellent reader generally, but now he read as if he were asleep. Marcia observed it, no one else did, for Lettice was wondering what brought Mr. Addison to see Katharine.

Miles Addison hurried forward when Katharine entered the dining-room; he had been standing near the fireplace.

‘Katharine!’ he began, without any other greeting, ‘yesterday I heard that my great-aunt Julia is dead and I am her heir. She never altered her will.’

Katharine looked at him with a certain amount of expectation in her eyes. Was he about to say that he felt bound to repay Maurice the sums he had appropriated? If so, Miles was better than she had believed him.

‘My first thought was of you, Katharine.’

‘Of Maurice, you mean,’ said she, quickly.

‘Of you,’ he repeated. ‘I did not know how much I loved you until we were parted; and surely, Katharine, the care with which you avoid me, often declining invitations if I am to be there, shows that you have not quite forgotten me.’

‘I avoid you! Don’t imagine it for a moment. I simply never think about you. I am very busy and cannot always go with the others, but I assure you I never enquire whether you are to meet us or not. I told you the plain truth when I said that I never cared for you. I might have persuaded myself that I did, in time, but I hardly think so. But even if I loved you, I would have nothing to say to you now. Not a penny of this money rightfully belongs to you, until you have repaid Maurice the sums of which you robbed him. Even that can never undo the injury you did him.’

Miles looked very black. The idea of such restitution had never entered his head—he had never imagined that it might enter hers!

‘You use hard words,’ he said. ‘I was unfortunate—but I am not a thief—and I decline to brand myself as one by refunding money which was simply lost in speculating. I would gladly lend Maurice any reasonable sum. And if he were my brother-in-law——’

‘If he were, no one would ever be able to question that your version of the story is the true one! Yes, I see that as clearly as you do. I do not see that we need prolong this interview. Good morning.’

He was still trying to think of some form of farewell at once dignified and cutting, when she suddenly looked at him gently, saying—

‘For dear Uncle Robert’s sake, I don’t like to part thus with you. I hope you will make a good use of this money. I know that Maurice would say nothing unkind. I hope you will do well ; but I should have more hope if I saw that you were really sorry for the past. Good-bye, Miles—stay, I will open the door for you. I quite forgot to ring.’

She let him out, and he departed, looking rather mean and crest-fallen. Katharine ran up to her room to add this bit of news to her letter to Maurice.

Later in the day it ceased to rain, and Katharine set out for the Potteries. There was no school that day, and Lettice did not feel inclined for a damp walk. To Katharine’s great amazement, she was overtaken just as she reached the gate in the yard by Theodore, who said—

‘Are you going to the Potteries? I will walk part of the way with you.’

‘The field path will be very wet,’ said Katharine, pausing.

‘No matter,’ said he ; ‘I have grown quite strong lately.’

Well, even Clare could hardly expect her to lock him into his own yard, and out of his own fields! But it was embarrassing. If he asked questions about the Potteries, what could she do?

But for some time Theodore neither asked questions nor offered remarks, but paced along beside her, looking very handsome and a little excited. Not until the red brick factory was in sight did he speak—and then he said, with a very unsuccessful attempt at jocular—

‘Am I to congratulate you, Miss Thorold?’

With her mind full of the questions she expected, Katharine had no idea what he meant. She laughed and said—

‘Certainly! if you will first tell me why. I don’t think this damp evening a matter for congratulation—and I know you will catch cold.’

‘I never catch cold,’ he answered quickly ; ‘in fact, I am beginning to forget that I ever required particular care. As to the congratulations, I am told that your cousin—that Mr. Addison has inherited a fortune.’

‘Well, so he has. You may congratulate him, if you like ; but it makes no difference to me.’

Theodore stopped and looked at her earnestly.

‘I have not forgotten the rebuff you once gave me for speaking about Mr. Addison,’ he said, smiling ; ‘but—Katharine, do you really mean that?’

‘I do ; and now, unless you want another rebuff, suppose you change the subject?’

‘I—I am so glad,’ he said, hurriedly.

‘I really cannot see why,’ she answered, coldly. ‘I am going to the schoolroom; hadn’t you better go home?’

‘There is no school at this hour, surely?’

‘No; but I have a sewing-class every Saturday.’

‘Ah, sewing! now there is a thing that ladies ought surely to be able to teach. As to a regular school, of course, as Clare says, without a trained master and mistress, all one can look for is a humanising influence.’

‘Oh, that is what Clare says, is it? Well, good-bye. I have no time to waste.’

‘I would go with you, if you can answer for your *protégées*’ behaviour; but the boys threw mud at our carriage the last time we drove along the lane.’

‘Oh, that is long ago, and you forget the humanising influence. But you had better go home,’ Katharine added, suddenly remembering her promise to Clare. She walked on quickly, and picked her way through the yellow puddles in the brickyard. But when she reached the door of the house, she found him still beside her.

‘Shall I be in the way?’ he asked. ‘There is going to be a shower, and I may as well take shelter, and walk home with you—if you do not object?’ he added, as he saw the expression of her face.

‘I do,’ she answered, frankly; ‘because when Clare gave me leave to keep a school here, she desired me never to bother you about it, and I promised that I would not.’

‘And the promise was easy to keep, because a lazy fool who thought of nothing but his own amusement could not be expected to take any interest in such things,’ said Theodore, with such exceeding bitterness, that Katharine stared at him. Was he quite in his right mind? He looked steadily into her wide-open eyes—eyes so clear, so frank, that it was impossible to believe that they were not telling the simple truth, and with a slight start, he said—

‘I don’t believe you ever said that!’

‘Said what?’

‘That I was a lazy fool, and thought only of myself?’

‘No, I never said that. Were you told that I did?’

‘I—heard that you did. Do not question me, Katharine, and forgive me for having believed it.’

‘Is this your reason for being so high and mighty with me lately?’ she asked. And then a gleam of mischief came into her eyes, and she said, with a nod, ‘I never said it, but I may have thought it.’ And she ran up the steep high stairs, leaving him to follow or not, as he chose.

He followed, and found himself in a large orderly schoolroom, hung round with maps, some printed, some copied from the great atlas at the Priory. Texts, plainly printed in large letters on lengths of

cardboard; books, some new, but many very old and carefully mended. Books were more expensive then than they are now; and Mrs. Freeman had allowed her daughters to take all their old school-books for the use of this school. Katharine was in the act of ringing a big hand-bell out of the window. She looked round, and said—

‘Eleanore gave us this bell, and it is the comfort of my life. If you stay, you must sit over there in the shadow of the press. It is raining, I see, so you may as well wait; but I don’t think my class would do much if they saw you.’

He sat down obediently, and she opened the bag she had been carrying, and began unpacking a parcel of work. In a few minutes the tramp of feet was heard on the stairs, and one by one about a dozen women and girls arrived. Theodore watched the proceedings. Work was brought by the women, which Katharine examined—sometimes praising, sometimes pointing out mistakes, once or twice unpicking, and giving the garment back to be made again. Then the work she had brought with her was given out, and the finished articles folded up and placed in a wooden box which stood in the window. Katharine paid the workers, chatted a little to them, and then said—

‘That is all, I think. Polly, how is your grandmother?’

‘Her cough is better, miss; but she feels weak—indeed, I know what ails her. She frets over Tim—he is in mischief again.’

‘Dear, dear! what has he done now?’

‘Farmer Goodbody says he saw him kill a hare. Tim says he didn’t; but he thought he had better keep out of the way a bit. But he’ll come back—he always does.’

‘He always does, indeed! and I always find that he has forgotten the little I had managed to teach him. Well, I will ask Miss St. Aubyn if she can speak to the farmer.’

‘Won’t you sing a bit before we go?’ asked a white-faced, sad-looking young woman, suddenly, ‘and read a bit, miss, if you’re not in a hurry.’

If any of the women had observed the presence of an outsider, they no doubt thought it was the faithful Sam Halliday, who often came to carry Miss Thorold’s bag, and see her safe home. Katharine would have preferred to dismiss her class at once, but there were women there who could not read, and who were only just beginning to care to be read to. She took a little Bible out of her pocket, and read a chapter; and one or two of the women asked a question, that showed interest and attention.

‘Now the hymn, miss. Ah! ’tis the singing I like,’ said the pale woman. And Katharine sang—‘There is a fountain.’ Often as Theodore had heard her, he thought he had never known how lovely her voice was until now. When she had finished the same woman said—

‘It do seem true while she’s singing; don’t it?’

‘It is always true, Margaret, even when you do not feel it,’ said Katharine, kindly. ‘But you have so much trouble, you poor soul.’

‘I have a mort of trouble,’ the woman answered, wearily. They all took up their bundles of work, and, after a little desultory talk, they clumped away downstairs. Theodore came out of his dark corner.

‘Are you coming home now? It has ceased raining.’

‘Has it? Then you had better go. I have just to arrange the room for Sunday-school.’

‘I will wait; perhaps I could help you.’

Katharine looked mischievous, but only said—

‘Oh, no; I know just what to do, and shall do it quicker alone. Would you like to look at the copy-books? only don’t laugh, or my feelings will be hurt.’

She gave him a pile of not over-clean copy-books; he turned them over curiously. Some were very bad, some wonderfully good.

‘Why, this is like copper-plate!’ said he.

‘That is Polly Wills’. She would do anything to please me, and she is very bright. But here is the best. That boy will write beautifully; won’t he?’

‘Had none of them learned elsewhere?’

‘I think not. Now I have finished. My faithful Polly will sweep and dust in the morning. It is quite fine, too, that’s one comfort.’

The walk home was rather silent. As they neared the gate, Katharine said—

‘Will you tell Clare that I did not invite you to come with me?’

‘I will, when I tell her that I went,’ he answered. ‘I want to see more. Do not mention that I was with you to-day, if you please.’

‘Oh, I must! I promised that I would never talk to you about all this, and I have, though I really could not help it. I cannot have Clare hear of it by-and-bye, and think that I forgot.’

‘Well, tell her then. Say that I met you and went with you, and stayed because it rained. If you will say no more than that, you will oblige me.’

‘Of course I will. There is no more to be said.’

‘I don’t know that,’ he answered, slowly. ‘But I must think—it is not the time to say it now.’

They soon perceived that any attempt to conceal where Theodore had been would have been useless, as Clare had missed him and was on the watch. Katharine quietly told her what had happened—and Clare looked quite unmoved. But she was privately very much worried. Was all her trouble about to begin again?

CHAPTER XIV.

THEODORE.

ON Sunday, it was the habit of Katharine and Lettice, after morning church, to make the family luncheon their dinner, and to devote the afternoon to their classes. Miss Freeman and Sam Halliday generally joined them, and on this particular Sunday those four entered the stable yard together, and Katharine was just feeling in her pocket for the key, when they became aware of Mr. St. Aubyn standing close to the door, waiting for them. To see Theodore at that hour was most unusual, as Clare's theory that going to church was almost too much for him, generally secured his being invisible for the greater part of the day.

Does it appear absurd that a grown-up man should allow himself to be ruled as Clare ruled her brother? It did appear so to Katharine, who despised him, even though she liked him. But Katharine was young and inexperienced, and had a very strong will herself. She did not make allowance for the fact that Clare had a will even stronger than hers, and very much stronger than Theodore's, who was, moreover, exceedingly good-tempered, somewhat lazy, and the creature of habit to an unusual degree. But he had brains, if he could only be roused to use them; and he had a conscience, though he was too apt to let Clare keep it for him; and he had a heart too—and Katharine Thorold had gained it; certainly not by any effort of her own.

Katharine, the key in her hand, stood and stared in speechless surprise, until at last Theodore said, almost shyly—

'I am going with you, if you will allow me.'

'You must do as you like,' she answered, and opening the gate she passed quickly out, and took the lead with Sam Halliday beside her, as she generally helped him during this time in any difficulty he had encountered in preparing for his class. Lettice fell a little behind, and Theodore walked with Miss Freeman. He asked her innumerable questions about the schools, about everything connected with the Potteries, and Susan, not having Katharine's reasons for reticence answered willingly. Susan had the greatest admiration for Katharine, and spoke of her with hearty warmth.

'It is all her doing,' she said. 'Lettice and I are willing enough; but we have neither the head to plan nor the courage to carry out all this.'

'But my sister has a good deal of experience,' suggested Theodore, looking straight before him, so as to avoid meeting her glance.

'Oh, yes,' Susan answered, drily. 'But she has nothing to do with the Potteries.'

Theodore was silent all the rest of the way. Arrived at the school-room, Katharine promptly provided him with a class, and had the satisfaction of seeing him profoundly miserable. But she was

determined not to have him listening to her teaching! They all walked home together, but she continued to avoid talking to him. Her promise to Clare was rapidly becoming a great burden.

No one could say whether Clare was aware of this expedition or not, but the next morning Theodore said openly at breakfast that he was going to the Potteries to see the school! Beatrice got up and left the room—Marcia could only hope that no one saw that she was crying. She followed her sister, after a few minutes, and found her in a state of dismay which was almost pathetic, only poor Beatrice always contrived to be absurd. Marcia had some difficulty in keeping her from insisting on going to the Potteries too; but after much argument Beatrice acknowledged that as the place was Theodore's property, he might wish to see about it without any reference to Katharine. But the silly girl had cried until she had a bad headache, and Marcia made her lie down, and was kinder than she often showed herself.

Clare could not stop her brother, she found, so she could only go with him. She wanted to drive, but he preferred to walk, and when they arrived, she found that he would not be interfered with. He expressed in very plain terms his surprise at the improvement that had been effected so quietly, but so thoroughly. He walked through the village—though, indeed, it hardly deserved that name. No one threw mud at him, the children playing about were only the very small ones, their elders being at school. The men were nearly all at work either in the brickfield or at the flower-pot making. There was plenty of poverty and misery still; quarrels were frequent, men got drunk and beat their wives, and bad language was too often heard. But still, there was a difference. The people knew that some one cared for them; they never vexed the ears of those three girls with oaths or angry words; they saw their boys and girls being taught and cared for, their wives being helped and comforted; and surely it was easier to believe in the love of the Eternal Father of Whom Katharine so often spoke, when they saw the fruits of the love He puts into Christian hearts. Theodore had a long talk with Dunn, and heard much from him of the various ways in which Katharine was trying to reach the hearts of these poor neglected creatures, and to help them to lead more civilised lives. Clare heard it all too—and when at last, reduced to plead her own weariness, she got him away, and alone, she said—

‘Dear boy, if you wanted to know all these particulars of our work here, why did you not ask me?’

He looked at her sadly.

‘Claro,’ he said, gently, ‘do not force me to answer that question.’

And Clare said no more.

Theodore visited the Potteries again and again, but his sister came no more. She was greatly perplexed, and kept much in her own room, not caring to meet the Cravens. He had suddenly emancipated

himself, and that without seeming to give the matter a thought. He came and went—he did not avoid her, and was very kind and gentle with her, but seemed pre-occupied, and very little inclined to talk. She found that he had visited *her* schools one day, and a day or so after that, he asked her to let him see the book in which she kept his accounts. And when he had examined it, he said kindly—

‘You have been a good guardian, Clare—I am a rich man, compared to the last possessor of the Priory.’

‘I have nearly doubled your income,’ she said.

‘I see that you have—well, my dear, you have been a far better manager than I shall ever be—but for the future I think I ought to try what I can do. Sit down and let us arrange matters—you have only to tell me what you require for the housekeeping, and for your own spending, and you shall have it.’

Clare could have wept, so intense was her mortification; but there was no help for it, and perhaps the keenest pang of all was, to feel how easily he mastered her, when once he roused himself to do it. He looked care-worn and anxious, too, but he never confided the reason to her. If Clare had had much power of loving in her, she would have been an object of pity at this time; but though she was really fond of her brother, it was not her fondness that was making her unhappy now. What she really loved was, power; her unchecked control over all that belonged to him; and this had passed from her in a moment. This was what vexed her soul night and day. Moreover, there was Mrs. Craven looking unutterable things at her, Marcia hinting very openly that she considered the project about Beatrice a failure, and the girl herself woebegone and peevish. But Clare would not acknowledge that her hopes were at an end. She avoided saying much, but in private she still schemed, and trusted to the chapter of accidents to befriend her. To give this up would be to own herself defeated, and as yet no one knew to what extent Theodore had cast off her yoke.

September had brought shorter days and greyer twilight, and one evening Katharine and Lettice were coming over the fields from the Potteries, when they became aware of a figure coming to meet them.

‘I think that is Theodore,’ said Lettice.

‘I know it is,’ said Katharine. ‘I do hope he is not going to insist on talking to me about the schools. If he does, I must tell Clare that I can no longer keep my promise—and she is vexed enough with me already. I expect every day to be dismissed from my situation! and besides, he has no notion of making himself useful, and an idle man always in search of information—my temper won’t stand it.’

‘I never can understand why you are so hard upon Theodore,’ said Lettice, laughing, ‘you, who have such patience with those tiresome men when again and again they leave their work and get drunk—and with the children, too—why can you not have patience with him?’

‘Oh, I don’t know ; yes, I do because he is what he is, of his own choice and free will, and he could be so different. I could shake him with pleasure ! Here he comes. I think I shall leave you to entertain him if he turns with us, and hurry home, for I have something to do before dinner-time.’

But this little scheme was nipped in the bud. Theodore came up to them, and his face wore an expression which they had never seen there before. He looked eager—determined—like a man who had after some argument made up his mind to take a decisive step. He spoke at once.

‘Lettice, will you forgive me for asking you to walk on ? I have something to say to Miss Thorold.’

Lettice started and stared—then stammered out hastily, ‘Certainly,’ and whispered in a tone of entreaty, ‘Oh, Katharine !’ Then she set off at such a rate that Katharine could not stop her.

‘Lettice ! come back for the key !’ she called after her.

‘I have it in my pocket,’ answered Lettice, and sped on.

‘By the way, how did you get out ?’ enquired Katharine, not too graciously.

‘I followed your example and came over the wall. But I have a great deal to say to you, Miss Thorold.’

‘Better begin at once, then. But first let me tell you something. I had a long talk with Mr. Dunn to-day, and he says that now that the men and boys work a little more steadily, if he had a little capital, and if the cottages were properly repaired, he would begin work on a larger scale. He wants to talk to you about it.’

‘Let him speak to Clare,’ Theodore answered, absently—he was only half listening. Then remembering himself, he said : ‘No, I will see him about it. I will not forget. But you must listen to me now.’

‘Very well,’ said Katharine—and waited, but waited in vain. He walked on in silence until the yard-door closed upon Lettice Charteris. Then he said in a low voice—

‘Have you no idea what I want to say !’

‘Not the slightest,’ turning to look at him. ‘But you are looking dreadfully ill ? You’ve grown very thin. What is Clare about that she does not see how ill you look ?’

‘I am well enough in body ; but I am ill at ease in mind. It is your doing, Katharine. Till you came I was happy enough in a dim kind of way, but ever since I knew you I’ve been miserable. And yet I would not change the misery for the old content. I was wasting my life—I *have* wasted it, so far. I think I was under a spell, and that you roused me from it. I have been forced to see with your eyes and hear with your ears, and to judge myself by your standard. All that you are doing, we ought to have done long ago—all that we have done has been only seeming. Katharine, help me ! I want to live—I want to do my duty, but unless you

help me, I shall never break the chains that have bound me so long.'

'How can I, or any one else, help you? You must help yourself. And please talk without metaphor, for anything that ought to be said can be said plainly. When you talk of chains, I suppose you mean Clare's influence over you, and that she manages everything for you. Now that is all your own doing, for it never could have come to the present pass, if you had not liked it.'

'I did not mean that, exactly—that is over—I meant the chains of selfishness and inertness which have bound me for years. Katharine, I do not wish to say an unkind word of Clare—it would be most ungrateful, for only her care kept me alive when I was a boy. Remember, I was only a boy, and a very sickly boy, when we came here. And those habits grew up with me. I know now that for two or three years I have been as strong as most men—perfectly able to take my own place in the world; but I did not see it myself, and I have no right to assume that she did. But I have put an end to it—still, I fear my own weakness. If you will be my wife, Katharine, I shall have no fear—you will advise and help me.'

'Your wife!' exclaimed Katharine, stopping short just as they reached the gate. 'You *must* be mad! you cannot know what you are saying?'

'Why do you think so?' he said, standing between her and the gate.

'Because—well, to be honest, because I have never been—very civil to you—and I always knew you were angry because I would not join in spoiling you. You know what I have thought—you said it just now. And knowing it, how can you ask me to be your wife?'

'Yes, I have known what you thought; but then I now see that you were right,' he said, with a simple humility that ought to have touched her. 'But I always felt, Katharine, that you liked me in spite of all that—a little.'

'You are mistaken,' she said, angrily; but in spite of her anger she looked startled. 'I never gave you any reason to think that. And just look what you are asking of me. You simply want to put me in Clare's place, and let me do *your* duty, while you paint pictures, and amuse yourself.'

'You are wrong, Katharine; and I think you will see one day that you are needlessly harsh. I have asked you to be my wife. Surely you can answer me without——'

'Yes, I can. I was wrong, and you must forgive me; but I was so very much surprised. I cannot marry you, for you don't really love me, and I don't love you, and so——'

'You wrong me!' he cried, hotly. 'I do love you! I love you with all my heart; and, if you will give me time, I will make you love me.'

'Are you not engaged—or almost engaged—to Beatrice Craven?'

‘Good heavens! No. What put such an idea into your head?’

Katharine was silent for some little time. She knew somehow, from his manner, that he really loved her, and something within her rejoiced, but she would not listen to it.

‘Theodore,’ she said, gently, ‘forgive me. I have wronged you, and I am sorry; but I can’t take back my answer. If I ever marry, it must be some one who will be to me just what you want me to be to you. I must look up to him as well as love him. I must feel that he is stronger and wiser than myself—a better Christian—better than me in every way. I am very sorry. I had no idea that you liked me even! except just at first. Lately we had almost ceased to be friends. I am very sorry—sorry to give you pain—sorry that you have spoken thus to me, for I have been very happy in my work, and now I must leave it.’

Theodore began something about ‘forgetting that he had spoken,’ but his voice failed, and it was some time before he became coherent. But he controlled himself after a time, and most earnestly entreated her to remain at the Priory, and to continue her work, promising neither to interfere nor to misunderstand her. Whether Katharine would have yielded or not, she never was quite sure herself; but there was an unseen listener who thought she was about to yield. The little door through which Katharine had come and gone so often was thrown open, and Clare stepped out. Even in her agitation Katharine thought ‘how beautiful she looks!’ She had a brilliant colour, and her usually cold eyes were blazing—(if ever woman were in a passion, Clare was)—but she spoke quietly.

‘I met Lettice, and suspected something. I know what has passed. I heard part, and can guess the rest. Theodore, if she had accepted you, I must have submitted. But now, choose. Either Katharine must leave the Priory, or I leave it.’

‘Clare!’ said Theodore, ‘you have no right to interfere—no right to know what has passed between us. Leave us at once! I will come to you presently. You will oblige me by going immediately.’

‘No, no!’ said Katharine, ‘do not vex her more. She is right in one thing. I must leave the Priory. It is very hard; but it must be so. I must think about—I will let you know, Clare, what I mean to do. Good-bye, Theodore,’ she said, holding out her hand to him, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears, ‘say you forgive me, and let me go.’

‘Let you go—never! if it depends upon me to decide,’ he said, holding her hand firmly. ‘Clare, help me this once! Beg her to stay. Believe me, you will yet rejoice if we can keep her. She is my good angel; without her, I shall never be anything but what I have been.’

It was more than Clare could bear. With a fiery gesture of rage and pain, she turned and left them. Marcia met her in the hall, and was so startled that she did not dare to speak.

‘Theodore,’ said Katharine, leaving her hand in his, and speaking very quietly, ‘hear me. What you have just said would confirm me in my decision, if it need confirming. A change like this—taking up your duty and ceasing to care only for yourself—must not be made for my sake. Not to win a woman’s love, but to serve and please God—to live as our Master would have us live—must such things be done. If your life and your talents have so far been wasted, waste them no longer. Life is short, and every one has his own work to do. Your work lies to hand—you have not to seek for it. If you do rouse yourself, no one will rejoice more than I. But I can give you no other answer, and I must go away. You must see yourself that I ought to go. Now let my hand go. Good-bye.’

She was crying bitterly; but yet he knew that he must let her go. Katharine flew, rather than ran, to the house. Marcia, who was still in the hall, spoke to her, but Katharine neither heard nor saw her. Marcia waited some time longer, and saw Theodore come in. She saw what had happened when she saw his face.

Katharine rushed up to her own room, shut herself in, and flung herself into a chair. She was quite unable to control herself, and was thoroughly frightened besides. What ailed her? Oh, was it all sorrow for leaving her work—for parting with Lettice? It must be that, for she had always thought Theodore a lazy, good-for-naught, fine gentleman. Of course, she was sorry for him, but he would soon get over it. How long she sat there panting after her rapid flight, and crying like one distracted, she did not know. She was roused by a knock at the door.

‘Is that you, Lettice? Wait one moment!’

She jumped up, washed her eyes hastily, drank some cold water, removed her bonnet and cloak, and sat down in a less distracted fashion. Lettice came in, looked earnestly at her, and said—

‘Katharine, what is it? You look as white as a sheet. I suppose I know what he said,’ she added slowly.

‘I may talk to you, for I know you are safe. Oh, Lettice, what a pity, and now I must go away.’

Poor little Lettice! this was a crushing blow to her. But she had plenty of sense, and she knew that Katharine could not stay. Being an unselfish creature, she at once said so, and the two girls sat down and had a good cry.

‘Oh, Katharine, I’ve been so happy! But never mind me, I shall never go back to my old miseries. But you, dear; what will you do? Where can you go?’

‘I must go to the Vicar, he and Miss Hooker will be good to me. It is horrid to have to go back to Kirklands, but I have no choice. I declare I almost hate Theodore! What made him do such a thing? I have hardly said a civil word to him, while every one else was salaaming to him.’

'He liked the sincerity, you see. I wish you could have done it, Katharine; but, indeed, I know he is very far from being worthy of you.'

'Don't say that, you'll be surprised yet. There is a great deal in him; if he ever arouses himself he'll amaze you.'

'Then, Katharine, why——'

'My dear child, I want some one to keep me in order, not some one to drive! There is not a fault in my character—and they are plenty enough—that would not be increased and strengthened, and then I don't like him. I cannot bear his soft, over-courteous ways. I really think I dislike him! Hush! some one is coming. Now mind, Lettice, not a word of all this.'

The door opened and Eleanore, magnificent in furs and silks, came in, shut the door, and stood surveying the two girls.

'Well,' said she, 'Niece Katharine! here is a pretty piece of work.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, my dear, you need not try to carry it off. I was sitting with Florence, when a message came from Clare to say she wanted to speak to me. She is in a dangerous rage, let me tell you; but she spoke quite quietly—told me that you had refused Theodore, and that the sooner you left the house the better for him, and could I take you home with me at once? I said, yes, I could; and in your place, my dear, I would not stay a moment. I tell you, Clare could poison you. Why is she so angry? I should have thought she would be pleased.'

'Never mind. Yes, I must go; not that I am afraid of her, that is only nonsense. But I must go.'

'Well, dear Katharine, come home with me, now this moment. Lettice will pack up your things for you. But—is your mind quite made up? It would be a good match, you know; but you have such romantic notions, and, indeed, Theodore is a poor creature, not likely—Eh! what is that fiery glance for? I really thought to please you that time.'

'Just let—Mr. St. Aubyn—alone, if you please. I am very much obliged to you, Eleanore—if you think the General would not be annoyed—it will only be for a few days. I will write to my dear old friend, Mr. Hooker, and get away as soon as I can.'

'Quentyn will be delighted. Change your dress, will you not? and put what you will want for to-night into this bag. Lettice will pack for you.'

All was soon arranged, Aunt Florence came up to assist, and to cry very heartily over parting with Katharine. But it was poor Lettice on whom the unpleasantness really fell! Every one wanted to question her, and Clare was cold and stern to her. Theodore looked terribly ill and depressed, and Lettice, during the next few days, saw how Clare devoted herself to making everything smooth

and pleasant for him. All embarrassment was carefully spared him. Katharine's departure was gently made known to him; his absence of mind and depression were shielded from observation. Altogether Lettice began to fear that Clare's interrupted reign would begin afresh, and that Theodore would sink back into the idler and hypochondriac he had been before Katharine Thorold waked him up.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

PART II.

CHAPTER X.

MORNING came, but Bessie was undergoing the penalty of the nervous strain of the last few days in a disabling headache, and was utterly unable to tell Elys of the change which awaited her, or even to think of doing so. The next day came and found her better, but suffering from that absolute inability to think or resolve which is so often the result of a day of acute pain, and she could not bring herself to begin upon the subject to Elys. On the third morning it was just possible that she might have had a letter, if Wyndham or Bertha had written absolutely by return of post. But none had come for her, and when she sent Elys across to Dr. Enderby's to ask if there was anything there for her, the answer came back that there was nothing, and that Dr. Enderby had been seized with another rheumatic attack, and was confined to his bed.

Grey and cheerless enough Bessie felt, outside and in. It was a dreary March day with an overclouded sky, and dust which cut your face like a knife; but she had a craving to go out, and felt as if she should be more equal to the task of telling Elys her story when she had had a little fresh air. She would not take Elys out on such an inclement day, but wrapped herself in her furs and went out to take a quick walk round the Green. She was not afraid of any personal messenger from Mallard, as no one starting thence in the morning could reach Hornbridge till the afternoon. As she passed the Red House Alda saw her, and called her in to ask what she thought of Dr. Enderby; and thus she was a little longer than she expected to be, though altogether she had not been absent from the house more than half an hour. But that half-hour was long enough for that to have occurred which she most dreaded.

When she opened the front door, she saw a man's hat and ulster on the chair. Sick at heart as to what this might imply, she went on into the drawing-room, and there she saw Wyndham Ellis standing by the fireplace, and Elys at the table, looking scared and wondering. Even in the agitation of that moment Bessie could perceive a slight touch of curiosity and excitement in the child's face, and all her usual self-possession deserted her. She staggered to the nearest chair, sank down on it, and hid her face.

'I am glad,' said Sir Wyndham; 'that you seem to have the grace to be ashamed of yourself.' This was his greeting.

Bessie felt paralysed. She could not speak; but of all things it was Elys's presence that was most intolerable to her. She motioned to her with dry lips to leave them alone; and Elys was moving towards the door, when Sir Wyndham said—

‘Why should the child go? If what you have said is true—if she is my child, whom you have kidnapped and withheld from me all these years—let her stop here and listen to what you have to say, and to what I have to say also.’

‘I can't speak before her!’ said poor Bessie, hoarsely.

‘I can!’ said Wyndham. ‘I have not told her yet who I am, as I had only surmises to go upon till you came. Is this my daughter, or not?’

‘Yes!’ said Bessie, in the same hoarse voice.

‘Does she know what you told me in your letter?’

‘No. I was going to tell her to-day.’

‘My father is dead,’ said Elys, in a puzzled voice, breaking silence for the first time. ‘He died before I can remember. Mother has always said he did.’

‘On the contrary,’ said Sir Wyndham, ‘according to this lady's story I am your father, and your mother is away at Mallard, where I am going to take you this afternoon.’

Then at last the puzzlement became too much for the child's brain, and found vent in tears.

‘Mother, mother, what does it mean?’ she said, running up to Bessie, who put her arms round her.

‘You have nothing to do with that person any more,’ said Wyndham, angrily, making a step towards her. But Bessie was herself again now.

‘Excuse me, Wyndham,’ she said, in her natural voice, ‘it is right that I should tell her, and I will tell her by herself.’ She rose and turned towards the door.

‘You will do no such thing!’ said her brother. ‘How do I know what lies you may——’

Bessie's look stopped the insult, and his voice died away.

‘Then I will tell her before you,’ she said, in a low dignified tone, ‘if you will have the kindness not to interrupt us.’

She sat on the sofa and drew Elys close to her, with that supreme effort to lessen the shock to the child which it would have softened most men to watch.

‘Do you remember Tadpole at Sandwater, Elys?’ she said. ‘He is your brother, really, and Maud and Gertrude are your sisters. This is their father, and he is your father too. Do you remember Lady Ellis? She is your real mother. You are going to see them now—you know how often you have wished for brothers and sisters to play with. You will be a good girl, won't you?’

‘You are my mother,’ said Elys, utterly bewildered, looking from one to the other. ‘I don't know what you mean. Tadpole is a

jolly kind of boy to play with, but he isn't my relation. Mother, mother, I don't want to be adopted!' as a distinct idea flashed upon her. 'Why must I?'

'Because,' said Bessie, slowly and gravely, 'I have done very wrong, and have adopted you already, against your real father's and mother's will.'

'Say stole,' said Wyndham; but Bessie went on.

'Now the time is come for me to give you up.' Her voice died away and she could say no more. A momentary faintness came over her, and the grasp with which she was holding Elys relaxed. Elys, not knowing what she did, drew away from her a little and stood up with her back to the table, leaning on her hand, and looking at her. There was no impulse other than desire of physical change of position in the child to prompt this movement; but to Bessie it seemed to denote lifelong estrangement. 'I loved you so, I could not bear to part with you, Elys!' she cried.

Sir Wyndham, whose greatest admirers could never have called him sympathetic, and who hated scenes, here interfered. 'You have heard all there is to hear now, child,' he said; 'go away and tell them to pack up your things. No,' as Bessie rose to follow her darling to the door, 'I don't intend you to escape so easily,' and he intercepted her passage to the door, so that she could not have reached it without using physical force. 'I have held my tongue long enough before the brat; now I intend to hear what you have been doing with my child all these years, and I also intend you to hear what I think of your conduct.'

Bessie sat down again in a sort of dumb maze of pain, and endured the rest of the time as best she could. She answered her brother's questions, but with a growing weariness that made it more and more difficult to answer coherently. He kept her to the point sharply enough, and did not disguise his contempt when he had to ask a question twice; but Bessie was beyond feeling this. She was listening as if all her nerves were concentrated in her ears for Elys's step moving about the hall and passages. What was the child doing? Was she unhappy? Was she despising her?

The interview ended in about as thorough a 'jobation' as Wyndham Ellis have ever yet bestowed upon any one, which was saying a great deal; but Bessie had by this time arrived at the point of scarcely heeding anything in her desire to be with Elys, and at last, when her wandering attention had evidently made her brother more indignant than anything else, and he paused to think of a climax which was entirely to crush her, she could bear the response no longer, but interrupted him by standing up before him and saying irrelevantly, but pleadingly, 'Wyndham, I *must* go to Elys. You may go on talking, but I can't attend to anything you say. Say what you like to me afterwards.'

'You are an absolute lunatic,' he said, angrily, as she slid out of the

room, adding, *sotto voce*, when she had left him alone: 'By Jove, I wonder whether she is! That would account for the whole thing, and settle matters more conveniently than any other view!'

Meanwhile Bessie had gone upstairs to Elys's room, where Elys, without saying anything to Archer, had dragged her trunk from its hiding-place, and had gone so far as to put into it half-a-dozen story books, one boot, a toothbrush, and her best hat, and then had sat down to contemplate the prospect before her. Apparently it had made her very cross; for when Bessie came in, sat down on the bed, and put her arm round her, she twisted herself away, saying, 'Don't mother; you hurt.'

Elys did not mean to be as cruel as she was, but in poor Bessie's over-wrought condition the words cut her like a knife, and she shrank under them. Then Elys said with a half-sob, 'Did you steal me—as he said you did?'

'Yes, Elys,' said Bessie, faintly; and Elys twisted her feet together and said, 'Why?'

'Because I loved you so much that I did not stop to think what was right or wrong. I am giving you back now'—Bessie's voice faltered—'because I have learnt to love you better now than I did then, and I daren't keep you when it is wrong.'

'It's very horrid,' said Elys, bursting into tears, 'to be stolen and then to be given back. Either you shouldn't have stolen me, or you shouldn't give me back. I don't want that nasty cross man to be my father! But it wouldn't have been so bad if he always had been.'

'Elys, my dear, you mustn't talk of him like that. He is your father,' said Bessie, putting a desperate force upon herself.

'How did he know?' said Elys.

'I told him,' said Bessie. 'Oh, Elys, my darling! it breaks my heart to send you away, but I felt I must, whatever it cost us both.'

'You might have asked me what I thought,' said Elys. 'I didn't ask you to steal me, and I didn't ask you to give me back.' She spoke in an injured tone, gradually nearing choking and tears. 'You might have thought how I should hate it all. I think it's a horrid shame to steal anybody without asking them, and to give them back without asking them, as if I was a parcel! I hate bother of this sort!'

There was no time for Bessie to argue Elys's affronted individuality into a gentler mood. She kissed the child's smooth fair forehead and said gently, 'You must try to forgive me, Elys;' and then she called Archer, and gave her orders about the packing. Then the luncheon-bell rang, and they went downstairs to a formal meal at which no one spoke, and only Sir Wyndham ate any perceptible amount, for Elys's crossness really meant little more than upset and excitement. Then Elys's preparations had to be hurried on and a fly ordered, and it was only in the last five minutes before they started that Bessie could get Elys into her room alone, and stand with her arms round her, her eyes blind with unshed tears, in a speechless

clasp of love and despair. One responsive word or touch from Elys would have meant so much to her; but Elys was too unhappy to be responsive. Some children are bewildered into crossness, not softened into responsiveness by suffering, not so much that they are hard-hearted, but that the strangeness of suffering absorbs all their consciousness, so that they hardly know who or where they are. And being a child of this nature, it was perhaps inevitable that Elys should not be responsive to Bessie, while she had not yet digested the extraordinary change in her circumstances which had been so unexpectedly put before her that day. She stood passive in Bessie's grasp for some time, then she could bear the stress no longer. 'Mother, don't!' she said, and burst into tears, struggling to be free. Bessie let her go, turning as white as a sheet as she dropped her arms by her side. Then the bell rang, and Archer came in to say that the fly was at the door. Elys's box was lifted in, Sir Wyndham hurried her off, and Bessie was left behind alone.

The last few hours had seemed to her like some awful dream of delirium—as if all the familiar things of her life had suddenly become white-hot and burnt her, while bearing their natural semblance, like the infernal piper's bagpipes in Redgauntlet; she had been craving to have it over, like the tortured victim on the rack. But when it was over, and she turned away from the door into the house, which must now be empty for ever of Elys's voice and Elys's step, she felt that the torture was not the worst; she would have endured that again to see the child's face and hear the tone of her voice once more. She crawled into the drawing-room, supporting herself by the furniture, lay down on the sofa, and closed her eyes. The faintness that came over her seemed like death; she wished it could be death.

She had been lying there for some time when the servant brought in a note from Dr. Enderby. She opened it languidly and read a pencilled scrawl.

'Dear Friend,—Mrs. Wagson has just told me she has seen Elys driving away from your door with the gentleman who came to ask for you this morning. Of course I know what this means, and what you must be suffering. I wish I could come to you; but I must not even ask you to come to me—my heart has been worse than usual to-day, and I must keep quiet for a day or two. I could not, however, resist sending you this line. God will comfort you, I know; the great Healer does not leave unhealed the wounds we make when we pluck out the right eye and cut off the right hand that we may not sin. Bear the pain and trust Him, and all will yet be better than you think.

'R. ENDERBY.'

Then Bessie slowly rose, and went about the house as usual, though she looked and felt like a ghost.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN 'the accustomed round grew plain' to Bessie's sense again, she bitterly regretted two things. One that she had made no stipulation as to letters between herself and Elys; the other that she had not attempted to make any arrangement with her brother about the inheritance of the Mallard estate. In a day or two, when Dr. Enderby grew a little better, and was able to discuss the matter with her again, she told him of this last omission of hers, and asked him what he advised her to do about it.

'Don't be in a hurry to do anything,' he said. 'Write to him and tell him you wish things to go on until Midsummer just as they are, and then you will settle your plans definitely.'

'But don't you think it is unfair upon him to let him think I want to take Mallard away, after I have let him have it all these years?'

'My dear Mrs. Maynard, Mallard is not in your power to make him a present of.' Then, after a pause, 'You know I have never thought your life permanently disposed of yet. You might wish to marry.'

'That is out of the question,' said Bessie, in a low voice. 'I—I have forfeited the right to a good man's respect.' There was a slight choking in her throat, which she conquered, and then said: 'That reminds me. Everybody ought to know now. How am I to tell them?'

'The easiest way for you,' said Dr. Enderby, looking straight before him, 'would be to go abroad—or away somewhere—for a bit, and I would take care that the facts should be known in their true light.'

'It would be the easiest, I suppose,' said Bessie; 'but——'

'But what?'

She looked at him without speaking, and then said: 'I don't feel as if you were well enough for any of your friends to leave you.'

He gave her one of his sudden bright smiles.

'You are very good to me,' he said. 'It would be a great loss to me if you went—you know that.'

'I have given you nothing but bother,' said Bessie, sorrowfully.

'You have given me the greatest joy you could have done—indeed you have.' And as she looked uncomprehendingly at him, he added: 'Do you think it is nothing, when you are cut off from all active work and see death coming by inches as I do, to watch any one growing in heroism and nobleness as you have been doing?'

'I?' said Bessie. 'I have only been trying to set right the wrong I have done.'

'And making a tremendous ascent in doing so. I cannot tell you how watching you, and your struggles, and seeing the good that

was rising out of your pain, has comforted me for myself and the world.'

'I *am* glad anything about me should have given you any comfort,' said Bessie, taking his hand, with the tears in her eyes for him she had not shed for herself. 'And I can't tell you how it comforts me when you say you would like me to stay for the present. It seems as if I had a place in the world after all.'

'Very well then, we will settle it so. I heard yesterday from an old aunt, who wants to come and look after me. I was going to refuse it, for she is not the person you would choose to have about you when you are ill, and is ridden by a tyrant of a maid; but if you will let me look to you for society, I think I will ask her to come and stay here for a while, and let her think she is indispensable, and impress upon her that she is to make you as comfortable as she can whenever you come.'

Bessie understood the delicate feeling which prompted this arrangement, and suddenly felt how anxious he was to save her from gossiping tongues, now, especially when for a time her story would be the theme of every tongue in Hornbridge. Then he went on: 'It will be uncommonly difficult to get into the way of calling you by your right name. I don't think I shall try. It will be easier to call you by your Christian name than Mrs. Mallard; and more natural too, in the relations that will be between us now.' He looked at her with kind eyes, and said: 'If my sister had lived, I think I should have felt towards her much as I do towards you, Bessie.'

Finally it was arranged that Dr. Enderby should tell Mr. Bruton Bessie's history, and ask him to make it known that the facts were no secret. A little authorised gossip was no less dear to Mr. Bruton's heart than to that of many other men, and he went instantly to retail his information to the Red House, and the Miss Priors, before returning to the bosom of his family to inform his wife of the story.

Alda Hughes, whose speedy visit to London had been postponed for a week or two, was a little surprised to see the Vicar enter her house so early in the day; she was not the docile parishioner whom her spiritual pastor finds any great pleasure in visiting, and Mr. Bruton was somewhat afraid of her. He always had an uneasy sense that Alda criticised his sermons, and knew when he wandered from his point. But to-day, armed with his new intelligence, he came in bravely, faced the keenness of her blue eyes without flinching, and began, 'I wonder, Miss Hughes, if you have ever had any suspicion of this curious story about Mrs. Maynard?'

That last passage of arms between herself and Bessie had left a vindictive undercurrent in Alda's mind towards her antagonist. If she had analysed her own feelings she would have found that. What she resented was less the fact that Bessie had been acting a part all this time, than that she should have gained and retained the love of Russell Verney; but Alda did not deliberately probe her own motives,

and labelled people who did so morbid. Anyhow, it was exciting to more than curiosity when Mr. Bruton made this remark, and though she said indifferently 'What story?' her eyes lighted up in spite of herself.

'Dr. Enderby has just been telling me the most extraordinary things about her. First of all, she is not Mrs. Maynard at all; that is an assumed name.'

'I thought so,' said Alda.

'You thought so?'

'Yes, and I will tell you what else I thought, and you shall tell me if I am right. That her original name was Mallard, that she pretended to have been drowned in the *Hibernia*, but was not, and that Elys is not her daughter, but her niece.'

'How did you know all this?' said Mr. Bruton, looking at Alda as if she was a kind of uncanny blue-eyed witch.

'Only by putting two and two together,' said Alda, smiling. 'But now let me hear your version.' And Mr. Burton, nothing loath, retailed the whole of Dr. Enderby's story.

'Those are Dr. Enderby's views about it,' said Alda, after a moment or two's silence.

'Yes, he told me all this himself. And as he had it all from Mrs. Maynard, I think we may fairly allow that he has first-hand intelligence.'

'Oh, I have no doubt he has said just what she told *him*,' said Alda, with a curious little smile.

'But you don't believe it?'

'Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Bruton, I think there is a little more behind. I don't think there is motive enough, either for her stealing the child at first, or for her giving her back now. As for the first, it is too silly to think that a woman with that fortune could not have made some amicable agreement by which she could have seen as much as she wanted of her own niece. And as for the second—well, I have a shrewd guess that her repentance would not have come on quite so suddenly but for some hints I gave her the other day, which must have led her to see that I knew the whole story. Now, do you want to know how I came to find out my end of the yarn?' And Alda told, rapidly and picturesquely, the story of her meeting with the Ellises at Sandwater.

'Then,' said Mr. Bruton, 'you are inclined to think she has thrown a little dust into Enderby's eyes? You know her better than any of us, of course.'

Mr. Bruton spoke in good faith, for Elys's intimacy at the Red House naturally led to the belief in Hornbridge that Bessie and Alda were also intimate. Alda, though she could not have said that Bessie had treated her with any intimacy, still considered the words true by reason of her own penetration.

'Yes, I think I do know her well,' she said; 'and it is my knowledge

both of her and of Dr. Enderby that makes me think that the good doctor is just the person to be hoodwinked by an attractive woman who thinks him a saint, and asks his advice on every point.'

The idea crossed Mr. Bruton's mind that it was a pity that Mrs. Maynard had not confided in her clergyman instead of her doctor, and therewith came a slight lowering of the temperature with which he had at first regarded the story of poor Bessie's repentance.

'She must be a very odd woman,' he said.

'*Very*,' said Alda, emphatically.

And with this dissyllable, which might convey any impression with regard to poor Bessie, from the breach of all the Ten Commandments to that of simple unconventionality, the conversation ended.

Mr. Bruton went away, still more impressed than he had been before with Alda's preternatural acuteness, and also considerably less disposed to think favourably of poor Bessie's tardy repentance than he had done after listening to Dr. Enderby's sympathetically-told story.

When he was gone, Alda rose and walked slowly to the window, where she stood for a while deep in thought. The Parandabad mail only went once a fortnight, and she had not yet answered Russell's last letter. Not more than a week since that day when Bessie had come and upbraided her about Elys and Katie Simons! She had been waiting to answer it till now, but had not yet definitely settled exactly what she meant to say. Now she saw that she had gained by waiting; instead of mentioning surmises of her own, however well supported by circumstantial evidence, she could tell him of Bessie's confession that she had done a blameworthy and shameful action—a confession to which, Alda felt, she must have been driven by dread of discovery.

There was a sense of exultation in Alda's mind as she stood there, a sense that she was in some way rewarded for having been neighbourly and friendly to Bessie, while at the same time the suspicions that she felt towards her had been slowly accumulating till they were crowned by Bessie's own confession. No one could accuse her of petty female spite, if now, at least, she tried to make plain to Russell the truth about his idol. Had she not done everything a kind neighbour could do for Bessie?—taught, played to, amused Elys, even gone to Sandwater at Bessie's request to take her place? The only disturbing point was that Bessie had not, after all, confessed the secret motive with which Alda credited her. What was it? Keen as a flash came the suggestion, 'Why not go over to the White House in a friendly and sympathetic spirit—one woman to another—and satisfy yourself whether there is or whether there is not any truth in this fancy about some unconfessed motive? She would be sure to tell you the whole if you convinced her that your object was to fight her battles for her. That would be really generous.' Alda was almost inclined to do this; it was a means of

proving to herself her moral superiority to Bessie. But then came those fatal second thoughts which have ruined so many good impulses, and suggested that such a course would be unwise and unnecessary. Bessie Maynard was not friendly to her; she would resent intrusion. It would be extremely awkward and painful, supposing that her surmises were right, and that there was still something kept concealed, to try to ferret it out and to make Mrs. Maynard confess to it. Nay, more, it would be positively unkind, since why should not the poor woman keep her own secret if she preferred it? Why should she write at all—why not leave the matter to take its course? Perhaps after all that would be the wisest thing to do; anyhow, it was not her business to defend Bessie to Russell. So Alda turned away from the window, and sat down by the fire again in her easy chair. That chair should have been ‘stuffed with thorns,’ as George Herbert says, then perhaps Alda might have been driven to follow the dictates of her better nature. But that was the last time she felt a generous impulse with regard to the woman Russell loved.

Mr. Bruton, meanwhile, had gone on to visit the two little Miss Priors, who were exceedingly delighted and interested in hearing the news, and at once beamed at each other in smiling anticipation of the delight of retailing it to all their friends. Their comments were of the purely gossiping, not critical order.

‘Dear, dear, you don’t say so? How interesting—quite romantic, really! And she must have been very fond of the little girl to give up everything for her in that way—mustn’t she, Emma? I think it is quite a pretty story, though of course it was very wrong of her to deprive the poor parents of the child. And now you say she sees that she was wrong, and made up her mind to give the child back? Poor little Elys! I wonder how she will like the change! We always thought Mrs. Maynard spoilt her, didn’t you, Maria? Well! if I had been her, Mr. Bruton, I am sure I should have been tempted to go on as I was and keep the child to myself, if I wanted her. Or do you think she got a little tired of her perhaps?’

Then Mr. Bruton made his way home, and found his wife marking tapes to distinguish the garments of her numerous progeny. He told her his story, and she was so much surprised that she let a large drop of marking-ink fall upon her most exquisitely finished tape.

‘Then she has been an impostor all this time!’ she said. ‘Well, I am not the least astonished. I never did like the woman. I always felt there was something not true about her.’

‘Miss Hughes seem to think,’ said Mr. Bruton, ‘that we have not quite got the whole of the story, and rather doubts about the repentance.’

‘Miss Hughes ought to know,’ said Mrs. Bruton, ‘for she always saw more of Mrs. Maynard than anybody else. I never could stand

the woman's airs. I wish we had never let Dora go to the house, and I'm sure I'm thankful we took her away when we did. I never shall forget that poor child lying awake shivering at night because they had frightened her with ghost-stories !'

'Surely, my dear, Mrs. Maynard had nothing to do with that. That was all that mischievous little Elys.'

'Nonsense, John. Children don't learn such things unless their elders teach them ; and Dora herself told me that Mrs. Maynard read aloud to them some foolish story about a waterfall with a spirit in it that frightened her dreadfully, and Elys said she knew it was true.' Mrs. Bruton, it was plain, had never read 'Undine.' 'But what does Miss Hughes think was the whole of the story ?'

'She did not say ; but of course it is a question whether she may not have had some other reason for disappearing besides the desire of keeping the child with her. Such things have been. Enderby talks as if she was a saint ; but I never did think Enderby a particularly practical man.'

'And just the sort of man a woman of that kind would manage to get round,' said Mrs. Bruton.

'Well, Georgiana, remember that we have no ground to say anything against the poor woman,' said Mr. Bruton, 'whatever we may think. Nothing has come out against her character.'

'Except that she has turned out an impostor and taken us all in. And surely that's enough,' said his wife.

CHAPTER XII.

BESSIE's story was soon well floated in Hornbridge, and every one knew the history of her disappearance with Sir Wyndham Ellis's child under a false name. But unusual as the story was in itself it had not lost in the telling. Various circumstantial details had become attached to it, and a week later, when Alda Hughes sat down finally to write her account of it to Russell, the lie had 'had time on its own wings to fly,' and she had a good deal to say which she would never have had the chance of hearing, but for her own suggestion that Dr. Enderby had been hoodwinked into attributing to Bessie better motives than she really possessed.

The letter run thus, so far as referred to Bessie—

'When I got your letter asking for Hornbridge news, I little thought what a piece of Hornbridge news I should have to tell. I am afraid it will pain you, because I know you have always liked Mrs. Maynard so much ; but it is better that you should know the truth, whatever pain it may give you.'

'You always spoke of the extraordinary likeness of Mrs. Maynard to your old flame, Bessie Mallard. Well, it turns out that Mrs. Mallard not only is *like*, but *is*, Bessie Mallard ; but, I am sorry to say, Bessie Mallard under a cloud. It appears that eight years ago or so, she

found it convenient to disappear to America. I imagine that this was in her mind all along when she planned her excursion to Barbadoes; but however this may be, there is no doubt that the loss of the *Hibernia*, and her supposed death, fitted in exactly with her plans. She kept little Elys with her—she had always had a kind of mania for the child—and what they did in America I scarcely know. It is said that she lived upon the proceeds of some family diamonds which she had taken with her, and ought not to have parted with. Her American life, whatever it may have been, did not answer, and she came back here. I had my suspicions from almost the first. There were various little things, and some very odd ways she had, which made me feel she was concealing something; and I cannot help attributing her sudden confession to Dr. Enderby (which some people think is but partial after all) to one or two marked hints I gave her, in a little passage of arms we had about Elys, when I had already partially made out her identity, after coming across Lady Ellis at Sandwater. In case you are disposed to think me hard upon Mrs. Maynard, I should like to say in my own defence that I have always been most friendly and neighbourly to her; Elys has had the run of my house, and I have taught her the violin and read to her for hours, besides taking the entire charge of her when Denzil Enderby was ill. But let that pass, though I do not think Mrs. Maynard has proved herself very grateful. Well, the general view varies between two solutions: either the poor woman is mad or bad. Her family, I hear, take the former view; a doctor was sent down by Sir Wyndham Ellis to investigate her condition of mind, and I understand that he reports unfavourably of it, though there seems to be at present no reason for putting her under restraint, poor thing. The Brutons have some stories about her seeing phantoms—I do not pin much faith to them, we know what stories get about when there is any foundation of romance to pin them on; but on the whole I have come to the conclusion that there is no alternative between believing that the poor woman's brain is a little unsound, or worse things, which I see no ground to go into, as I do not believe them. Dr. Enderby, I hear, holds by her through thick and thin; but then he, poor man, is quite a wreck, and she evidently has a *tendresse* in that quarter, which it would be cruel on his part not to respond to.'

This was the letter which went off to Parandabad, without any compunction on Alda's part. She was sorry to inflict pain upon Russell; but she was not in the least compassionate towards Bessie, who since Russell's last letter was only an obstacle in her way. Alda had never cultivated heart, and now hers had shrivelled to the size and consistency of a dry walnut, though her head still supplied the deficiency in the eyes of the public.

The report about the doctor who had come to examine into the condition of Bessie's mind was not untrue. Two medical men had arrived at Hornbridge. They had gone first to Dr. Enderby, who

was too ill to see them, and then to the Vicarage, where they heard a graphic account of the turnip ghosts transmuted into phantoms of a diseased brain, and also an account from Mrs. Bruton of how terribly frightened her little girl had been, because Mrs. Maynard *would* tell her about a spirit making faces out of a waterfall. Then they had been to see Bessie herself, who received them in a state of nervous agitation she could scarcely control, being under the impression that they had come from her brother to inform her of his definite decision with regard to Elys.

She had written a few days before to her brother, imploring him to let Elys write to her, and had had no answer; and her hungry heart took this visit as an answer to her letter. Wyndham, she thought, wished to investigate her conduct and character during these past years, and though it was bitter enough to be subjected to cross-examination by strangers, she schooled herself to endure it with the hope that if the outcome were satisfactory, she might no longer be divided from her child by a separation almost as utter as death. She answered meekly and indifferently to most of the questions put to her, though now and then she looked up with a blank gaze of bewilderment when they seemed to her thoroughly aimless, and away from any conceivable point. They talked of education, and of the danger of exciting children's nerves by imaginary terrors; thence they got upon the subject of ghosts, and she fancied that Elys must have been haunted by imaginary nervous horrors which they were putting down to her system of education.

'Do you mean that she—the child—has been thinking she saw ghosts?' she said, anxiously.

'Not that I know of. Did you think it likely that she would?' said Dr. Westford.

'Only turnip ones' was on the tip of Bessie tongue to answer; but any allusion to the household anecdotes of Elys's earlier days was more than she could manage without breaking down, and she said: 'You never can tell what the effect of a shock may be on a child's mind, and Elys—the child is not very strong.'

'But what makes you think she would be likely to see ghosts?' said Dr. Westford.

Bessie looked bewildered, for the idea had never struck her before, and she said: 'I did not say I thought so—did I?' then smiling, 'a child of her age is too young to have any ghosts to haunt her.'

'You believe in ghosts, then?' said Mr. Glynn. 'Do you find they haunt you?'

Bessie looked up in still greater bewilderment than before. Mr. Glynn was looking at her—a stout realistic middle-aged gentleman, apparently the last person in the world to be interested in the question of apparitions; and then at Dr. Westford, whose acute eyes were also watching her observantly. 'I hope,' she said, without

answering the question, 'my brother does not think I ever talked about ghosts to the child. If she has not been well since he took her away, it must have been the shock. I would have given anything to spare it to her,' she went on, with a quiver in her voice.

'Don't distress yourself,' said Mr. Glynn, kindly, 'I assure you I have not heard that the little girl is at all unwell.'

Then Dr. Westford brought the conversation round to Bessie's own health. Did she sleep well? Truthfulness compelled Bessie to own that sleep had been a most inconstant visitor of late. For how long? For the last month, it had been unusually bad; but she had got out of the habit of sleeping properly for some months. Had she consulted any one? Dr. Enderby had given her a soothing draught which had had little effect, and had then said that she must put up with it, and that it would pass off as her mind grew quieter. Did she have bad dreams? Sometimes. 'But,' said Bessie, with more spirit, since her mind was now more at rest about Elys, 'had we not better come to the point of your visit? I cannot believe that these trivial circumstances about my health can be of any interest to my brother. Will he allow me to correspond with the child?'

Mr. Glynn gave some evasive answer about representing Bessie's extreme desire for this privilege to Sir Wyndham, and the two gentlemen bowed themselves out, leaving her in a state of great bewilderment. In the evening Dr. Enderby sent over to know if she would come and see him, and she went at once. Old Miss Enderby, who, with her maid, was now installed in her nephew's house, caught her, and told her how ill Richard had been the day before, and how impossible it had been to see any one till now. When she went into his room, her heart sank, for it seemed to her that he looked more sunken and feebler than she had ever seen him before.

However, Bessie knew by experience that he much preferred hearing of the outer world to descanting upon his own sufferings, and so, sitting by his bedside, she told him the story of her two strange visitors, making her account of them and their discursive talk as amusing as she could. He seemed to summon up all his capacities of observation, and scarcely smiled at all at her narrative. When she had finished, she said—

'I cannot conceive what they were after. I should really have been inclined to think they were not right in their minds. They did ask such very odd questions and make such queer remarks!'

'I can guess what they were after,' said Dr. Enderby, gravely, 'and I think I had better tell you, that you may be upon your guard, though I am afraid it will be a shock to you.'

'What?' said Bessie.

'They were not out of their minds, but they wanted to prove that you were.'

Bessie turned white as ashes and said nothing.

'Don't be frightened,' he said, 'you are not in the least so, you

know, and it will be perfectly easy to prove it, as we know in time. Let me think.'

He lay back on his pillows and closed his eyes, while Bessie, in spite of his reassuring words, felt sick with terror. Never till that moment had she felt so utterly unprotected. He was her only friend and adviser, and he was dying. It flashed upon her how it would be for Wyndham's advantage to prove that she was insane. The thought of instant flight from this possible fate seemed for a moment the only alternative—to go and hide herself in some remote corner of the world under another false name, not voluntarily as before, but involuntarily, as the only possible means of preserving liberty and reason. Then her eyes fell upon Dr. Enderby's face, full of anxious thought for her, and she remembered how he had said that her companionship during this last illness was the greatest comfort he could have. With a generous revulsion of feeling, Bessie clasped her hands together, and made an unspoken vow—that no fear of consequences to herself should induce her to leave him, while it was possible to her to be of any use to him.

He broke silence at last.

'I should like you, if you don't mind, to come and stay here altogether for a time. You may put it on my health if you wish; yesterday's attack marked a distinct stage, and I shall send for Denzil back next week, I think. Then I will have Dr. Farrell down here to overhaul you—he is the chief authority on mental disease there is—as soon as I can get him to come, if you will write a letter for me and have it posted to-night; and then, I think, armed with his opinion, you will be safe against all possible danger. But I should advise you, if you wish to be free from any annoyance, to go abroad as soon as you can after you have seen him. I will manage to arrange the rest for you—or rather to get it arranged.'

'I shall not go abroad while you live,' said Bessie, decidedly.

'Thank you,' he said, with one of his sudden smiles. 'I really don't think there would be any real danger, or I would not let you stay.'

'But as it is,' said Bessie, looking at the wan face with its painfully drawn breath, 'I don't feel sure that I ought to let you take any trouble about me. You are not well enough.'

'I am quite well enough,' he said, smiling. 'Do you know that when that attack was passing off last night I said to myself, "This is the end of my active help I shall ever have for my fellow-creatures"; and it came over me how uncommonly small it had been, and how much more it might have been. You can understand what one feels, can't you, when one looks back and sees how wasted and empty one's life has been, and how there is nothing to trust to but the infinite mercy of God. Well, if after that He still gives one the chance of a bit of work, what is it but the greatest honour and

privilege one can have? And this won't hurt me. Far from it—it will do me good.'

Then he asked Bessie to write a letter for him to the great expert, and when she left his house she went round to the post-office and posted it. The new peril before her did not weigh so heavily on her spirits as might have been expected. As she walked back in the starlight, she thought more of his chivalrous help than of her own danger, and the tears that dimmed her eyes as she thought of her friend had in them more gladness and less pain than any she had shed since she had lost Elys.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXLI.

1653-1658.

THE PROTECTORATE AT HOME.

THERE can be no doubt that it was an astonishing character who had climbed to the chief power in England, rather by force of circumstances than by definite ambitious design, so that it was not without some cause that he always ascribed his elevation to the Hand of Providence, though there is no doubt that his personal ascendancy, his unfailing plausibility, and unscrupulous use of opportunities, gave a certain justification to those who viewed him as an ambitious, hypocritical despot. But the will of Providence was often the will of the army forcing him onwards.

The world has known three great military despots, and it is natural to compare them. They were alike in those qualities, without which their position would never have been gained, warlike genius, and power of fascinating the affections of the soldiery, united with a statesman's policy, and ability to decide and dare at the critical moment without scruple as to what was overthrown or trampled upon, but likewise without being sanguinary or savage without necessity. Such qualities were requisites of success, and made each of them a great man.

It is hard to say which was the most able of the three. Napoleon strikes us most by his achievements, but that is partly because he is nearer to our eye; and Julius Cæsar's conquests with his means, were perhaps more wonderful, and they were without reverse; while Cromwell may be judged as a wiser man in not extending his ambition beyond the pacification of his own country. His genius, indeed, formed his troops, but he never had to contend with any leader worthy of the name of general except David Leslie; whereas Cæsar almost met his match in Pompey, and Napoleon in the Russian and Austrian generals, even before his fall.

But both Cæsar and Cromwell stand high above Bonaparte in magnanimity, generosity, and absence of all pettiness of spite. Both of them were gentlemen, and it is in the comparison here that we see how entirely the Corsican fails in comparison with the Roman and Englishman.

Probably in manners there was not much to choose between Cromwell and Napoleon. Both were fond of rough, vulgar, practical jokes with those with whom they were on familiar terms; and the

stately grace and politeness of the high-bred Roman noble would have made either of them appear mere rude clowns or troopers; but there was a dark background of dissipation in his life, such as was held disgraceful even in heathen Rome. Had he been bred up to Christian morality, he would have stood the highest of all, as he does in the qualities of noble clemency, and even of forgiveness of enemies, and in loveableness of character.

Napoleon stands first in intellect, force of will, and grasp of understanding, but—Christian though he was—his is a fiendish greatness. He was ruthless, though not wanton in cruelty, utterly false and mendacious when he chose, and could be as little as he was great.

The comparatively ugly and almost coarse figure of Cromwell contrasts unfavourably with the refined powerful head of Cæsar, and the classic beauty of Bonaparte. But he had more of the nobleness of Cæsar than of the meanness of Napoleon, and he was a man unstained by vice, who *thought* he lived up to the Christian standard. His greatest defect was want of truth; but the first person he deceived was always himself. Did this make the case better?

As Protector, Cromwell issued writs for a fresh Parliament, four hundred members in number, who were elected after the usual fashion, and heard him open Parliament in regal manner, his son Henry and son-in-law Lambert, who went with him in his coach, being bare-headed, and he sat on a chair of state, under a canopy. He made a long speech, explaining the necessity of his taking the protectorship, and calling on them to sign an indenture which lay on the table in the lobby, binding them to be faithful to the Lord Protector.

About a hundred and twenty signed directly, others hesitated; but before that month of September was over, it had been signed by three hundred, only the staunch Republicans, such as Bradshaw and Haslerigg, refusing.

To the honour of Cromwell, such refusals could be made without peril to life or liberty. But that he was constantly on his guard against plots was betrayed by an accident, when his carriage was upset, and a pistol went off in his pocket. In November, 1654, his mother died at ninety-four years of age, giving him a solemn blessing, and ending with, 'My dear son, I leave my heart with thee.' That Cromwell was a good son, husband, and father, there is no doubt, and his letters to his children are affectionate; but he was a man coarse in manners, even for a squire of the 17th century, and it is chiefly by comparing him with the later military despot, Napoleon, that we are convinced that he was a gentleman ingrain, generous and forgiving, who never struck when he could avoid doing so.

But he had no scruples when policy required him to strike. The army, by which he had raised himself, was striving for dominion, and must be conciliated, and the people were clamouring to have the troops disbanded. The only thing to be done was to persuade the country that there was no security without the army, so as to be

ready to submit to the new regulations that were to satisfy the army, which was to a certain degree his taskmaster. Accordingly secret agents were set to work to induce the Royalists to believe the time had come to make a rising in conjunction with their opposites the Anabaptists.

The King was too clear sighted to trust the invitations; but Hyde was deceived, and he was persuaded to move to Middlebury, in case of a summons to England. 'Hyde is cocksure,' wrote Manning, one of the chief agents of the treacherous plot.

The Cavaliers residing in different parts of England were told that they were expected to rise, and the Anabaptists were supposed to be in league with them. Major Wildman, one of these latter, was captured in the act of penning a declaration against Cromwell, and was shut up in Chepstow Castle. So was General Harrison, who had accesses of fanatic insanity, and several more, but none of these were ever brought to trial.

Lord Wilmot, now created Earl of Rochester, came into Yorkshire, and a few gentlemen met him, but things looked hopeless. He escaped, and they were imprisoned at Salisbury. Things were more in earnest. It was assize week, and two Wilts gentlemen, Sir Ralph Wagstaffe and Colonel Penruddock, with about two hundred men, met there at night, seized the judges in their beds, and tried to make the high sheriff proclaim King Charles II.; but he refused, though they threatened to hang him.

Hearing that troops were coming, the insurgents marched westward, hoping to pick up recruits on their way—but in vain; and at South Moulton, in Devonshire, they were surrounded, and made prisoners. Wagstaffe escaped, but Penruddock and the rest were tried at Exeter. The judges refused to try them for high treason, so they were accused of stealing the horses they had requisitioned for the King, found guilty, and hanged. Penruddock was a gallant gentleman, much regretted, and on his side, Charles caused the traitor Manning to be shot.

These unfortunate men had been deluded into giving the excuse that was wanted for dividing England into thirteen districts under thirteen of his most imperious Major-Generals, who had authority over the militia as well as the regulars. Cromwell himself had a guard of halberdiers in grey, welted with black velvet. By some it is alleged that Cromwell had decided views of toleration, and some of his doings show an unwillingness to persecute personally, and a perception that the arm of the State could not properly be used to extirpate opinions. There is no doubt that his hand was heavy on the English Church; but there is no knowing how far this was caused by the necessity of gratifying his fanatical army, and by the political attitude of Churchmen, or whether he would have relaxed his severity had he lived long enough to see his power more fully established.

Bishop Juxon had retired to his private property of Little Compton,

in Gloucestershire, and thence every Sunday went to the house of a gentleman named Jones, at Chastelton, where he performed Divine service according to the Prayer-book, with a congregation of the family and neighbours without molestation. Otherwise he lived like a country gentleman, and even kept a pack of hounds, which were esteemed the best in the neighbourhood. One day a complaint was brought to the Protector that the Puritan congregation had been disturbed in listening to a week-day lecture by the Bishop's hounds killing a hare in the churchyard.

'Pray,' said Cromwell, 'did the Bishop prevail on the hare to run through your churchyard at that time?'

'No, we did not *directly* say he did; but, please your Highness, through the churchyard the hare did go.'

'Get you gone,' replied the Protector, 'and let me have no more such frivolous complaints.'

Probably he was willing to let others alone, but there really was a state of anarchy in religious matters throughout the kingdom; and in March, 1654, a commission was appointed of thirty-five men called *Triers*, among whom was Hugh Peters, to examine into the religious opinions and spiritual state of all who held benefices in England.

It was well known that this was in the hope of ousting all the Churchmen still remaining in their livings. The examinations were very strange. One clergyman named Sadler wrote a book called '*Inquisitio Anglicana*,' in which he recorded the questions put to him—'What is the breath of the soul?' 'What is the heat of the soul?'

After seven weeks' attendance, he was dismissed and ejected, as well as many more of the clergy; and in November, 1655, an ordinance followed, forbidding the employment of any of these ejected ministers as chaplains, tutors, or schoolmasters, and prohibiting their praying publicly, preaching, or administering any ordinance, under heavy penalties to be administered by the Major-Generals.

Even repeating from memory portions of the Prayer-book was penal. Dr. Pocock, the great Eastern scholar, was prosecuted on that account; but even the Independent scholars at Oxford interfered on his behalf.

Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, drew up a formula, containing the essentials of ancient Catholic worship, and giving equivalents for the customary English words. This the clergy could learn by heart and repeat; and even in London there were often brave and faithful congregations who met in danger. At one of these, on Christmas Day, 1657, John Evelyn was present, when the soldiery surprised them, not preventing the conclusion of the service, but presenting their muskets at the worshippers as they went up to receive the Holy Communion, and afterwards taking them into custody. Dr. Hammond, and other clergy of private fortune, did their best to

maintain their ruined brethren. Those were brave and faithful who did not despair of their Church, but waited patiently. Fresh Ordinations were made by Dr. Duppa, Dr. Skinner, Bishop of Oxford, and Bishop Cosin at Paris. But the great anxiety was how to keep up the Episcopal succession, since there was an utter break up of the chapters who legally elected Bishops to dioceses, and the prelates demurred to consecrate without such election. No doubt such a scruple would have given way, if there had been deaths enough to make it doubtful whether the number needful for a consecration could be kept up 'till this tyranny were overpast.'

The Jews had been expelled from England under Edward I., though a few had crept back, chiefly as physicians. In 1655, Manasseh ben Israel, a very learned scholar, born in Holland, but of a Spanish Jew family, petitioned Cromwell for the re-admission of his people on usual terms. Cromwell was interested, as a man conversant with the Bible was likely to be. He did all in his power for the Jews, so that in their gratitude, they tried to make him out one of themselves; but the merchants feared their competition in business, and the Presbyterian ministers were furious against them on religious grounds, so that though their presence was no longer forbidden, it was only on a sort of sufferance.

The upgrowth of sects was something amazing and unexampled. The Presbyterians numbered many of the gentlemen of property who had formed the old Puritan party, and having had the chief influence in Parliament, regarded themselves as the Established Church. Their ministry had, to some degree, supplied the place of the clergy who had been ejected from their livings, and for the most part they were men who accepted the doctrine of the Church, according to their own interpretation of them, but disapproved of her discipline and ceremonies, and held ordination by presbyters to be sufficient. Their greatest light was Richard Baxter, born in 1616; episcopally ordained, but disliking Catholic doctrine and discipline. He had been a chaplain to the Parliamentary army, and was intruded into the Vicarage of Kidderminster, where he laboured assiduously and with much power and piety.

Edmund Calamy likewise, and Philip Henry, were able and excellent men; but there had been others hastily ordained, without sufficient learning or examination, and who did no credit to their appointment, nor were even these sufficiently numerous to fill all the parishes left vacant.

Moreover, the Independents, to whom Cromwell himself and most of his officers belonged, did not recognise the right of any man to be set apart for the ministry by any call but that which he conceived to be that of grace within himself. Among the Independents, many more made common cause against the Presbyterians, whom they hated almost as much as Roman or English Catholics. There were the Anabaptists, or Baptists who objected to Infant Baptism, and

though withheld from the excesses of their predecessors at Germany, believed themselves to possess the power of prophecy. One Anise Evans, a Welshman, had earned credit by foretelling the King's death, and he afterwards had long conversations with Cromwell, but finally he had a vision which brought him back to the Church. One Matthew Coker was held to work miracles of healing, and really seems to have effected wonderful cures. Women prophesied among them, and they all lavished counsels and predictions upon Oliver Cromwell. General Harrison was the most distinguished of these, and his fanaticism did not hinder him from being a good officer and a gentleman.

One Thomas Edwards, a Presbyterian minister in London, published a book called 'Gangræna,' in which he gave a list of sixteen of these sects, all of which he abhorred. There is no need to go through them all, and they included Anti-Scripturists and Sceptics, besides the more noted, such as the Brownists or Fifth Monarchy men, so called because they thought they had attained to the Fifth Monarchy mentioned by the Prophet Daniel.

The Müggletonians, or Ranters, took their name from one Ludovick Müggleton, of German birth, who, together with John Reeve, believed themselves to be the two witnesses in the 11th chapter of Revelations, and another of their sect thought himself Melchisedek. They would have no form of worship whatever, and the Anti-nomiads, as their name implies, held that the elect were above Law.

But by far the most famous and permanent of these sects, was that originated by George Fox, son of a Presbyterian weaver of Drayton, and born in 1624. His longing was for simplicity, and he wandered about, Bible in hand, trying all the sects but adhering to none, and thinking the Presbyterians as eager for preferment and self-seeking as the Ministry they had ousted. Finally, he devised the idea of a society unbound by any forms, under immediate inspiration, unworldly, abstaining from pleasures, set against war. He won numerous disciples, though he was greatly persecuted by the Presbyterians. His people at first called themselves Children of Light, by-and-by Friends, and the outer world dubbed them Quakers, because they trembled under inspiration.

Cromwell heard of all and tolerated all. His favourite abode was Hampton Court. There every Monday he gave a dinner to all officers not below the rank of captain, and there was a table every day for persons coming to him on business.

He was fond of music, and kept good performers about him, and he cared enough for art to prevent the late King's collection of pictures from being dispersed. In especial, he saved those seven cartoons, the only remnants of Raffaele's designs for the tapestry of the Sistine Chapel, which King Charles had purchased. He enjoyed the conversation of superior men, such as Milton, whose sight was fast failing, Andrew Marvell, his secretary, and even Archbishop Usher and Sir

Kenelm Digby. In fact, he does not appear to have had any small or petty jealousies or fears, and had his rule been longer, he might really have established toleration, unless he had been deteriorated, after the usual effect of unlawful power.

He dissolved his first Parliament after five months, and a fresh one was elected in 1656; but more than ninety Republicans and Presbyterians were prevented from taking their seats, and the House, on enquiring the cause, was told that 'the council have not refused to approve any who have appeared to them to be persons of integrity, fearing God, and of good conversation; and those who are not approved, his Highness hath given order to some persons to take care they approach not the House.'

Certainly the Parliament endured a good deal more from 'His Highness' than ever it had protested against from King Charles.

But the successful foreign wars had done much to make him popular, and nothing was more feared than fresh battles at home. The Republicans were just now more infuriated than the dejected Royalists, and one Syndercombe was detected in plotting to assassinate the Protector on one of his journeys between Whitehall and Hampton Court. The man was seized in his bed, and found guilty of high treason, but escaped execution by committing suicide.

This led to the question as to whether all would not again be confusion in case of Cromwell's death, and it was accordingly decided to present a 'Humble Petition and Advice' to the Protector to take upon him Government according to the ancient constitution of England, placing the succession in his hands, and restoring the House of Peers.

There was a sharp debate on what he should be called, but finally he was requested to take the title of King.

He made a long misty speech about it, had a cold, and shut himself up for a day or two, made another speech, but finally refused to be called King, though he accepted all the rest.

The Fifth Monarchy men were extremely wrathful, and Harrison and others were found to be plotting, and were sent to the Tower.

On the 26th of June, 1657, the new constitution was inaugurated in Westminster Abbey. His Highness was proclaimed by the Heralds as Lord Protector, and the new constitution was sworn to by all the great officials. Lambert, however, refused all adherence to this new constitution, and, indeed, was even thought to aim at succeeding to the Protectorate. He was deprived of his command. The new Lords were summoned by writ, sixty of them. Only six of these were really peers, Manchester, Warrington, Mulgrave, Eure, Saye, and Wharton, and of these no one but Eure chose to take his seat, with Skippon, Desborough, and Hewson, who had been a shoemaker.

They met on the 20th of January, 1658, but there was a great deal of jealousy of them in the Lower House, and hot debates, till Cromwell came down on them, and gave a sharp rebuke, ending with, 'And

if this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting, and I do dissolve this Parliament. And let God judge between you and me.'

This was his last Parliament. It was dissolved on the 4th of February.

Victory still continued with England though Blake was dead. A treaty was made with Mazarin by which the English were to assist the French in taking the Flemish seaports, Mardyke, Dunkirk, and Graver lines, on condition of retaining possession of the two first, so as to become a fresh Calais to England. Lord Falconbridge, who had married one of Cromwell's daughters, was sent as ambassador, was treated by Louis XIV. with honours beyond those of the representatives of royalty, and received from him a diamond hilted sword, to be presented to the Protector.

In 1657, 6000 men, under General Reynolds, joined Turenne's army in Flanders, while on the other side were the young English Princes and numerous Cavaliers, as well as the Prince of Condé and other exiles of the Fronde. The incapacity of Don Juan, however, made his side a losing one, and Condé adopted as his device a flame crackling in light wood, with the motto, '*Splendescam. Da Materiam*' — 'I should shine. Give the means.'

He did, however, ably prevent Turenne from surprising Cambray; but to encourage the French, Mazarin brought the King to make his first campaign, in great state, surrounded by young nobles, and to besiege Montmédy; and it was on this journey that Louis received Mademoiselle once more into favour, and likewise the Duke of Beaufort.

This spring, 1657, had died the Emperor Ferdinand III., and his brother Leopold, aged eighteen in the summer, was elected. He engaged to observe the clauses of the Treaty of Westphalia and stand neutral between France and Spain. Cromwell, knowing the importance of his alliance, urged Mazarin to begin the campaign of 1658 by taking Dunkirk for the English, threatening that otherwise he should send an expedition to recover Calais.

Such a threat was not to be neglected, but Turenne diverted the attention of the Spaniards by again threatening Cambray, where it was said that Mazarin wished to be Archbishop, so as to become a Prince of the Empire. However, on the 25th of May, 1658, the town of Dunkirk, so called from the Dunes or Downs, low sandy hills, with channels of water between them, was invested by Turenne and his army by land, and Admiral Lockhart by sea.

Don Juan and Condé hurried to the scene of action, and with them the young Dukes of York and Gloucester. A council of war was held. Condé wished to encamp between the canals of Furnes and Hundscotte, where Turenne could not attack them, and there await their artillery and heavy troops, while they cut off the French foraging parties. Don Juan, on the contrary, insisted on advancing between the Dunes, as war was possible to the French lines.

‘The enemy will attack us between those sand banks,’ said Condé, ‘and the ground is only fit for infantry, the strongest arm with the French.’

‘But I,’ said Don Juan, haughtily, ‘am convinced that they will not even look at the troops of his Catholic Majesty.’

‘Ah!’ said Condé, ‘you do not know M. de Turenne. Errors are not committed with impunity before him!’

However, Don Juan was only the more obstinate, he advanced along the coast, and Turenne came forth to meet him. As soon as Condé saw the French in motion he galloped up with the information to Don Juan, who, however, would only believe that they only intended to skirmish with the advanced guard.

‘Did you ever see a battle?’ said Condé, turning round to the Duke of Gloucester.

‘No, monsieur.’

‘Then you will soon see one lost in half-an-hour’s time.’

The French army came forward, the English ships cannonaded the Spanish flank, and their soldiers landing, climbed the sand hills, and made such an attack that Don Juan exclaimed that the French fought like men, but the English like devils. In battle Don Juan was brave enough, and the Duke of York, with the Irish, broke one battalion; but the position was bad, his cavalry could not act, his infantry were routed, and Condé, in trying to cut his way through to Dunkirk, was almost taken prisoner.

This battle of the Dunes was fought on the 14th of June, and cost the Spaniards 4000 men, while the French loss was very slight.

The siege continued; the Governor was killed on the 23rd of June, and the place surrendered on the 25th. Young King Louis arrived at the camp so as to see the garrison march out; but the place was immediately given up to the English, who hastened to repair the fortifications, intending to make it an outpost whence to overawe France, Flanders, and Holland.

It was an unhealthy summer, and the young King of France had a dangerous fever at Calais, while in England, Cromwell’s favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was in declining health, at Hampton Court. It was said, with what truth is not known, that from her deathbed, she spoke to her father of her doubts and misgivings as to his life and position, and that he seemed struck to the heart. At any rate, during her last days, when she suffered from terrible convulsions, he could attend to no business, and his grief was great when she died on the 6th of August. A few days after he showed one of his friends the passage in the Epistle to the Philippians ending with, ‘I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,’ saying, ‘This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son, poor Robert, died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed, it did.’

Strange to say, no one quite knows how Robert died, but it is believed to have been in a chance skirmish near Knaresborough, just

before the battle of Marston Moor, in which Oliver Walton, a nephew of Cromwell, was killed.

Cromwell was already unwell, but he had an interview with George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends shortly after, and 'sat down on a table,' and 'spake lightly,' apparently deriding some of the Quaker peculiarities. Afterwards, George Fox met him riding with his Guards in the park at Hampton Court, and recorded that 'I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him.'

It was the last time Oliver so rode forth. An ague or intermitting fever was upon him, and his physicians recommended his removal to Whitehall. He was taken thither in his coach on a Tuesday, never to leave the house again.

It is said that the efficacy of quinine had just become known, but as it was called Jesuits' Bark, his attendants distrusted it, and would not give it to him. As with James I., the illness that seemed slight, rapidly increased, and he found himself dying.

'Is there none that can deliver me from this peril?' once he moaned, but answered himself, 'Man can do nothing. God can do what He will.'

But in general his sighs breathed a confident hope. 'I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror through Christ that strengtheneth me.'

As he lay thus sinking, on the last day of August, there howled and roared without a terrible storm of wind and rain, and the council and statesmen were in perplexity for the future. It was understood that the successor to the Protectorate was named in a sealed paper laid up at Hampton Court. Search was made, but it could never be found, and the dying man was vexed with questions as to whom he had named. He is said to have answered, 'Yes, yes,' when his son Richard was mentioned; but this seems uncertain. He once uttered aloud a brief and beautiful prayer 'for the foolish people,' as he said, who prayed for his life, and often repeated, 'God is good.'

It was not the death-bed of a conscious hypocrite. The night before the 3rd of September, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, was very restless, and when offered drink, he said, 'It is not my desire to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'

Soon after he became speechless, and died between three or four o'clock in the afternoon, in his sixtieth year.

Richard was immediately accepted as Protector, and Oliver, after lying in state till the 23rd of November, had a grand funeral in Westminster Abbey. There was, however, a strange report that this was only in appearance, and that his corpse was really buried at midnight on Naseby field, perhaps by some one who foresaw the days when even the presence of his bones would not be permitted among those of Kings.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXV.

THE ALTAR SERVICE.

A. You enquired about the 'leading to the Altar' just now. This is the place where it is really done, though not correctly, until the essential binding portion of the marriage is completed.

S. You mean that by law, the couple would be husband and wife if the service were here interrupted.

A. Yes. What follows is further consecration by praise, prayer, and blessing, and properly by Holy Communion.

S. There is a procession into the chancel of the clergy, the bridegroom and bride, and their attendants.

A. Yes; but first in the primitive and middle ages, the kiss was given, while the right hands were joined, solemnly given as the emblem of peace and affection, and olive wreaths, tied with white and purple wool, were placed on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, a custom the Greeks still retain, so that the term crowned is used among them for being married.

S. Is not that sometimes done in Roman Catholic countries? And is not a canopy held over their heads?

A. I believe so; but I fancy the wedding customs are permitted to vary a good deal in unessential points.

S. And the Norwegian bride still wears a golden or gilded crown if she is a good girl.

A. So, too, the wreath is a survival.

S. The myrtle that the German girl has cherished all her life.

A. I think the myrtle, as an emblem of love, was connected with heathen notions in Italy, as Venus's plant, and thence imported, holding its own because the evergreen leaves and the perfect simplicity and purity of the flowers make it very appropriate.

S. And the orange flower?

S. That is a modern fashion. Some say that Saracen brides wear it, and that the Crusaders must have introduced it; but this is very unlikely, and I suspect it is only a dressmaker's device, rendered universal by the flowers being as white and the leaves as enduring as those of the myrtle.

A. The veil seems to have been always felt to be suitable from Rebekah's time.

A. Except just in the struggle with heathenism when Christian brides went unveiled because Pagan ones wore red or saffron veils.

But the man, as well as the woman, was for a long time crowned and veiled by the priest as part of the ceremony.

S. And what was the meaning?

A. To show them as emblems of the Lord united to His Church, and remind them, as well as those around, of the Heavenly Bridegroom 'crowned with many crowns,' and the Church as a Bride prepared for her husband, 'clad in fine linen, which is the righteousness of Saints.'

S. Ah! that is the reason of the white! Then they go up together while the marriage Psalm is sung, the 128th.

A. Which was, I believe, sung at Jewish weddings, and is not only a marriage blessing, but a prophecy of that mystic union. You see the God-fearing man is blessed with the loving, clinging wife, and the gracious children, the vine and olive, and long life with a prosperous Jerusalem, would be exactly what the simple Israelite peasant pilgrim would long for. To the Christian family the like blessing comes home, only that to him Jerusalem is the Church. And then comes the higher mystic sense, where the Man is the Heavenly Bridegroom, the Vine is His Bride the Church, and the children, full of the olive oil of His Grace, come to the Table of the Lord. While Sion, as I think you have been told, stands for the Church Triumphant in Heaven, blessing Jerusalem, the Church Militant on earth, so that thousands of generations of children rejoice the sight of their Saviour.

S. That is very beautiful. The other is the 67th, a very many-sided Psalm—a Psalm of promise of blessing, a harvest Psalm, and a missionary Psalm.

A. And sung here, I think, first as the promise to the young couple that the fear of the Lord shall bring an increase of prosperity, and carrying with it the higher promise of mercy and increase to the Church through her union with Christ. Both Psalms are meant to serve as the Introit as the Priest goes to the Altar for the Holy Communion.

S. The Versicles and Responses are those of the Lesser Litany.

A. And the prayers that follow came as Communion Collects in the Sarum Missal. The only alteration is that in Edward's second book, the Puritan dislike to the Apocrypha caused the present clause, 'as Thou diddest send Thy blessing to Abraham and Sarah,' to be substituted for 'as Thou diddest send Thy Angel Raphael to Thobie and Sara.'

S. It was a pity, as we really know nothing about Abraham's marriage.

A. Yes; but we have the doubt whether the history of Tobias is literally true. All these three Collects are old, but in the second, *honesty* is one of the words that has slightly changed its meaning.

S. I know, 'having your conversation honest among the Gentiles,' means upright and honourable, not merely free from fraud.

A. Yes; that one branch of honesty has overpowered the rest in popular speech. Amiable, too, in the third Collect, means loving, and down to the revision of 1661, the examples of Rachael, Rebekah, and Sarah were here cited. The rubric in 1549 was, 'Then shall be said after the Gospel a sermon, wherein ordinarily the office of man and wife shall be declared according to Holy Scripture, or if there be no sermon this minister shall read this that followeth.'

S. After the Gospel?

A. Yes. The Epistle was 1 Corinthians vi. 15-20, St. Paul's words on the union of marriage, and the Gospel St. Matthew xix. 5, 6. You see they are both referred to in the Exhortation.

S. I see. And that Exhortation came in as a sermon in the midst of the Communion Service, so that it is only modern omissions that leave the whole to end so strangely with amazement—a rather puzzling word, too, though it is taken from St. Peter.

A. I imagine St. Peter meant by it that sort of terror which scares away senses, presence of mind, and even conscience, as he himself knew but too well. But it is not the fault of the Church that the service ends there, for her rubric recommends, but does not enjoin, Communion. An original sermon may be given. This is only a homily in case no sermon is forthcoming.

S. Other Churches do enforce it.

A. Yes; and therefore in the Roman Catholic Church Confession and Absolution from each of the parties precede the wedding. But in days of faith and love waxing cold, the obligation often does more harm than good; as was seen where a half-careless or sceptical bridegroom was brought to make a perfunctory confession, and really profane the Holy Mystery, to satisfy the family feeling; or else the marriage is only secular. Such things often happen abroad, I am afraid.

S. But here many excellent religious people have been and are married without the Holy Eucharist.

A. Many have been so, first from general laxity, and next from the reverence that shrank from the mixture of the Holy Rite with what had come to be a gay, sometimes a rude festival. These would always take the earliest opportunity of communicating together. In these days, when there are apt to be guests and connections whose prejudices have to be respected, or their levity not offended, it is not uncommon to have an early Celebration for the betrothed pair on the wedding day, and this is better; but happy are those who can gather about them friends who will watch them, completing all with the blessed symbol and foretaste of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. But though, unfortunately, all weddings cannot be thus hallowed, because neither the pair themselves nor their surroundings are in a fit frame of mind to appreciate what is highest and best, yet our Church does wisely to give them as much consecration and blessing as they can, and will come for, so as to hallow their union, and send them

away with the impression that Holy Matrimony is a sacred and indissoluble thing.

S. There could hardly be all the rice thrown about after such a solemn rite.

A. No. If people *do* choose to be so silly as to adopt a Pagan fancy from the heathens in India, they ought at least to do so at home, and it should never be permitted at the Church door.

READING AS AN ART.

BY GRACE LATHAM.

‘Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.’

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING indicated the difference of treatment necessary for the fable and the ballad, we now turn to other descriptions of poetry. Some of these are written, as it were, for one means of expression, their chief effects being made through its use, some for another. Often we are reminded of the fact that poetry is, indeed, the music of speech, by finding passages which have evidently been constructed fully as much for the sake of the sound of the lines, as for any ideas they convey. Such is Milton’s ‘Sweet Echo,’ which is most appropriately the song with which the Lady in Comus, when she has lost her brothers, signals to them and cheers her spirit at the same time, and the very softest, roundest, loveliest tones we possess must be used to interpret the perfect melody of the verse.

‘Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv’st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander’s margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Can’st thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So may’st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven’s harmonies.’

Notice the absolute sweetness of the sound of the two first words, and the repose given to the ear by the comma pause after them; as though a piece of music were begun with two soft, full chords, succeeded by a rest. Then smoothly, as playing ‘cantabile,’ we continue; the first line ends in the middle of a sentence, breaking it across, and has the effect of a bar finished by a rest, and the momentary cessation of sound brings us with increased delight to the next line. For poetry of this kind finds its charm, like music, in variety of sound; major keys follow minor; a tripping measure succeeds a grave andante; forte, piano; staccato, legato; and the pause of expec-

tancy is followed by the rush forward of joyous fulfilment. When we come to 'slow Meander,' the line runs slowly but smoothly, as befits a calm river, and continues to do so till the beginning of the question. We must draw attention to a device often used by Milton when he wished to insist on a sound, and yet not to do so monotonously; he repeats the same letter, placing it in different parts of his words, so that the ear is haunted by it, without at first realising what, or where it is. In the present instance the letters are *l* and *m*, and if we read the passage, gently accentuating their articulation, we shall find that they produce a most delicate harmony.

'By *slow Meander's margent green*,
And in the *violet-embroidered vale*,
Where the *love-lorn nightingale*
Nightly to thee her sad song *mourneth well*.'

The more evident alliterations at the beginnings of words must also be carefully marked, as must the rhymes, which here are chosen with such exquisite judgment that there is no fear of their jingling, and they serve to point out the ends of the irregular lines.

For the appeal: 'can'st thou not tell me, etc.,' the lines wake up; both they and the syllables are shorter and sharper in sound; there is an abrupt break in the sentence after 'have,' all lending quickness and energy to the verse; an allegretto has succeeded andante cantabile. The long monosyllable 'where' should be given in a tone of passionate beseeching, which, like a rallentando before a change of movement, brings us to the andante maestoso of the end, which finishes in solemn appeal, and the grand rolling syllables of the last line, especially of 'resounding,' the alliteration in 'Heaven's harmonies' make us think of an echo in a cavern, and remind us of one of Handel's massive closes.

Another very important means of expression is pausation; its use being indicated by stops, dashes, and breaks made in a sentence by the end of the line; but so much has been already said about it, that it will be hardly necessary to treat it separately; we will therefore pass at once to motion or time.

This comprises both the quickenings or slackenings of the verse itself, and the rapid or slow pronunciation of individual words, on which we have already slightly touched, and we shall see how much it may be made to mean in our next example, Wordsworth's poem, 'To a Skylark.'

The first verse seems to spring into the air with the happy bird; the dancing motion of the lines, and the repeated '*up* with me,' that should be given with a quick upward swing of the voice, all make this impression. In the fourth and fifth lines, to note, in passing, a beautiful sound effect, we almost hear the reverberating song peculiar to the lark in the repetition of 'singing' and in its rhyme, while in the smooth motion of the last line, as well as in its sweetness, we are led

to think of 'that spot which seems so to thy mind' as of a lovely restful place.

'Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
 Lift me, guide me, till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!'

Then comes a change; the two first lines of the second verse seem hardly to be written in the same language, they drag on so slowly and heavily; the syllables take a long time to pronounce, and have no sweetness; for example, 'have,' 'walked,' 'through,' are all monosyllables, but each requires as long a space to say it in as two or even three syllables of the last verse; those for instance in the first line. The second line of the second verse, shorter as to its number of feet, lags as though the tired traveller's feet would hardly move. Then the syllables grow short again, and the motion of the lines is more tripping; we feel that the heart of the wanderer rises with the lark, but still he is an earthbound wayfarer, and the verse does not spring, and soar as it did at first, while the long syllables in the seventh line, '*lift me, guide me high and high,*' have a piteous sound, as though he were straining his eyes after the lark, and would fain follow her, and be quit of earth.

'I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
 And to-day my heart is weary;
 Had I now the wings of a fairy,
 Up to thee would I fly.
 There is madness about thee, and joy divine
 In that song of thine;
 Lift me, guide me high and high
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky.'

In the third verse there is the same contrast; the lines first bound aloft with the lark, and then return to the slow pace of the traveller, but cheered by the bird's song, his progress and that of the verse is quicker than before. Once more comes the joyous movement to end the verse, and prepare us, by contrast, for the lovely close, through which we feel by the steady movement of the lines that the traveller has taken heart, and is plodding steadily along his appointed path.

'Joyous as morning,
 Thou art laughing and scorning;
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
 And, though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
 To be such a Traveller as I.
 Happy, happy Liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when life's day is done.'

The last line especially with its slow movement and great length gives the effect of a piece of music, closed with a restful largo.

We will now take a poem in which the effects are larger and more complicated, and show how they may be worked out. For this purpose we have chosen Coleridge's 'Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni;' its exceeding beauty, and the fact that it is less known than some other of the poet's works, must be our excuse for giving so lengthy an example. In it we find that sound, movement, pausation are all used to bring out the meaning of the words, and above all contrast, a means of expression to which we have hitherto but alluded. Each of the divisions of the poem possesses a character of its own, which is sufficiently unlike the others, especially those near it, to throw it up, and bring it into notice, just as one colour is set off by another. The very sentences composing these divisions are so arranged as to contrast with each other, and the difference in the sound, is always the expression of a contrasting idea.

'Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.'

The first two lines with their sibilant s, serving like the l's in 'Sweet Echo' to draw the ear to some of the chief words, seem to be whispered through the awful silence, and the cause of this impression is that, as in a whisper, there are no bright sounds among the vowels. The end of the first line breaks a sentence in the middle, and the second is itself broken, as though the speaker paused for very awe before the grand vision of the mountain. Another break in the sentence at the end of the line, and the third with its wide vowels, and its pause in the midst gives us the same feeling of terrible, impersonal beauty that a great mountain itself makes on us. The sounds, though open, are not round, there is nothing passionate, nothing human about them. Notice how the voices of the rivers are

heard through the stillness, without breaking it, and how the line and a half relating to them contrast with, and increase the icy calm of the rest. This is done by breaking the smooth flow of the verse with the names of the rivers, not by introducing any fresh description of sound, which would have made too great a contrast. The whispering effect of the *s* is then repeated; we seem to feel the silence, while the weight of the words:

‘Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass,

brings home to us the heavy darkness of the sky before dawn, behind the white-capped mountain.

‘Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life’s own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!’

Now the sound of the words changes with the fresh idea, giving us our first strong contrast; ‘yet,’ a little pause, like one in music at the beginning of a new phrase, and the sweetest strain is heard; the better to mark this we should use a very sweet narrative tone for the two lines of metaphor; hitherto we have spoken directly to the mountain, and do so again in the third line. Notice how the reiteration of ‘life’ seems, like the repetition of a powerful chord, to wake up the lines, and thence the syllables become rich, round, instinct with the rapture of the human soul, raising itself to contemplate its Maker. The pausation in this poem is masterly; notice the grand effect made by the dash before ‘there’; we seem to wait for the passage and transformation of the soul, and the next word comes with a kind of triumphant joy at being freed from the trammels of the flesh; another pause, made by the end of the line, as though we were contemplating the great change, while it worked itself out in us, and then, as though suddenly set free from the things of the earth, we must conclude in a rapture of awestruck delight.

‘Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.’

This quotation shows us how right we have been in our reading of the last, and indeed poems should always be studied as a whole, and the bearing of each part on the rest considered before we attempt to interpret it. Now again there is a change; the sound is sharper, as of one calling to sleepy companions. This is caused by the consonants, which are clearer, but not as resonant as those of the former

quotation, in which we found such words as 'mighty,' 'passing,' 'swelled'; now we have 'awake,' 'secret,' 'ecstasy,' 'swelling,' all sharper, narrower sounds. This relieves the ear and prepares it, to receive with double effect the solemn appeal of the next passage.

'Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink: |
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?'

The first line is a grave adjuration of the chief worshipper, it must be said with great earnestness, but not too weightily, first because the sound is not so heavy as that of some others which we have already passed in the poem, and secondly because being at the beginning of a very grand verse we must not put out our whole power, or we shall have none to draw from. Observe the exquisite contrast made between the robust sound of the second line, and the thinness of that of the third, caused by its many i's in 'visited,' 'night,' and 'by,' where the y is pronounced like an i; as though the star-light were too unearthly and too clear to be appropriately spoken of in any but light sounds.

The three lines beginning with 'who,' being, in some sort the echo of each other, should be given *accelerando* to avoid monotony, for whenever a word or line is in any way repeated, unless we can express a distinct idea by saying them exactly alike, we should either give them all differently, that the different thoughts contained in them may be brought out, or else so as to intensify their one meaning; this may be done by increasing or diminishing the tone, or the feeling expressed by the tone in which we say them, or both.

'And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?'

Here again is contrast; between the grand, deliberate appeal to the mountain, calm as itself, and the far quicker movements of that to the 'wild torrents,' all is hurry, there is no repose, no majestic march of words; grandeur, yes, but the grandeur of the resistless might of the foaming water, which drags the very rocks themselves

along with it. There are no great sonorous sounds, but neither are there any which are small or petty or merely sweet; they are strong, open, and have an energy of motion, which slackens for a moment for the more sonorous sixth line, intended to prepare us by contrast for the outleap of powerful movement in the seventh, which must be read *accelerando* and *crescendo*; the comma pauses being distinctly given, and then works up to the next line, in which the word 'thunder' falls on the ear like the blow of water, shooting over a precipice, and striking on the rocks below, the effect being made by the strong hard sound of the un and d. And then having reached the first climax, a second is made by the contrast of the sudden calm of the last two lines, which are as quiet as the command of one who knows he must be obeyed. Notice how the comma pause after 'stiffen' conveys this effect, the three concluding monosyllables falling on the ear like a cold authoritative speech.

'Ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!'

Notice again how the lines grow thinner in sound, thereby growing colder, and losing human feeling, and notice especially the marvellous effect given by the line of two sentences of two long words each,

'Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!'

There is motion in the preceding line; the words 'maddest plunge' again gives us the picture of the water dashing violently over the cliffs, and then—the adjectives, cold and hard, with thin, clear-sounding syllables, freeze into stillness the strong passionate nouns they qualify; and we see the torrents stiffened into immobility, thus forming one of the most splendid contrasts of the poem. Here the effect must be given not only by the coldness of the tone, but by an exceeding distinctness of articulation, to bring out the stillness of the adjectives. Then follows a crescendo for the thrice repeated 'Who,' and the single word of the answer comes like a clap of thunder, but its repetitions must each have its appropriate character. The torrents we feel have a robust voice, they speak like 'a shout of nations'; the ice-plains reply in a faint and spirit-like

whisper, like 'an echo'; the meadows streams as happy wholesome girls, the pine groves murmur, and then we work up again to the thunder roll of the avalanche.

'Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!'

Once more there is a pause in the movement, and we begin more slowly and quietly, as befits a flower; to increase the pace and energy of our delivery with each line, until we reach the climax of the last.

'Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.'

In this last division of the poem the time once more changes and becomes a solemn andante, which marches on full of joyful awe. Now the impression is one of complete stillness; the avalanche shoots downward but 'unheard,' and we must speak calmly and steadily, with but little change of tone in order to convey this idea. Once indeed a line moves less evenly to give the feeling that the poet's voice trembles with unshed tears, but it passes at once, and two lines farther on, after the dash before 'Rise, O ever rise,' we must begin a very gradual crescendo, which will culminate in the grand climax of the whole:

'Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.'

In every complete poem belonging to the second class, there is, when it is written by a master hand, what we call the climax; this is not necessarily the place where the loudest tone of voice is used, but it is the point round which all the rest of the matter is grouped, to which it all works; it is the idea, occurrence, or emotion, to display which the whole poem was written. It must, therefore, be our chief care to discover it, and to make it stand out distinctly from the rest, or our interpretation will have a one-sided, unbalanced effect, much as if in copying some great picture, the central figure were omitted. We must also bring out the manner in which the rest of

the poem works towards this climax; for the preparation for, and the leading up to it forms, as it were, the skeleton or framework of the whole, and unless this is clearly shown, we shall be apt to get the different parts confused, losing thereby many of their beauties, and the interest of our hearers.

In 'Pairing Time' the feathered *dramatis personæ* constitute the framework; the moral, the climax, for this is in reality the text of the whole. In 'Sweet Echo' it is the resonant last line to which the harmonies of the whole poem work, while the 'Skylark's' joyous song is merely the vehicle of the lesson of holy contentment, which it taught the weary earthbound traveller. In the 'Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni,' the climax lies in the last line, for it is the outcome of the whole grand meditation, but the joints and pieces of the framework are most complicated and less easily discerned than in the other simpler poems with which we have had to do. We have already shown the different changes of voice and manner of reading, suggested by the variations of sound in the verse itself, as well as the chief contrasts; these constitute the frame; and we may farther notice that through them all there is an evident progression. We never return to the chill, frozen awe of the beginning; cold as are some of the pictures called up before our mind's eye, there is another element in them, the mighty hand of the creating power, which increases their force, and takes away that sense of dead repose which characterises the first lines. Then again of the two series of 'Who' that we have noticed, the second is far the strongest; and in the same way the points where the soul rises to a rapture of adoration increase in force; and though for a moment the emotion may seem to lessen, as in the passage following: 'As in her natural form swelled vast to heaven,' yet it is only that a softer form of feeling has set in, and the verse rises again, and passes the previous height of emotion at the reply of the torrents, and is surpassed again by the cry of the elements, and that again by the grand close.

One of the most important points to be considered in interpreting this glorious hymn is so to render it that the lesser climaxes may not overpower and obliterate either each other or the last and chief, and thus to preserve the sense of growth and development, without which the whole is reduced to the level of a series of fine pictures and noble sentiments, strung together with no object or connecting link. It is this power of rendering a poem as an artistic whole which marks the master in the art of reading. It cannot be attained without trouble and labour, but it will repay us well, not only in the additional pleasure which we shall be able to give to others, but in the delightful insight which we shall gain into the noble thoughts of some of the greatest minds among our countrymen.

(To be continued.)

LESSONS TO BE LEARNT AT LOCKSLEY HALL.

BY THE REV. ALFRED GURNEY.

‘Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in His Hand
Who saith, “A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid”!’
—*Browning.*

THE rather hasty and not very discriminating verdict that has been passed by not a few of his critics upon Lord Tennyson's last poem—‘Locksley Hall sixty years after’—is that it is the pessimism of an old man who has lost the power of seeing the bright side of things.

This verdict has been in a manner anticipated by the poet himself, who continually checks and almost rebukes himself as an ‘old white-headed dreamer,’ who thinks ‘grey thoughts,’ and who is conscious of the danger to which old age is ever exposed of misinterpreting the signs of the times, and mistaking the glimmer of the dawn for the fading gleam of the evening. Rightly understood, however, no great poem of modern times is less open to the charge of pessimism; for it gives energetic expression to an invincible hope that the end will be unspeakably, inconceivably blessed—‘Love will conquer at the last.’ And this hope rests on a firm persuasion that a sure foundation has been laid by the Hand of God. The concluding verses, in which the Incarnation is proclaimed as the one all-sufficient ground of hope, are some of the most precious and weighty that Tennyson has ever written.

Before considering the conclusion, however, let us dwell on two or three other lessons that are suggested in the course of the poem.

An old man is reviewing his life, vividly brought back to him as he looks once again on the familiar scenes of his boyhood—the old hall and tower overlooking the sandy tracts, which he finds himself pacing as of old to the monotonous music of the waves. At the age of eighty, we may suppose, he looks back over sixty years to the crisis which had brought with it so desolating a disappointment. The old poem is still fresh in our memories, and our pulses—it needs but to turn the familiar page—still dance to its impassioned music. But the end now arrived at is strangely unlike that which the fevered imagination of the rejected lover had predicted. His Cousin Amy who had loved him had failed him; the heart that had been given was withdrawn, and a rival preferred. In the bitterness of outraged affection he had accused her of shallowness and fickleness, her parents

of tyrannical and heartless worldliness, his rival of being a sot and a clown. Now he brings the accusation against himself of being the 'clown,' and with shame and regret records against himself the refusal of the proffered hand of the successful suitor, to attend whose funeral he finds himself now once more at Locksley Hall. Sixty years ago he found his consolation in the contemplation of human progress, and the glad anticipation of a golden age soon to be realised of peace and prosperity pervading the world. Now all those too sanguine hopes have been disappointed, and the enthusiasms to which they gave birth damped and blighted. But upon their ruins has sprung up and blossomed a hope more reasonable and better grounded, larger and grander, attaining at length to the calm assurance of faith.

And it is evident that the falsification of all his passionate predictions of evil accruing, as the result of their marriage, to those who had wronged him, has contributed not a little to this happy result. He knows now that he had misjudged them: 'youthful jealousy is a liar.' Their union, followed by his cousin's early death, had, instead of dragging her down, lifted his rival up, and made him capable of living a useful and honourable life—so much so that, in addressing his own grandson who now comes into possession of the estate, he can but exhort him to follow in the steps of Amy's husband, who during the long years of widowhood had occupied himself with the good works of a wise, liberal, and enterprising landlord.

How much has passed away! is naturally the poet's first thought. '*Gone*' is the refrain of the earlier part of the monologue. The fires, follies, furies, curses, and tears of youth have gone, and the tyrant of his early years, presumably Amy's father, and his own comrades and contemporaries, and his wife—Edith—sketched as only Tennyson can sketch a woman in three lovely stanzas. And here a verse occurs that suggests a deep lesson. Many years had clearly elapsed after his rejection by Amy before he found a wife in Edith, and Amy herself had been long dead. Glorified now in the golden light that lies on the other side of death, they *both* accompany his steps, and love, purified and spiritualised, is found to be none the less tender because less exclusive than of old. Death in this way ministers to love, because it introduces higher conditions of life; it removes limitations and disabilities.

'Here to-day was Amy with me, while I wandered down the coast,
Near us Edith's holy shadow, smiling at the slighter ghost.'

Edith's are the smiles wherein is no cruelty. As a child she had smiled upon him—her 'winsome face' 'a flower among the flowers'—in the very crisis of his early fate, and now from the living eminence (not the dead-level) to which death has lifted them both, her smile rests sister-like upon Amy.

And so the poet proceeds to limit the meaning of the word he uses so often—'Gone.' A departure is not necessarily a forsaking; a seeming loss may be a real gain; when the tabernacle of flesh crumbles, it is really a wall of partition that is taken away, and in every age 'the sacred passion of the second life' has been man's inspiration. Three stanzas which enforce this lesson, and bring the first part of the poem to a conclusion, must be quoted—

'Gone for ever! Ever? no—for since our dying race began,
Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man.

Truth for truth, and good for good! The Good, the True, the Pure,
the Just;

Take the charm "For ever" from them, and they crumble into dust.

Gone the cry of "Forward, Forward!" lost within a growing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.'

Simple truths, but never more needed than now. The true man only can appropriate truth; only he that doeth righteousness is righteous; the perfect only is the permanent. The believer in immortality, moreover, is able to possess his soul in patience, and forego the cry of 'Forward,' which is not really lost, only for a season superseded by a penitent acknowledgment of impatience and wrong-doing. Let death come and silence all other cries, and then in the hush so produced a still small voice shall utter it again, and from the Lord's open tomb it shall go forth to proclaim a victory, not only desired and anticipated, but achieved. It is surely by the verse at the end of the poem, when life's crusade terminates in the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the knowledge of life victorious over death, that this earlier verse is to be interpreted. Another and a truer conception of progress has been gained, and happily substituted for that rather giddy one of the first poem, suggested by the line—

'Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.'

For now an *upward* movement is before us—the ascension of humanity, guaranteed by His uprising, Who has set this seal to His most sure word of prophecy, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.'

The Prophets' scrolls of old, so full of radiant promise, were not without lamentation and mourning and woe; and so here 'our Prophet,' as Mr. Gladstone delights to call him, deals largely in warnings, protests, admonitions, and denunciations. Pauperism, the result of selfishness and luxury; a cruel and insincere democracy; a false and shallow doctrine of equality that, seeking to destroy division, issues in confusion; an unscrupulous Socialism, whose weapons are menace and plunder; Irish outrages; political party spirit, the corrupter of patriotism, and the parent of lies; Art and Literature no longer teachers and interpreters, holding up the mirror to Nature, but rudely rending the veil and desecrating the *penetralia*

of the House of Life; Science, divorced from love and wisdom, baffled in all its endeavours to carry forward to a satisfactory conclusion the reforms that it inaugurates, so that 'Progress halts on palsied feet';—these are some of the things that he denounces and bewails. The impetuous, indignant verses sweep on for some fifteen pages like a thunderstorm that gathers and growls, and breaks at length with many a flash and peal, and rolls forward and backward among the mountains, until at last the echoes die away, and the tumult subside, leaving a purified atmosphere, and an earth becalmed and ready for the benedictions of the sun.

Matthew Arnold, in one of his early essays on the 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment,' speaks in glowing terms of the poet-saint, Francis of Assisi. It is interesting to find Tennyson a sharer in the same devotion, a devotion which Ruskin also has done much to stimulate. The father of the Franciscans, heaven-born child of Nature, is the saint who is here invoked, and whose 'Catholic wholeness' is the principle that our poet desiderates amid all the disintegrating influences which in our modern world threaten to subvert the very foundations of human society. Sanctity is felt to be in truth the only sanity, the only security.

'Are we devils? are we men?
Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,
He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, brothers—and the beasts—whose pains are hardly less than ours!'

He, and those like him, are in truth the children of Wisdom who justify their mother; and theirs has been in every age the soul-sustaining, joy-inspiring vision of which our poet-seer himself has caught a glimpse, for he sings—

'Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun,
Crown'd with sunlight—over darkness—from the still unrisen sun.'

The next section of this many-toned, many-tinted 'dramatic monologue' is one in which the poet questions himself, and picturing an earthly paradise, realises that it is only through the gate of Death that his ideal can be reached, and the true 'cosmos' attained. It contains the most musical lines and vivid pictures, and leads on to a grand theological conclusion.

'Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by-and-by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,
Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.'

The same thought is strikingly presented by Emerson in his interesting essay on 'Circles.' 'The eye,' he says, 'is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine described the

nature of God as a circle, whose centre was everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.'

The verses about the moon, which really lead up to this, are extremely characteristic and suggestive. Like all the poets and prophets, men of intuition and aspiration, Tennyson has a standing feud with the science (falsely so called) that points to Materialism as the only true philosophy, a science that threatens to be-little and degrade all that it touches. 'Dead,' he says, is all that the new astronomy can say about the moon. He does not question the truth of that dictum, but he goes on to recall what the moon was to him when for the last time he kissed Amy sixty years ago. The inference is—can anything so potent in its loveliness, so radiant and so eloquent in its 'living glory,' be *merely* a dead cinder? Is the scientific account of it an adequate one? The moon certainly has a meaning and a message for poets and for lovers. Ask Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats; ask any youth or maiden visited for the first time by the genuine heart-thrill, when from the holy contact of two virgin spirits is born a spirit-voice, the herald of an incoming day of grace, whose sunshine shall swallow up all darkness without and within. The moon is at least an admirable reflector, and gives us, when the world's shadow falls over her children, a lovely image and memorial of the buried sun. Whether dead or alive, she still rules the night, and stands fast for evermore 'a faithful witness in heaven.'

But the verses must be quoted. We are hushed and solemnised as we read them, and find our hearts still palpitating with the emotions that have been stirred within them by the preceding pages, brought suddenly into the sanctuary of the still night, and under the canopy of the starry skies—

'Dead, the new astronomy calls her . . . on this day and at this hour,
In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the Locksley tower,
Here we met, our latest meeting—Amy—sixty years ago—
She and I—the moon was falling greenish thro' a rosy glow,
Just above the gateway tower, and even where you see her now—
Here we stood and claspt each other, swore the seeming-deathless vow. . .
Dead, but how her living glory lights the hall, the dune, the grass!
Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and the sun himself will pass.'

And so the thought is at once suggested—the sun himself is but a reflector, destined to perish, and shining meanwhile with a borrowed, a derived light, which speaks to us of an illumination, a light-bearer, whose heavenly lustre is out of sight. As the flickering flame of the candle that serves us through the vigils of the night is extinguished when the curtains are drawn to greet the sunrise, so shall the sun himself be put out, his light quenched by the inrush of a greater glory, when the Dayspring from on high inaugurates the new day—the morning without an evening.

'All the suns—are these but symbols of innumerable man,
Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the planner or the plan?'

And the triumph of God's plan, the Christian 'Evolution,' over man's marplot, 'Reversion,' is immediately indicated in the line already quoted—

'Only That which made us meant us to be mightier by-and-by.'

Thus are we led to His Feet, Who holds the stars in His Right Hand, Whose Face is as the sun shining in his strength.

And so we reach the concluding section. Here the cry of 'Forward' is recovered; but it means much more now than it did of old—

'Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth shall be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or if she gain her earthly-best,
Would she find her human offspring this ideal man at rest?

Forward then, but still remember how the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.'

The ideal man cannot enter into rest under the conditions even of the earthly-best; for the ideal man is in truth the 'New Man,' whose conversation is in Heaven. And so 'Forward' points to nothing short of that 'rest that remaineth' beyond the horizons of Time. The world is the phantom that passes and perishes; the *substance* of things by which these shadows are cast is the abiding possession of the man who in death puts off his swaddling bands, and wakes up to the true human consciousness—

'All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years.'

Is it not cause for rejoicing that an increasing harmony may be discerned as we listen attentively to the most eloquent and piercing and persuasive voices that speak to our distracted times? Are not all true seers, who speak with the authority of conviction, calling men to the sobriety of mind and the simplicity of life which minister to faith? all instructed scribes of the kingdom bringing out of their treasury things new and old—Carlyle and Ruskin, Gladstone and Browning, no less than Tennyson?

But the majestic conclusion awaits us. It consists of six stanzas—stanzas which, blending the music of Christmas and Easter, leave us soothed and tranquillised and reassured, though with a deepened sense of life's mystery and solemnity, and of its awful possibilities. The Incarnation; the true character of the conflict within us as well as around, depending ultimately on the action and attitude of the will; the Bethlehem Star, a luminous finger visible to all pilgrim souls in all lands and all ages, pointing them along the desert-pathway to their true home, the divinity of humanity revealed in Him to whom the star leads; the responsibility of man as regards the Light that visits Him, the Light that enlightens every man; and the final, all-sufficient discovery, when at length he finds the Sepulchre of

Christ is his own, a tomb out of which life, not death, emerges, and hears the glad message—the great annunciation—delivered throughout all ages, throughout all worlds, by the Spirit-bearing, angel-haunted Church: ‘He is Risen as He said’;—these are the points rapidly touched upon with all the assurance that accompanies spiritual vision.

‘Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game:
Nay, there may be those about us whom we neither see nor name,

Felt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the Powers of Ill,
Strewing balm, or shedding poison in the fountains of the Will.

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the Past.
I that loathed, have come to love him. Love will conquer at the last.’

Love is the Conqueror—that is the conclusion, and it suffices. What other conclusion would we have? what other conclusion could such a theme under such treatment arrive at? Is it not in truth the end towards which must ascend every great poem, like the Divine Comedy of the Florentine, the Apocalypse of the Son of Thunder? That man is surely best able to encourage his fellow-men who, seeing and knowing the worst, and looking all the facts of human experience, however painful, however awful, full in the face, still falters not in his conviction that good shall in the end triumph over evil. The ultimate issue shall be worthy of One whose name is Love. The earlier ‘Locksley Hall’ was, we see now, unfinished—a fragment; this is the conclusion, a whole life is surveyed, and the goal reached. How much higher are we lifted by this prophetic announcement of Love’s final victory than if we saw realised before our eyes the fairest vision of the earthly-best, the world one golden harvest field, whence war and pestilence and famine have been for ever banished. Yes, the bugle-blast that so roused and fired us in the ‘Locksley Hall’ of sixty years ago has passed into something really sweeter, grander, not less penetrating, and more tranquillising—a strain which yields with its last breath an organ-note that seems to issue forth from amid the very perfumes of the presence-chamber, to reassure our doubting, shivering hearts as to the sovereignty and supremacy of Love. That this conviction should be so steadfastly entertained, and this truth so earnestly enforced by our poet of the laurel crown, is matter for deep thankfulness. His own Hesper seems to cast her heavenly light upon this his last page, radiant with the utterance of an unconquerable hope, the undoubting expectation of ‘all good things’ in life’s home-going, and set to music soothing and solemnising as a Nunc Dimittis.

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

BY ALICE WEBER,

AUTHOR OF 'THE OLD HOUSE IN THE SQUARE,' 'AT SIXES AND SEVENS,' ETC.

'As a granite block is to the atoms of which it is composed when disintegrated, so are men in organic combination to the same men only aggregated together. Each particle contracts new qualities which are created by the intimacy of union.'—*J. A. Froude.*

IN jotting down a few thoughts suggested by Easter, it is not the intention or wish of the present writer to intrude rashly upon holy ground. The gift of drawing others, through the medium of voice or pen, within the precincts of such divine mysteries that the trammels of work-a-day wear are instinctively put off and laid aside, is not given to many. Preachers there are, and writers, who have the inspiration and the power so to lift the spirit, so to subdue the flesh; but, if those preachings and writings are to be of any efficacy, they must help us along the common ways of everyday life—ways which we are apt to pass blindly by in our strenuous efforts to reach some distant mountain-top of sublime height—ways which often need an after-glow from the light of Easter.

Granted that the Risen Life must be a Heavenly Life, but grant this too, that it is the trivial round of a daily life coming in constant contact with our neighbours, which stands in need of elevation.

Between the two poles of rising and falling, there lies a dead-level which may be as fatal as the last-mentioned state, that dead-level of a worthy unblamable life which fails to recognise the claims all around it. To discover these claims may certainly demand an imaginative sympathy, and when discovered, to satisfy them may demand a delicate tact.

'Oh, you mean district-visiting!' groans one.

'If you mean district-visiting,' cries another, 'you are telling us no new thing!'

Yes and No. I do mean district-visiting, but not that branch of it which concerns the poorer brethren. Understand me; workers there are along the line alluded to—and noble ones—who, 'through dusky lane and toiling mart,' can discern the family ties and live the Risen Life, in a way that would put to the blush some who sit at home at their ease and say funny things about district-visitors being 'visions of doubtful benevolence in waterproof cloak and galoshes.'

There are districts not easily defined, but which also have their sick and sorry, their poor and needy, although not renting tenements in slums, and not always—or at once—to be helped by active service.

For the district I am thinking of generally lies in that region where afternoon tea is dispensed with afternoon chat. And here I come to my point.

Cannot that cheering cup be sometimes seasoned with something that is, figuratively speaking, really stimulating? Cannot the ordinary social intercourse of the ordinary feminine life have just a little more elevation about it? Can we not occasionally do what a great living artist of the pre-Raphaelite School excels in, i.e. go through the drapery of gracefulness and through an interesting environment of detail, to the very *heart* of the subject? Or is it really a law that the dress and mannerism of civilised society forbids the supposition of a soul somewhere?

Poor long-exiled *conversation* would have some chance of holding its own again, if instead of the patter that harmonises with the clatter of cups and saucers, some topic that would promote discussion were now and again started in the drawing-room of an acquaintance.

True friends carry about with them a touchstone that is available at all times and seasons, in full dress or *négligé*, the touchstone of a strong personal sympathy. May we not use it, in a lesser degree, with strangers and acquaintances whom courtesy and custom insist upon our visiting? For it is among the so-called 'outsiders,' to whom we extend the one finger of conventional courtesy, and with whom we exchange conventional commonplaces, that a sphere lies for the acknowledgment of something larger than conventionality and higher than courtesy. Surely spirit with spirit is more likely to meet in an interchange of a few ideas fetched from a store of real thought, than in the wearisome effort to say always what is pleasant, which is often what is foolish, and not always what is true. Why not give, even to strangers, some of our good things instead of our trash? There are men and women, boys and girls, who would—not only believe themselves to be, but would actually—be far more high-thinking, far nearer to their own higher standards in every way, if we in our social intercourse credited one another more frequently with being what we might be.

Preserve me from wishing to convert afternoon calls and At Homes into the Academic Groves of Philosophy! Defend me from condemning 'nonsense for nonsense' sake'—that delicious *folie de rire* which is one of the purest diminutive recreations of a hardworking mind—amongst its familiars! Help me in condemning that grim earnestness which takes life *au grand sérieux*, even to the very last mite, and throws a moral into every child's story! for such earnestness is chilling and depressing as a month of east wind and hard frost.

But still, there is *this* which seems to me condemnable: a perpetual skimming over the surface and a flitting around the edge, which can never lead any nearer to that real entrance into another's life, of which our 'calling' and 'visitings' are but the outward signs.

And there is, on the other hand, an atmosphere to be lived in

rather than a law to be laid down ; a something which shall ' touch with no ascetic gloom ' the laughter and sparkle of life, but which can only come from a deepening consciousness that we are members, not only of one parish, of one sect, of one society, whatever or wherever it may be, but members of one universal brotherhood, under one elder Brother, that ' henceforth no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself.'

Dwell with this thought, and every common courtesy will be tinged with a new colouring ; ignore it, and those courtesies will become indeed common. Like an electric current, it must thrill from individual to individual, before there can be any true life in any society.

If we could only realise this brotherhood as one of the facts of Easter—not as an empty too-familiar term, but as an expansion of the dear home-feeling that binds the members of all true families to one another—how full and real would become so much in our daily intercourse that is often hollow and artificial ! How often would an acquaintance, that is prosaic from its very unmeaningness, develop into a friendship—which in its self-surrender, close sympathy, high aspirations, and united work, may become one of the best types of brotherhood, one of the surest witnesses to a Risen Life !

Many of our readers who belong to the G.F.S., must have admired Mrs. Sowersby's beautiful Card of Merit, issued authoritatively. They may be glad to hear that an even more delicately executed card for Easter, entitled, ' The Break of Day Card,' may be had by ordering them direct from Mrs. Sowersby, Stanton Broom, Sheffield. Her large memorial cards for Confirmation can be procured from Messrs. Beal and Co.

HOW BLIND CHINESE BEGGARS MAY BE TRANSFORMED INTO USEFUL SCRIPTURE READERS.*

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

THOSE who have attempted to master the excruciating difficulties of any of the numerous dialects of Chinese, or the terrible array of intricate written characters which the weary eye must transfer to memory ere it is possible to read the simplest book, can alone fully appreciate the boon which has been conferred on the legion of the blind in China, by means of the patient ingenuity of a Scotch working-man. Since in favoured England, where the ravages of small-pox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check, there are nearly forty thousand blind persons, we can form some idea of their number in China, England being just about the size of the smallest of the eighteen Provinces of that vast Empire. Whereas in our own land even to see one blind beggar is exceptional, in China there is not a city where they do not abound, frequently going about in companies of a dozen or more, and assembling at certain spots in clamorous crowds, hungry and almost naked—truly of all men most miserable—the more so, as many are also afflicted with leprosy.

The benefactor who has in such a wonderful sense opened the eyes of the blind, is Mr. W. H. Murray, whose calling to Mission work must be traced to an accident in a saw-mill, whereby he lost an arm, and so was disabled from following his original profession. This apparent calamity has resulted in a discovery, which, if properly developed, may prove an incalculable boon to millions yet unborn in the Celestial Empire.

As soon as he was able to resume work, Mr. Murray obtained employment as a rural letter-carrier in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, but was subsequently employed by the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, and at this time his remarkable facility for languages attracted the notice of some of the Directors. It was accordingly arranged that he should attend classes at the College, though his studies were not allowed to interfere with his regular work. All day long, therefore, he travelled with his Bible waggon, rising daily at 3 A.M. all through the chill winter mornings, in order to prepare for his classes at 8 and 9 A.M., and then began again at a new day's work of book-selling.

During this period, apparently so fully occupied, he found time for an additional study, his interest having been aroused by seeing so

* Chiefly condensed from vol. ii. of my 'Wanderings in China.'

many blind persons come to purchase books printed on Moon's system. Having mastered this, he took lessons in Professor Bell's system of visible speech, and also in Braille's system of reading and writing for the blind by means of embossed dots.

Ere long he was sent as the Scottish Bible Society's agent to Peking, where his work as a colporteur was at first very discouraging, but has of late years proved remarkably successful, and has included several highly encouraging Bible-selling expeditions into Mongolia. In the course of his sixteen years' work, he has sold upwards of 22,000 copies and portions of the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese and Tartar languages, so that were this the sole result of his accident, it would be no trifling gain to his fellow-men.

But furthermore, on arriving in China he found that the aforesaid system of visible speech (which he had acquired simply as an interesting curiosity) actually facilitated his own study of the very difficult language, so he noted down the value of every sound he mastered, and thus ascertained that these are really limited to about 420—a very goodly number as compared with our own 24, but a mere trifle as compared with the 4,000 distinct and crabbed characters which every Chinaman must learn to recognise at sight before he can read such a book as the Bible in ordinary print, a task which usually involves six years of diligent study. Even a child must master 1,200 characters before he can read the Chinese equivalent of Jack the Giant Killer.

The continual sight of the innumerable Chinese beggars, whom Mr. Murray met at every turn, awakened an unspeakable longing to devise some means of alleviating their hard lot, and it was evident that in a country where literature is held in such high honour, the power of reading would be simply an incalculable boon. He therefore set himself to reduce the 420 sounds to a system of equivalent dots, and his patient ingenuity was at length rewarded by finding that he was thus able accurately to represent the perplexing sounds of the language, and to replace the bewildering multitude of Chinese characters.

Having thus overcome these apparently insuperable difficulties, his next care was to test the system, and prove whether even the most sensitive fingers could learn to discriminate four hundred separate arrangements of dots. Selecting a poor little orphan blind beggar, who was lying almost naked in the streets, and who, notwithstanding his loneliness and poverty, always seemed cheerful and content, Mr. Murray took him in hand, washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself in earnest to mastering this new learning. Naturally, the boy was delighted, and we can imagine his ecstasy, and the thankful gladness of this teacher, when, *within six weeks*, he was able, not only to read fluently, but to write with remarkable accuracy!

To complete the experiment, two blind beggar men were next

induced to learn, the boy acting as teacher. One was able to read well within two months; the other more slowly, but also with great pleasure. It was at this stage that I made their acquaintance, and it struck me as intensely pathetic, as we stood at the door of a dark room—for it was night—to hear what I knew to be words of Holy Scripture, read by men who, less than four months previously, sat begging in the streets, in misery and rags, on the verge of starvation.

No wonder that to their countrymen it should appear little short of miraculous that blind beggars should be thus cared for by foreigners, and endowed with apparently supernatural powers; consequently when one was sent out to read in the street in company with a Native colporteur, crowds gathered round to see, hear, and to buy the Book. From the singular reverence of the Chinese for all written characters, and for those who can read them, it is evident that a blind reader there occupies a very different position from that of the men whom we are accustomed to see in our own streets. Furthermore, in no other country have so many converts attributed the conviction, which has induced them to face all the persecution that almost invariably follows the renunciation of idolatry, solely to their solitary study of some copy of the Scriptures which has casually fallen into their hands. Hence it is obvious, that as assistant colporteurs, blind Scripture readers may prove most valuable agents in spreading the knowledge of Christian Truth.

I may add that the same system has been applied to musical symbols, and several boys who were found to have a remarkable talent for music have now been instructed in its science, and have learnt to write music from dictation with extraordinary facility. When the sheet is taken out of the frame, each reads off his part, and rarely makes any mistake. One of these boys now plays the harmonium at the Sunday services in Chinese, the others forming an efficient choir.

Of course tidings of the wonderful gift thus conferred on a chosen few has brought others who, being able to maintain themselves, have come as self-supporting pupils. Thus one blind man arrived who had travelled 300 miles to put himself under Mr. Murray's tuition. Another came, who was found to be endowed with talents which seemed so specially to fit him for the ministry, that he has been transferred to an institution at Tien-Tsin where candidates are prepared for Holy Orders.

Amongst the recent pupils has been a handsome young married woman, about eighteen years of age, who lost her sight shortly before her marriage. Her betrothed, however, proved faithful, and brought her to Mr. Murray's care; in a few months she had mastered the mysteries of reading, writing, and music. Both bride and bridegroom are Christians. Another very satisfactory pupil is a young man who lost his sight when he was about twenty. He rapidly acquired the blind system of reading and writing, and then set to work to stereotype an embossed Gospel of St. Matthew in classical mandarin

Chinese, which is the *lingua franca* understood by all educated men throughout the Empire.

Of course, in a country where the dialects spoken between Canton and Peking are so different as to necessitate the publication of, at least, eight different translations of the Bible for persons with the use of their eyes, it is evident that these must be reduced to the dot system ere the blind beggars of the Central and Southern Provinces can share the privilege already open to those of North China; so that eventually schools for the blind must be established in Southern cities.

Meanwhile, however, it is highly desirable that the school so successfully commenced in Peking should be placed on a permanent footing. It is of course necessary to provide board, lodging, and raiment for the students, who have hitherto maintained themselves only by begging. For this purpose Mr. Murray has from the first taxed his own slender salary to the very uttermost. Moreover, as this blind teaching is altogether out of his official work, he has only been able to accomplish it in extra hours, stolen from sleep.

It is greatly to be desired that he should now be enabled to give up his incessant travelling with his Book Cart, in order to devote himself entirely to the development of the wonderful system which he alone is competent to carry out—also that he may thus have leisure to prepare the whole of the Holy Scriptures and other books, for the use of the 500,000 blind of China, for whom *absolutely nothing* has hitherto been done, either by their own countrymen, or by foreigners. But the Bible Society for which Mr. Murray works, is at present unable to undertake any fresh expense, in addition to the salary which must be paid to whoever is its Bible-selling agent at Peking.

It therefore rests with the public to make it possible for Mr. Murray to devote his remaining days to this, his special work, instead of being obliged as heretofore, to earn his own bread and that of his blind students, by ceaseless travel as a colporteur.

A few months ago an appeal was made to all who are interested either in the blind or in Chinese Missions, urging them to send a special Thankoffering for their own gifts of Sight and Light, in order to assist in this good work, and stating that £10 would maintain a student during one year's training.

It was further suggested, that a fund should be raised to secure a moderate permanent endowment. In reply to this, a letter was received from 'A Working Woman' to say that, as the development of so valuable a Mission Agency was evidently worth a very special effort, she wished to devote to this purpose £100, saved from her earnings, which she would forward in the hope that nine other persons would each send a similar sum, or that eighteen would each send, or undertake to collect £50.

For the sake of so excellent a work, it is much to be hoped that

not only the *nine* thus challenged will come forward, but that a capital of at least £5,000 may be raised, that there may always be a sure provision for the hire of a small house, a modest salary for a permanent teacher, and a sum sufficient for the maintenance of at least half-a-dozen indigent blind students, who year by year may be sent forth to read the Sacred Message in the streets of Peking and other great centres of heathenism, holding forth to others the Light which has gladdened their own lives.

After an absence of sixteen years, Mr. Murray has now returned to Britain for a while, hoping to receive practical evidence of sympathy in his work. Subscriptions and donations will be gladly received by William J. Slowan, Esq., Secretary of the National Bible Society of Scotland, 224, West George Street, Glasgow.

THE RIVIERA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

I WAS staying on the Riviera during the late earthquakes, and, after seeing their effects in our immediate neighbourhood, I became conscious of a strong desire to visit some of those far away villages which had suffered severely. But there had generally been loss of life, and one hardly liked to make a gazing-stock of the poor folks in their misery. How welcome then, was the news that a party of charitable English people intended to take brandy, sheets, blankets, clothing, etc., to the village which had suffered most, and that they wanted an interpreter. I am more familiar with the Italian of Dante than with that of the Ligurian contadino; however, no one better qualified than myself seemed available, so I jumped at the opportunity of combining duty with pleasure, and gladly agreed to go.

Two of our party decided to walk all the way—of these I was one. Very brilliant was the morning, and although it was early in March, and very early in the day, the sun was all too hot. For two hours we followed a steep, paved path, and then we reached a ridge, and had to pause to enjoy the view. Behind us, 3000 feet below, and five miles away, lay the shimmering, twinkling Mediterranean. Before us, also below, was a vast expanse of hills and valleys, enclosed in a semicircular range of dazzling, snowy peaks. We saw several little villages, each huddled on a peak, telling a tale of mediæval centuries of warfare and need of defence from the invading Saracens, and we soon made out the small town for which we were bound. We had reached our present position in two hours, whereas the guide-books had allowed three; but these generally credit the pedestrian tourist with the locomotive powers of an elderly snail, so we weren't unduly puffed up with pride, nor did we imagine that we had beaten the record.

Soon we started off again, and plunged down into the pleasant shade, and into the unpleasant snow which still lies on the northern slopes of the hills in Italy. Unfortunately we took a short cut and got into difficulties. In some places the snow was so soft that my friend and guide sank in up to his knees. I profited by his experience and fared better, but oh! why had I been so foolish as to wear my best boots? Several trees lay across our path, and we had to scramble through their thick branches, feeling that the slightest carelessness might precipitate us over the slippery edge of the precipice. Sometimes we were aware of rocks under the snow, sometimes of stones or mud. At last, however, the track wound round into the sunshine, which soon dried our clothes and our unfortunate boots, and restored

our equanimity. We saw some primroses, rare flowers in Italy, and picked them for love of old England, but felt no wish to transport ourselves to that cold climate—we afterwards learnt that our London home was at that moment wrapped in yellow fog. Another turn in the path showed that we had nearly reached our destination, a small town built on a peak overlooking the lower but hilly surrounding country. Many tents on its outskirts told a tale of general insecurity of houses, and as we walked up the main street we found that all the buildings were supported by poles and beams. The streets were full of *contadini*, but I knew by experience how incomprehensible is their *patois*, so I was delighted when we met an officer, and I addressed him with a diffidence, which his ready comprehension and charming smile soon converted into confidence. He was the Lieutenant commanding soldiers who had been sent by the Government to this, as to all other earthquake-wrecked villages. His uniform was spotless, his little pointed boots were brilliantly black—they were as polished as his manners, and I can imagine nothing more perfect in its way than either. It is difficult to describe that charm which seems peculiar to a few individuals among the Southern races. I can only say that the longer we talked with our Lieutenant, the better friends we became with him, and with ourselves. His every look, and word, and gesture made a pleasing impression, and he hung upon our syllables as if he cared for nothing else in the world.

What, had we walked over the mountains—the young lady, too—was it possible? Surely we must belong to an Alpine Club! True, we had come upon an interesting and charitable mission. The English had already sent help—generous nation! Yes, the poor people had sufficient food, sent daily by the Government, but they sadly wanted warm covering. He, too, had no blanket, he admitted parenthetically. I expressed sympathy, and his speech became still more fluent. He placed his poor lodging at our disposal; would we rest or refresh ourselves? No? Then might he have the melancholy pleasure of showing us the site of the late disaster? Sentries had been placed to keep the people from going into the higher, more ruined part of the town; but they merely saluted as we passed. My companion thinks that our guide was pleased to have the chance of acting as *cicerone* to the first lady who had visited the poor town; for our parts, we were glad of the lucky chance which had brought him across our path. One couldn't help wishing that a few of one's male kinsfolk and acquaintance at home could be endowed with this man's charm of manner. How it would increase their chances of promotion, how pleasant it would be for them, how pleasant for ourselves! Then followed the thought that appearances are deceptive, that these silver-tongue children of the South care but little for truth-telling. But one made a mental reservation in favour of our '*duca cortese*'; gratitude required it. Finding that my companion understood but little Italian, he spoke slowly and distinctly, emphasising important

words. He apologised profusely for the state of the deserted streets, dark they were, certainly, like tunnels; but in comparison with our path over the hills their steepness seemed flat as the Thames Embankment, and their roughness smooth as Piccadilly when September has brought it fresh wood-pavement.

At the top of the town we found the church, and through the ruined doorway, flanked by five Romanesque columns, we looked on a scene of desolation. Our guide repeated the sad tale in pathetic terms. On Ash Wednesday, at 6.30 A.M., five hundred people knelt at Mass. The earthquake shook the building and the roof fell in, killing two hundred and thirty of the worshippers. We saw that the roof had been low-pitched with a wide span, and without any supporting pillars, and we wondered that it hadn't fallen before. Much attention had been given to the decoration of the church, and little, evidently, to the construction. Students of Ruskin will not be surprised to hear that the building was in the style of the late Renaissance. Only twenty people were killed in the streets or houses, so had the earthquake occurred a few hours earlier, when the church was empty, the loss of life would have been small. On the other hand, half an hour later the congregation would have been twice as large, and the number of victims proportionately greater. The *débris* of the roof lay in great heaps on the floor, and imagination pictured with painful vividness the scene of only a week ago. Then we were taken to a point at the edge of the town whence we overlooked the cemetery, and saw the large cruciform grave in which the two hundred and fifty victims had been buried. Women, whose only sign of mourning was a black handkerchief on the head, passed us, and dropped on their knees in silent prayer. We, too, remained silent for a long time.

Then our friend's cavalcade wound in sight. The Lieutenant returned to his duties with many offers of future service; but alas! we saw him no more, and we proceeded to the *curé's* house and helped to unload the mules. Two immense bundles of old linen first engaged our attention. My companion was naturally interested in them, as he had begged their contents from the hotel-keepers in the town where we were staying. He shouldered one package, I followed with the other, staggering under them as porters do when carrying those arks, which Americans call trunks. Luckily we soon reached our destination, the little church converted into a hospital, and the doctor who greeted us with a cry of *attendrissement*, speedily relieved us of our burdens. He, too, was charming, and had much to tell us. He had come to the very town where we were staying, with the intention of enjoying the carnival and taking a holiday. The first part of his programme had been carried out; but the first news of the destruction wrought by the earthquake had made him forget everything except the conviction that he could be of use. He had helped to remove the dead and injured from the church, had made beds out

of the seats of the chapel where we now stood, and had there established a hospital. For the first few days he had no help of any kind. The contadini, always stupid, were paralysed with fright, and they refused to enter the hospital. Was it not a church, and had they not been injured in a church? He had to carry them in forcibly, in spite of their protestations, the soldiers helping and acting as nurses. He asked us to send him bandages, iodine, soap, and disinfectants, and we easily realised the need for the last two. Imagination pictured those English hospitals with which one is familiar—their light and airy wards, their perfect cleanliness—and as we looked round on the dark and stuffy place, we felt desperate . . . a miserable sense of incompetency checking our natural impulse to volunteer help in nursing. A few of the injured had died, but most were doing well. A very old couple, husband and wife, were pointed out to us; poor old things, they could have had but little chance of escape in the terrible struggle, and we wondered that they survived. One girl watched us from her bed with a look of great interest in her beautiful black eyes, and to this day we regret that a certain *mauvaise honte* kept us from going up to speak to her.

The doctor walked back to the *curé's* with us, pleased to tell his troubles to sympathetic hearers. He said that English men had brought brandy and useful medicines, but not one German had come, although they were as numerous as the English at the seaside town a dozen miles away. We received this statement with mingled feelings, glad that prompt help had been given by our countrymen; sorry that another nation had failed in so simple a duty. He enquired eagerly how the earthquake had affected other places—he had seen no newspapers for a week. We met a poor man carrying a tiny baby, and learnt that most of the victims were women; curious how one finds mainly female congregations in every church! Many houses had pine branches nailed to the doors. That, said the doctor, was a sign of the presence of a patient, and very proud he seemed of this his little device for sparing himself enquiries among the people and streets which had at first been strange to him. Had we not in English a proverb which said that sometimes the hours were worth gold? 'Time is money,' we said, in our native tongue. He recognised the sound, and repeated it with such delight, that we felt ourselves to be in the presence of that exceedingly *rara avis*—an Italian endowed with a sense of the value of time.

At the *curé's* we found the splendid quantity of garments made or collected by our friends. Even here we remembered the teachings of political economists and of the Charity Organisation Society, and we were anxious to avoid the danger of indiscriminating almsgiving. So the priest was asked to send the most necessitous and deserving of the poor, and these came in one by one to receive the articles of clothing. It was sometimes difficult to find right garments or suitable recipients, and I often wonder who became possessed of a magnificent pair of red

silk stockings, full of holes, but adorned with yellow embroidered clocks.

But the afternoon was wearing away, and many miles lay between us and our dinner. A large part of our sandwiches had been given to a poor old woman with a pretty little girl; still, we weren't unduly exhausted. The mountain air was invigorating, and so was the excellent local wine, which cost about sixpence a quart, and tasted like hock; in case any one should wish to import some of it into England, I will confess that we were too thirsty to discriminate nicely. Before leaving, we exchanged an English handshake, with many compliments, with the devoted little doctor. We promised to do our best to get help for him, and I am glad to be able to add that two English ladies, thoroughly competent nurses, rode up the next day and established themselves in the hospital. The poor man told us that he had not been in bed for a week; he was unshaved, but his exquisite cleanliness showed that the supply of soap for which he asked was not for himself—he must have reserved a little store for his own use. Italian is the language of exaggeration, for the 'issimo' slips in with astonishing ease; but I am sure the worthy little man deserved still more praise than he got. We left him with heartfelt regret.

Just before leaving the town we read a telegram from the Mayor of Genoa, introducing a message from King Humbert. This last was alluded to as our 'more than Father,' and certainly his expressions were full of affectionate feeling. The people crowded round the paper—it was printed, posted on the front of the Syndic's house—and seemed delighted. We had been long enough in Italy to know that the attachment between the royal family and the people is really strong, and we wished that poor Cavour could know the complete successfulness of that Constitutional Monarchy which he established.

Once more we visited the cemetery and paused before the terribly large grave; then we journeyed homewards, possibly wiser, certainly sadder, for the experiences of a day which we shall never forget.

H. H.

HOW THE DEVIL PREACHED A SERMON.

Down perilous mountain paths a monk went slowly,
 Conning the sermon he must preach that night;
 Unheeding of his steps, whilst counsels holy,
 And eloquent appeals he shaped aright.
 Was it by hapless chance, or wiles of Hell,
 That, stumbling, from the giddy height he fell?

Then rose a shriek of devilish exultation,
 As crushed he lay, half dead, o'erwhelmed with pain,
 And fiends, rejoicing over man's damnation,
 Sent their fierce gibes across the dizzying brain:
 'Meddler! whose chattering lured our slaves away,
 Lie there—thy tongue will save no soul to-day!'

'Dear Lord,' he gasped, 'the task that Thou hast set me
 Is not the task that I had thought would be.
 I went to do Thy will—Thy will hath met me.
Fiat! since Thou hast no more need of me,
 Thy pitying hand can guide these souls aright,
 Although no sermon should be preached to-night.'

So when, once more, the evil voice came screeching
 Like a foul night bird with its croaking cry,
 'Rouse, rouse thee, sluggard! who will do the preaching?'
 'Thou, Satan, thou,' inspired he made reply.
 'In His dear Name, who chains each helpless limb,
 Go, take my place—go, frighten souls to Him.'

In the far church was stir and expectation;
 For all the country knew the preacher's fame,
 And from all parts an eager congregation
 Of varied ranks, with varied motives came.
 The world-worn hearts,—the heart untouched by care,
 The critic, scorner, sceptic, all were there.

Sudden a whisper rose, 'The pious Preacher,
 By call unlooked for kept against his will,
 In kindly thought hath sent another teacher,
 To take the office that he cannot fill;
 We do not know his face, nor whence he came,
 But Brother Obligatus is his name.'

Then all the church grew dark, and each to other
Turned frightened eyes, and listened for a storm;
And, on the altar steps, the stranger brother
Stood, dimly seen, a faint and shadowy form,
And, through the twilight and the cowl's disguise,
Pierced the red glare of two despairing eyes.

He spoke; and at his voice came surging sadness
In a great wave o'er each indifferent soul,
And long past deeds, done in temptation's madness,
And faults forgot lay open like a scroll.
And tremblingly they heard the text begin,
'Death everlasting is the wage of sin.'

Sure in that home of peace and meditation
Were never heard before such words of flame;
No softening touch of mercy and salvation,
Not once the music of the Holy Name;
But bitter tale of everlasting gloom,
Almighty justice, and the sinner's doom.

He told of evil love to hatred turning,
Of long past sins, fresh cankering day by day,
Sins, which the lost souls felt, with hopeless yearning,
A prayer, a tear, might once have washed away.
Might once! Ah! bitter thought of time misused,
Of mercy thrown away, and grace refused.

There horror dwells, and everlasting sadness,
The gnawing of the worm that dieth not,
And creatures, made for goodness and for gladness,
Loathe the perverted will that fixed their lot,
And crave, the while they mock, eternal bliss,
And curse the poor frail joys whose end was—this.

'Time yet is yours,' he cried, 'to waste or use it,
For you still dawns the acceptable day;
Your soul is yet your own to save or lose it,
Grace yet is yours to seize or cast away.
For you still open stands the narrow gate,
For *you*—for *you*—it is not yet too late!'

Those words, the sob of anguish unavailing,
Thrilled echoing through the chancel far and wide,
And all men felt as if a lost soul's wailing
Within their ears would evermore abide;
And, as they crossed themselves in passionate prayer,
Lo! the strange preacher was no longer there.

Oh, then arose a shudder and a weeping,
For faith and hope with terror strangely blent,
Then stirred the sluggish soul, not dead but sleeping,
The light of purpose grew to fixed intent.
And thought the sceptic, 'Oh! to-night in sooth,
No man could hear and doubt he heard the truth.'

And far into the night, and on the morrow,
There knelt within the church a prayerful throng;
And anxious crowds, that came in fear and sorrow,
Left the confessionals refreshed and strong;
And many a frightened heart devoutly prayed,
'Save, save, O Lord, the creatures Thou hast made.'

Fiends made lament o'er souls escaped their keeping,
Was joy in Heaven o'er many a sinner won,
And calm beneath the stars the monk lay sleeping,
His purpose answered, and his journey done.
Good friends, let holy fear our portion be,
Lest Satan take the text for you and me.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is reading (or writing) novels favourable to the development of a fine character or not?

Chelsea China always presupposes that the readers and writers of the 'Monthly Packet' will take the ordinary rules of religion and morality for granted. She did not think that reading or writing immoral fiction *could* be regarded as a subject open to debate in the pages of this periodical. It also appears to her quite obvious that if you read novels when you ought, say, to be writing them, or darning your stockings, or doing your accounts, or entertaining your family, as the case may be, the occupation cannot have a good effect on your character. A few words of warning on these points might have been well; but Chelsea China ventures to think that they form far too large a proportion of the *argument* in the papers sent in to her.

Putting these points aside, the papers all advocate, more or less, the reading of novels of good tendency at proper times. Chelsea China will, therefore, try to give in each case the reasons given in support of the practice, and to see what they amount to on the whole. And, by way of a change, she will venture on a little more criticism than usual, reminding her correspondents that as they are all in mufti, she may be very presumptuous without at all meaning to be so.

Titania thinks fiction useful as a recreation, and that ennobling thoughts and salutary examples can be found in it. But she advises us only to read 'undoubted authors,' a restriction that seems a little hard on the early efforts of the undoubted authors of the future.

Lamda thinks that it is waste of time to read second-rate works when there are so many first-rate ones. Are there?

Alys's warning that 'general shallowness' is a quality to be avoided in fiction, is by no means too obvious to be useful.

Arnaud says that 'novels which deal with sin (however great), only to show its fruits with human nature (however debased), only to show its underlying capacity for goodness, such books can but strengthen the fineness of a character.' There is, I think, a limitation to this statement which will presently appear. And is not Major Pendennis, though a delightful person, rather out of place in a list of elevating examples?

Corisande says that the knowledge of character is a very important part of intellectual development, and where can it be better studied

than in the best works of fiction. Moreover, the contact with lofty ideals is in itself refining and strengthening.

'These are excellent arguments on the favourable side.

Amyas Leigh thinks that a great deal of good may come from novel reading, if it is done with a view to studying character, and if inferior novels are withheld till the judgment is formed. She says they are useless if read as a duty. (Is this often done?) She gives a warning against 'constantly dwelling in an imaginary world,' which is much to the point.

Flittermouse gives a fine description of a good novel. Her argument in favour of such reading is the good derived from high examples. Her arguments against it, 'that it exalts the passions and emotions, fosters a one-sided and inadequate view of life, and over develops the imagination.'

I. M. D. thinks that the powerful influence of novels is good or bad according to their quality, and points out how much 'history, philosophy, and theology, is learned in this way.' In fact, she expands the saying, 'a tale may catch him, who a sermon flies.'

Fanciful believes that history and biography give life as it *really* is. Fiction only a distorted picture of it. But who, in this world, is behind the scenes of real life, as the author is behind the scenes of his picture of it? Who ever tells *all* of a real person's life in his biography?

F. McLean thinks decidedly that 'dabbling in the fount of fictive tears' does blunt the sensibility, and that all fiction is better let alone in youth.

Gretchen hits a mark by saying that we get a great deal of knowledge of real life in reading novels, and also truly says that we need a keen sense of right and wrong to be improved by them.

Popinjay's paper is very good all through, and she makes two striking remarks. 1. That it is *want* of imagination that makes the view taken of life in novels one-sided; because if we really realised the people, we should allow for the dull spaces left untold in their lives as in ours. 2. That as life is not all love and marriage, neither is literature all fiction. If we read history as well, we shall preserve the balance.

We have, therefore, including *X. Y. Z.'s* paper, given below in full, these arguments in favour of novel *reading*, presupposing the novels to be of good tendency.

1. That it is a recreation. 2. That it provides elevating examples. 3. That it gives knowledge of character, which *X. Y. Z.* expands into sympathy with uncongenial character. 4. That novels are the indirect vehicle of solid information.

And against the practice, 1. That it causes people to dwell in an imaginary world. 2. That it exaggerates the emotional side of life. 3. That it cannot give a true picture of life.

Now *Chelsea China* thinks that all this may be summed up on both

sides by the idea that fiction is a representation of real life. It is of course only a reflection 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine,' but it seems as if in kind, though not in degree, the dangers and advantages of novel reading were very similar to the dangers and advantages of mixing in general society. You get in both cases more or less knowledge of life; and you get it in both cases with a certain risk. Just as people differ as to the age, circumstances, and degree, when it is well to mix with different sorts of people in the actual world; they may well differ as to the age and degree, when it is well to mix with the very varied society of fiction.

Arnaud's remark, therefore, requires this qualification. Of course the simile merely applies to the effect of such mixture on our *own* characters. The disadvantages of exclusiveness on the one hand, and the temptations of general society on the other, are faintly reflected in the people who only read a few carefully chosen tales, and in those who fish for themselves in a wider field. It is gaining or avoiding the experience of life.

Besides this, fiction provides people with an *extra* world to live in, often a better and more refined world than their own. Now, in this worrying, fussing planet, an extra world is often a great advantage. Many lives *are* dull, and a way of escape is good. Young girls have dull surroundings, so have elder women. All homes are not improving. The need of principle in adjusting the claims of your two worlds is obvious; and quite as great if the extra world is a perfectly innocent and high-minded one.

As for *writing* novels, Chelsea China thinks *some* of the correspondents *might* have risen to the occasion, and told what only they can tell. All that can be said for and against reading novels applies to writing them with tenfold strength, except that there is the saving salt of hard labour in the latter case. Chelsea China has no space to discuss the remarks of X. Y. Z., except to ask by the way, that if a fuller life of any sort has come to a person, how can they possibly help it?

But you cannot discuss anything without discussing everything. We have really been discussing whether a fine character is aided or hindered by the glorious and as terrible gift, in any degree, of the artistic faculty, the gift of imagination.

Writing novels has been slightly touched upon in several papers.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

Your question this month seems to share in the capacity of the others for being answered by 'Sometimes, to some people.' Most people, I should say, would be the better for having *read* a good many novels at some part of their life, provided they read with a certain amount of critical power. It seems to me that only good can come to a grave girl who takes life seriously, from studying the

ways, in a novel, of the lighthearted girl with lovers, with whom, in daily life, she might not be likely to get on; and the same with the easy-going girl who might otherwise be repelled by the grave girl. I believe many people are saved from serious complications in real life by being familiar with them in novels, *e.g.* that friendliness in a man does not always mean 'attentions,' etc. What enlarges the narrowness of our own personal observation and brings us into understanding of other characters and forms of thought than our own *must* be good. The abuses of novel reading are too patent to mention.

With regard to novel writing, a strong impulse towards it, not for either pecuniary or moral motives, generally means that it will not harm the character of the writer; but it is possible to live so entirely in the world of one's own imagination as to lose the capacity for studying and understanding the characters among whom we actually move. I think it is possible that the choice may come to many writers at some period of their lives, whether they will continue in their dream world or come out of it into fuller life, actual emotional life, either personal or religious, or both; and in this case only a few will find that their imagination can work equally well in both fields at once. I should say that in this case it would deteriorate the character to hold to the dream-world, and turn away from the world of life.

X. Y. Z.

If *Fanciful* will enclose her address to Chelsea China, she would like to ask her to explain more clearly the subject she proposes for debate.

Chelsea China is as well aware as her correspondents that her questions are often vague. It is very difficult so to state a subject for debate as to give it two sides capable of being supported by respectable and sensible people.

SUBJECT FOR APRIL.

Is it desirable to make an object of gaining personal influence, or not?

Suggested by the Editor. N.B.—It is presupposed that the influence desired is for an object, apparently worthy, or at least innocent.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher of the 'Monthly Packet,' before May 1st.

Spider Subjects.

ARACHNE'S FAREWELL.

ARACHNE is lacking both in wits and in time
 A proper reply to fashion in rhyme
 To her dearly beloved and poetical Spider.
 Oh, would that the days and the hours were wider,
 Or that our own Spiders were such as that creature
 By astronomers loved as a most precious feature;
 That Australian Spider, whose spinnerets eight,
 Are trebled by some beneficent fate.
 And the telescopes span with such delicate line
 That the distance of stars they precisely define.
 Alas! when Arachne's best questions were asked,
 The Spiders were found to be quite overtaken.
 Of lines it appeared they could draw out but one,
 For work more important was mostly begun.
 Although we had valued at many a guinea
 The threads from the wheel of good 'Spinning Jenny.'
 Dodona was shamed by the wisdom that spoke
 From researches in ancient lore, by 'Bog-Oak.'
 And many a lively and chattering sinner
 Was hung in the webs of the keen 'Money Spinner.'
 But tasks of life and toil and troubles
 Full long have silenced sparkling 'Bubbles';
 And 'Muffin Man' and 'Chelsea China'
 Alone are left to give a whine, ah!
 Besides the dear 'Bog-Oak,' who's vyeing
 With the harmonious 'Swan' a-dying.
 Moreover, what is there left us to query
 That is not long since used up and weary?
 Each has extolled her favourite hero,
 Abused the bad ones down to Nero.
 They all have told their views on manners,
 But would not rise to famous banners.
 For criticising 'Westward Ho'
 All but two thought it was no go.
 So now that 'Clio' deals with history,
 And 'C. C.' with of life the mystery,
 Arachne is feeling, without any doubt,
 That her Gossamer lines are all quite played out.
 Her Spider brood has been a great pleasure,
 Their cobwebs enclosed full many a treasure;
 But, thanking them, her loom is broken,
 Her criticism last is spoken;
 And as Arachne must she die,
 But live, their grateful

C. M. Y.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

*Final Class List.**First Class.**First Prize.*

*Moonraker 422. *The Iliad—Lord Derby.*

Second Prize.

*Speranza 417. *Greek Literature—F. B. Jevons.*

Third Prize.

*Water-Wagtail . . . 411. *Æschylus—A. Swanwick.*

Fourth Prize.

*Bluebell 405. *Theocritus—C. B. Calverley.*

*Vorwärts	398	*Emu	360
*Lisle	390	*Fidelia	359
Creag-an-Fitheach	385	Cherry Ripe	355
Kettle	377	*Fieldfare	344
Marion	375	Apathy	332
*Lia	364	*Charissa	314
Eva.	362	Philomela	309
*Bladud	361		

Second Class.

Apia	290	*Carlotta	259
'Αμύχανος	279	Latter Larimus	256
*Deryn	278	σκέτρομαι	244
*Countess	269	Trop-ne-vad	242
*Taffy	267	*Donna Pia	229
Robin }	264	Actium	207
Midge }		Mignonette	203

Third Class.

Toby	196	Mabel	141
Jackanapes	185	King Arthur }	135
Kittiwake	182	Harum-Scarum }	
Cockrobin	167	Persephone	128
Great Grandmother	163	Gimmidge	128
Squirrel	162	Weaver	113
Apis	158	Hawthorn }	104
Erin-go-bragh.	157	Dame Wood }	
Maiblume }	147	Hecla	102
Pot		Stanzerl	100

Twenty-five others gained less than a hundred marks. The asterisk denotes those from whom complete sets of twelve papers were received. Clio wishes to mention that Cherry Ripe and 'Αμήχανος would stand higher than they do in the Class List, had not one paper from Cherry Ripe (April) and two from 'Αμήχανος (April and June) unfortunately gone astray in the post. The loss of marks thus incurred, which Clio much regrets, is irreparable, as it is impossible to alter a published class list, or to accept papers received, even accidentally, after date.

Moonraker, Speranza, Water-wagtail, and Bluebell are requested to send Clio their names and addresses. The prizes will be forwarded at the end of May.

THE HISTORY OF ROME.

Questions for April.

- 13. Describe the Battle of Vesuvius. How did the Roman Army of the fourth century B.C. differ from that of the times of Marius and Cæsar?
- 14. Sketch briefly the events of the Second Samnite War.
- 15. What were, (1) the Publilian Laws? (2) the Private and Public Rights of a Roman Citizen?
- 16. Give an account of the Censorship of Appius Claudius.

January Class List.

First Class.

Grasshopper	38	Vorwärts	}	32
Repullulat	34	Eve			
Rags	}	Water-Wagtail			
Sophonisba			Bluebell			
Lisle		33	C Minor		31
			White Cat	}	30
			Tortoise			
			Fieldfare			

Second Class.

Emu	}	28	Atropos	}	25
C Major				Popinjay			
Charissa				Kat			
Chrysé				Budgerigar			
Fidelia				Livy	}	24
Wylmecote				Spear-maid			
Antwortende	}	27	Elpis			
Woodpecker				Carlotta			
Lachesis				Terpsichore			
Clotho	}	26	Næra			
Tacitus							

Second Class—continued.

Wood-violet	}	23	Midge	}	21
Speranza				Countess			
Marius				Horatius			
Carlo				Deryn			
Claudia	}	20	Eileen	}	20
Portia				Romola			
Portia (Ealing)							
Trop-ne-vad							
Mabel	}	22				
Daddy Darwin							
Charlemagne							
Lille Fröken							

Third Class.

Glancia	}	19	Rosebud.	14
Madge Wildfire			Moonraker (one answer)	10
Edelweiss		16		

Disqualified. A paper unsigned.

REMARKS.

1. Many students do not distinguish between races and tribes. There were four principal races inhabiting Italy in ancient times: (1) the Pelasgian, including the Daunian, Peucetian, Iapygian, Chaonian, Cenotrian, and other tribes; (2) the Oscan, with the Umbrian and Sabellian, comprising the Auruncans, Ausonians, Volscians, and Æquians; the Sabines, Samnites, and others; (3) the Etruscan; (4) the Greeks, whose oldest colony of Cumæ in the Bay of Naples, was founded B.C. 1050; Sybaris, B.C. 720, Croton, B.C. 710, Tarentum, B.C. 708, Locri, B.C. 683, Rhegium, B.C. 600.

Moonraker says: 'the Latin language is the result, and the evidence, of a mixture of races. From its resemblance to Greek and to Sanscrit, its origin may be traced to the Pelasgic branch of the great Aryan family; from the men of Latium it received an Oscan strain, while it differs from their language in the presence of a Sabine element.'

Vorwärts, Carlo, Fieldfare, Speranza, Lille Fröken, Horatius, and Mabel, fall into the common mistake of saying that Latin is 'derived from Sanscrit,' the truth being that both Latin and Sanscrit are alike derived from the original speech of the undivided Aryan people.

2. Woodpecker: the Legion of Romulus was composed of 3000 foot and 300 horse (not 1000 foot and 100 horse), furnished by the three ancient tribes, Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres.

Popinjay: the Master of the Horse (*Magister Equitum*) was not appointed till after the establishment of the Republic. Næra: the Senate of Romulus consisted of 200 members taken from the Ramnes and Titics (Romans and Sabines), 10 from each of the 20 Curies. The Luceres (Etruscans) were not admitted till the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, the Etruscan. Glaucia: it was not the 'sword,' but the shield of Mars (*Ancile*) which was believed to have fallen from heaven.

Edelweiss: it was the temple of Janus (not of Jason) which was built by Numa.

3. Emu omits the Census, which was instituted by Servius Tullius for the purpose of ascertaining the landed property of those who were to vote in the Comitia Centuriata, or Assembly of the Centuries, including Patricians and Plebeians. Tacitus: there were eighteen Centuries of Knights (not twenty-four), six Patrician, and twelve Plebeian. Lille Fröken: the Locupletes, or citizens of independent means, were divided into five classes, not four, under the Servian Constitution. Bluebell: the Comitia Curiata, or Patrician Assembly, voted by their Curies, or unions of ten clans; while the Comitia Centuriata, or General Assembly, voted by their Centuries, or Companies, nominally containing a hundred men. Madge Wildfire: the tribes of Servius were local divisions (like our parishes), in which the Plebeians were enrolled according to residence, not according to property. Atropos: the Paganalia and Compitalia were not taxes, but annual festivals, the former of the pagi, or rural districts, the latter of the vici, or city wards (from *compita*, cross-ways).

4. The early Roman Legends have been well told by many of the students, but some have contrived to miss, in each case, the single tragic point which makes the old story memorable. For instance, we care little merely to know that Titus and Tiberius Brutus 'were executed' for their treasonable attempt to bring back Tarquinius Superbus; but we care much to know that their 'execution' was decreed by their own father, out of a sense of public duty; because this is the first example of that stern patriotism which forms our ideal of the 'Antique Roman.' Again, it interests us but little to hear that the Consul Brutus, and Aruns, the King's son, 'were killed' in the ensuing battle; but it interests us greatly to hear the *manner* of it—how they rushed together, and fell at the same moment, mutually transfixed by one another's spears—because this incident reveals the burning passions of hate and vengeance that filled the breasts of the childless father and the exiled prince.

Rosebud's answer is full of mistakes; she says Horatius Cocles was an *Etrurian*, who defended the bridge against the *Roman* army.

Marks are deducted for mis-spelling, such as 'Appenines' (found in ten papers), 'Etruscians,' etc.

P.S. The February and March class lists will appear in July.

Notices to Correspondents.

CAN any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' tell me how to get a hunch-back boy of 14 taught shoemaking? In my neighbourhood it seems that shops will not take apprentices. The boy is bright, willing, and well-educated, though small, and could well run errands half the day if he could learn the trade the other half. His widowed mother is poor, and it would be difficult to raise much premium. Is it impossible to find a shoemaker who would take him partly out of kindness? His mother would not like him to live away from home, where as yet he is happy with her; but in a few years I fear he will, if untaught, feel idleness and poverty a great misery.

M. W., St. John's Wood.

Miss Hancock will be very pleased to let M. have a copy of 'Charlie's Discoveries' for one shilling and postage. Address—17, Picton Terrace, Carmarthen.

Where is the line—

'Under the Abele's shade'?

PERPLEXED PARSON.

Series 3, No. 75, March, 1887, p. 272, 'Prayer-book Lessons,' line 37: 'Wife—answers to Weaver.' But see Skeat's Dictionary. 'Wife, A.S. wif, a woman, neut. sub. with pl. wif (Dutch wijf, Germ. Weib, etc.). Root obscure; certainly *not* allied to *weaver* (A.S. wefan), as the fable runs.'

C. H. B.—Zernebock (or bog) was of Slavonian origin, his name meaning 'the black deity,' and received human sacrifices (Maclear's 'Apostles of Mediæval Europe'). Scott was mistaken as to his being a Saxon god when he makes Ulrica invoke him in 'Ivanhoe,' and mentions him in 'Harold the Dauntless.' This must have misled Macaulay.

Lover of History.—The Union Jack was adopted by James I. Then it was St. George's and St. Andrew's cross. That of St. Patrick was added at the union with Ireland.

A. B.—'Turning Points of Church History,' 'Turning Points of English Church History,' by Rev. E. Cutts, S.P.C.K., about 3s. 6d.; 'Eighteen Centuries of Church History,' C. M. Yonge, W. Smith, 4s. 6d.; 'Epitome of Anglican Church History,' J. Griffiths and Farren, about 3s. 6d.; 'Readings on English Church History,' C. M. Yonge, Nat. Society, about 2s. 6d.; Perry's 'Church History,' by Murray; 'Student's Church History,' 7s. 6d.; Chase's 'Church History of the Three First Centuries.' It is not easy to be certain of the price of all these.

Thankfully acknowledged for 'Home of Rest for Young Women in business'—S. A. B. S., 2s.; C. T., Putney, 2s.

The Editor has nothing to do with the advertisements at the beginning of the 'Packet,' but she much regrets that any one should have advertised a word competition out of Holy Scripture. No doubt it was thoughtlessly done; but who that feels that the Bible is the Holy Word of God, inspired by Himself, can bear to turn it over for a foolish game for the sake of gain? There is a spice of gambling in all these word competitions when they are public and for money, and when they meddle with sacred things they are insufferable.

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1887.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

MARBLES.

Six weeks seem a great deal longer to sixteen than to six-and-forty ; and Gillian groaned and sighed to herself as she wrote her letters, and assured herself that so far from her having done enough in the way of attention to the old soldier's family, she had simply done enough to mark her neglect and disdain.

'Grizzling' (to use an effective family phrase) under opposition is a grand magnifier; and it was not difficult to erect poor Captain White into a hero, his wife into a patient sufferer, and Alethea's kindness to his daughter into a bosom friendship; while the aunts seemed to be absurdly fastidious and prejudiced. 'I don't wonder at Aunt Ada,' she said to herself, 'I know she has always been kept under a glass case; but I thought better things of Aunt Jane. It is all because Kalliope goes to St. Kenelm's, and won't be in the G.F.S.'

And all the time Gillian was perfectly unaware of her own family likeness to Dolores. Other matters conduced to a certain spirit of opposition to Aunt Jane. That the children should have to use the back, instead of the front stair, when coming in with dusty or muddy shoes, and that their possessions should be confiscated for the rest of the day when left about in the sitting-rooms and hall were contingencies she could accept as natural, though they irritated her; but she agreed with Valetta that it was hard to insist on half an hour's regular work at the cushion, which was not a lesson, but play. She was angered when Aunt Jane put a stop to some sportive passes and chatter on the stairs between Valetta and Alice Mount, and still more so when her aunt took away 'Adam Bede' from the former, as not desirable reading at eleven years old.

It was only the remembrance of her mother's positive orders that withheld Gillian from the declaration that mamma always let them

read George Eliot; and in a cooler moment of reflection she was glad she had abstained, for she recollected that *always* was limited to mamma's having read most of 'Romola' aloud to her and Mysie, and to her having had 'Silas Marner' to read when she was unwell in lodgings, and there was a scarcity of books.

Such miffs about her little sister were in the natural order of things, and really it was the 'all pervadingness,' as she called it in her own mind, of Aunt Jane that chiefly worried her, the way that the little lady knew everything that was done, and everything that was touched in the house; but as long as Valetta took refuge with herself, and grumbled to her, it was bearable.

It was different with Fergus. There had been offences certainly. Aunt Jane had routed him out of preparing his lessons in Mrs. Mount's room, where he diversified them with teaching the Sofy to beg, and inventing new modes of tying down jam pots. Moreover, she had declared that Gillian's exemplary patience was wasted and harmful when she found that they had taken three-quarters of an hour over three tenses of a Greek verb, and that he said it worse on the seventh repetition than on the first. After an evening, when Gillian had gone to a musical party with Aunt Ada, and Fergus did his lessons under Aunt Jane's superintendence, he utterly cast off his sister's aid. There was something in Miss Mohun's briskness that he found inspiring, and she put in apt words or illustrations, instead of only rousing herself from a book to listen, prompt, and sigh. He found that he did his tasks more thoroughly in half the time, and rose in his class; and busy as his aunt was, she made the time, not only for this, but for looking over with him those plates of mechanics in the 'Encyclopædia,' which were a mere maze to Gillian, but of which she knew every detail, from ancient studies with her brother Maurice. As Fergus wrote to his mother, 'Aunt Jane is the only woman who has any natural *science*.'

Gillian could not but see this, as she prepared the letters for the post, and whatever the ambiguous word might be meant for, she had rather not have seen it, for she really was ashamed of her secret annoyance at Fergus's devotion to Aunt Jane, knowing how well it was that Stebbing should have a rival in his affections. Yet she could not help being provoked when the boy followed his aunt to the doors of her cottages like a little dog, and waited outside whenever she would let him, for the sake of holding forth to her about something which wheels, and plugs, and screws were to do. Was it possible that Miss Mohun followed it all? His great desire was to go over the marble works, and she had promised to take him when it could be done; but, unfortunately, his half holiday was on Saturday, when the workmen struck off early, and when, also, Aunt Jane always had the pupil teachers for something between instruction and amusement.

Gillian felt lonely, for though she got on better with her younger than her elder aunt, and had plenty of surface intercourse of a

pleasant kind with both, it was a very poor substitute for her mother, or her elder sisters, and Valetta was very far from being a Mysie.

The worst time was Sunday, when the children had deserted her for Mrs. Hablot, and Aunt Ada was always lying down in her own room to rest after morning service. She might have been at the Sunday-school, but she did not love teaching, nor do it well, and she did not fancy the town children, or else there was something of opposition to Aunt Jane.

It was a beautiful afternoon, of the first Sunday in October, and she betook herself to the garden with the *Lyra Innocentium* in her hand, meaning to learn the poem for the day. She wandered up to the rail above the cliff, looking out to the sea. Here, beyond the belt of tamarisks and other hardy low-growing shrubs which gave a little protection from the winds, the wall dividing the garden of Beechcroft Cottage from that of Cliff House became low, with only the iron spiked railing on the top, as perhaps there was a desire not to overload the cliff. The sea was of a lovely colour that day, soft blue, and with exquisite purple shadows of clouds, with ripples of golden sparkles here and there near the sun, and Gillian stood leaning against the rail, gazing out on it, with a longing yearning feeling towards the dear ones who had gone out upon it, when she became conscious that some one was in the other garden, which she had hitherto thought quite deserted, and looking round, she saw a figure in black near the rail. Their eyes met, and both together exclaimed—

‘Kalliope!’ ‘Miss Gillian! Oh, I beg your pardon!’

‘How *did* you come here? I thought nobody did!’

‘Mr. White’s gardener lets us walk here. It is so nice and quiet. Alexis has taken the younger ones for a walk, but I was too much tired. But I will not disturb you——’

‘Oh! don’t go away. Nobody will disturb us, and I do so want to know about you all. I had no notion, nor mamma either, that you were living here, or——’

‘Or of my dear father’s death?’ said Kalliope, as Gillian stopped short, confused. ‘I did write to Miss Merrifield, but the letter was returned.’

‘But where did you write?’

‘To Swanage, where she had written to me last.’

‘Oh! we were only there six weeks, while we were looking for houses; I suppose it was just as the Warders were gone to Natal too!’

‘Yes; we knew they were out of reach.’

‘But do tell me about it, if you do not mind. My father will want to hear.’

Kalliope told all in a calm matter-of-fact way, but with a strain of deep suppressed feeling. She was about twenty-three, a girl with a fine outline of features, beautiful dark eyes, and a clear brown skin, who would have been very handsome if she had looked better fed and

less hardworked. Her Sunday dress showed wear and adaptation, but she was altogether ladylike, and even the fringe that had startled Aunt Ada only consisted of little wavy curls on the temples, increasing her classical look.

‘It was fever—at Leeds. My father was just going into a situation in the police that we had been waiting for ever so long, and there were good schools, and Richard had got into an office, when there began a terrible fever in our street—the drains were to blame, they said—and every one of us had it, except mother and Richard, who did not sleep at home. We lost poor little Mary first, and then papa seemed to be getting better; but he was anxious about expense, and there was no persuading him to take nourishment enough. I do believe it was that. And he had a relapse—and——’

‘Oh! poor Kalliope! And we never heard of it!’

‘I did feel broken down when the letter to Miss Merrifield came back,’ said Kalliope. ‘But my father had made me write to Mr. James White—not that we had any idea that he had grown so rich. He and my father were first cousins, sons of two brothers who were builders; but there was some dispute, and it ended by my father going away and enlisting. There was nobody nearer to him, and he never heard any more of his home; but when he was so ill, he thought he would like to be reconciled to “Jem,” as he said, so he made me write from his dictation. Such a beautiful letter it was, and he added a line at the end himself. Then at last, when it was almost too late, Mr. White answered. I believe it was a mere chance—or rather Providence—that he ever knew it was meant for him, but there were kind words enough to cheer up my father at the last. I believe then the clergyman wrote to him.’

‘Did not he come near you?’

‘No, I have never seen him; but there was a correspondence between him and Mr. Moore, the clergyman, and Richard, and he said he was willing to put us in the way of working for ourselves, if—if—we were not too proud.’

‘Then he did it in an unkind way,’ said Gillian.

‘I try to think he did not mean to be otherwise than good to us. I told Mr. Moore that I was not fit to be a governess, and I did not think they could get on without me at home, but that I could draw better than I would do anything else, and perhaps I might get Christmas cards to do, or something like that. Mr. Moore sent a card or two of my designing, and then Mr. White said he could find work for me in the mosaic department here; and something for my brothers, if we did not give ourselves airs. So we came.’

‘Not Richard?’ said Gillian, who remembered dimly that Richard had not been held in great esteem by her own brothers.

‘No, Richard is in a good situation, so it was settled that he should stay on there.’

‘And you——’

‘I am in the mosaic department. Oh! Miss Gillian, I am so grateful to Miss Merrifield. Don’t you remember her looking at my little attempts, and persuading Lady Merrifield to get mother to let me go to the school of art? I began only as the girls do who are mere hands, and now I have to prepare all the designs for them, and have a nice little office of my own for it. Sometimes I get one of my own designs taken, and then I am paid extra.’

‘Then do you maintain them all?’

‘Oh no; we have lodgers, the organist and his wife,’ said Kalliope, laughing; ‘and Alexis is in the telegraph office, at the works; besides, it turned out that three cottages belong to us, and we do very well when they pay their rents.’

‘But Maura is not the youngest of you,’ said Gillian, who was rather hazy about the family.

‘No, there are the two little boys. We let them go to the National school for the present. It is a great trial to my poor mother, but they do learn well there, and we may be able to do something better for them by the time they are old enough for further education.’

Just then the sound of a bell coming up from the town below was a warning to both that the conversation must be broken off. A few words, ‘I am so glad to have seen you’—and ‘It has been such a pleasure’—passed, and then each hastened down her separate garden path.

‘Must I tell of this meeting?’ Gillian asked herself. ‘I shall write it all to mamma and Alethea, of course. How delightful that those lessons that Kalliope had have come of so much use! How pleased Alethea will be—poor dear thing! How much she has gone through! But can there be any need to tell the aunts? Would it not just make Aunt Ada nervous about any one looking through her sweet and lovely wall? And as to Aunt Jane, I really don’t see that I am bound to gratify her passion for knowing everything. I am not accountable to her, but to my own mother. My people know all about Kalliope, and she is prejudiced. Why should I be unkind and neglectful of an old fellow-soldier’s family, because she cannot or will not understand what they really are? It would not be the slightest use to tell her the real story. Mrs. White is fat, and Kalliope has a fringe, goes to St. Kenelm’s, and won’t be in the G.F.S., and that’s enough to make her say she does not believe a word of it, or else to make it a fresh ground for poking and prying, in the way that drives one distracted! It really is quite a satisfaction to have something that she can’t find out, and it is not underhand while I write every word of it to mamma.’

So Gillian made her conscience easy, and she did write a long and full account of the Whites and their troubles, and of her conversation with Kalliope.

In the course of that week Fergus had a holiday, asked for by some good-natured visitor of Mrs. Edgar’s. He rushed home on the

previous day with the news, to claim Aunt Jane's promise ; and she undertook so to arrange matters as to be ready to go with him to the marble works at three o'clock. Valetta could not go, as she had her music lesson at that time, and she did not regret it, for she had an idea that blasting with powder or dynamite was always going on there. Gillian was not quite happy about the dynamite, but she did not like to forego the chance of seeing what the work of Kalliope and Alexis really was, so she expressed her willingness to join the party, and in the meantime did her best to prevent Aunt Ada from being driven distracted by Fergus's impatience, which began at half-past two.

Miss Mohun had darted out as soon as dinner was over, and he was quite certain some horrible cad would detain her till four o'clock, and then going would be of no use. Nevertheless he was miserable till Gillian had put on her hat, and then she could do nothing that would content him and keep him out of Aunt Ada's way, but walk him up and down in the little front court with the copper beeches, while she thought they must present to the neighbours a lively tableau of a couple of leopards in a cage.

However, precisely as the clock struck three, Aunt Jane walked up to the iron gate ! She had secured an order from Mr. Stebbing, the managing partner, without which they would not have penetrated beyond the gate where 'No admittance except on business' was painted.

Mr. Stebbing himself, a man with what Valetta was wont to call a grisly beard, met them a little within the gate, and did the honours of the place with great politeness. He answered all the boy's questions, and seemed much pleased with his intelligence and interest, letting him see what he wished, and even having the machinery slacked to enable him to perceive how it acted, and most delightful of all, in the eyes of Fergus, letting him behold some dynamite, and explaining its downward explosion. He evidently had a great respect for Miss Mohun, because she entered into it all, put pertinent questions, and helped her nephew if he did not understand.

It was all dull work to Gillian, all that blasting and hewing and polishing, which made the place as busy as a hive. She only wished she could have seen the cove as once it was, with the weather-beaten rocks descending to the sea, overhung with wild thrift and bramble, and with the shore, the peaceful haunts of the white sea birds, whereas now the fresh cut rock looked red and wounded, and all below was full of ugly slated or iron roofed sheds, rough workmen, and gratings and screeches of machinery.

It was the Whites whom she wanted to see, and she never came upon the brother at all, nor on the sister, till Mr. Stebbing, perhaps observing her listless looks, said that they were coming to what would be more interesting to Miss Merrifield, and took them into the work-

rooms, where a number of young women were busy over the very beautiful work by which flowers and other devices were represented by inlaying different coloured marbles and semi-precious stones in black and white, so as to make tables, slabs, and letter-weights, and brooches for those who could not aspire to the more splendid and costly productions.

Miss Mohun shook hands with 'the young ladies' within the magic circle of the G.F.S., and showed herself on friendly terms of interest with all. From a little inner office Miss White was summoned, came out, and met an eager greeting from Gillian, but blushed a little, and perhaps had rather not have had her unusual Christian name proclaimed by the explanation.

'This is Kalliope White, Aunt Jane.'

Miss Mohun shook hands with her, and said her niece had been much pleased at the meeting, and her sister would be glad to hear of her, explaining to Mr. Stebbing that Captain White had been a brother officer of Sir Jasper Merrifield.

Kalliope had a very prettily shaped head, with short hair, in little curls and rings all over it. Her whole manner was very quiet and unassuming, as she explained and showed whatever Mr. Stebbing wished. It was her business to make the working drawings for the others, and to select the stones used, and there could be no doubt that she was a capable and valuable worker.

Gillian asked her to show something designed by herself, and she produced an exquisite table-weight, bearing a spray of sweet peas. Gillian longed to secure it for her mother, but it was very expensive, owing to the uncommon stones used in giving the tints, and Mr. Stebbing evidently did not regard it with so much favour as the jessamines and snowdrops, which, being of commoner marbles, could be sold at a rate fitter for the popular purse. Several beautiful drawings in her office had been laid aside as impracticable, 'unless we had a carte blanche wedding order,' he said, with what Gillian thought a sneer.

She would gladly have lingered longer, but this was a very dull room in Fergus's estimation, and perhaps Aunt Jane did not desire a long continuance of the conversation under Mr. Stebbing's eyes, so Gillian found herself hurried on.

Mr. Stebbing begged Miss Mohun to come in to his wife, who would have tea ready, and this could not be avoided without manifest incivility. Fergus hoped to have been introduced to the haunts of his hero, but Master George was gone off in attendance on his brother out fishing, and there was nothing to relieve the polite circle of the drawing-room—a place most æsthetically correct, from cornice to the little rugs on the slippery floor. The little teacups and the low Turkish table were a perfect study to those who did not—like Fergus—think more of the dainty doll's muffins on the stand, or the long backed Dachehund who looked for them beseechingly.

Mrs. Stebbing was quite in accordance with the rest, with a little row of curls over her forehead, a terra-cotta dress, and a chain of watch clocks, altogether rather youthful for the mother of a grown-up son, engaged in his father's business.

She was extremely civil and polite, and everything went well except for a certain stiffness. By and by the subject of the Whites came up, and Mr. Stebbing observed that Miss Merrifield seemed to know Miss White.

'Oh! Yes,' said Gillian, eagerly; 'her father was in my father's regiment, the Royal Warders.'

'A non-commissioned officer, I suppose,' said Mrs. Stebbing.

'Not for a good many years,' said Gillian. 'He was Lieutenant for six years, and retired with the rank of Captain.'

'I know they said he was a Captain,' said Mrs. Stebbing; 'but it is very easy to be called so.'

'Captain White was a real one,' said Gillian, with a tone of offence. 'Every one in the Royal Warders thought very highly of him.'

'I am sure no one would have supposed it from his family,' said Mrs. Stebbing. 'You are aware, Miss Mohun, that it was under disgraceful circumstances that he ran away and enlisted.'

'Many a youth who gets into a scrapo becomes an excellent soldier, even an officer,' said Miss Mohun.

'Exactly so,' said Mr. Stebbing. 'Those high-spirited lads are the better for discipline, and often turn out well under it. But their promotion is an awkward thing for their families, who have not been educated up to the mark.'

'It is an anomalous position, and I have a great pity for them,' said Miss Mohun. 'Miss White must be a very clever girl.'

'Talented, yes,' said Mr. Stebbing. 'She is useful in her department.'

'That may be,' said Mrs. Stebbing; 'but it won't do to encourage her. She is an artful, designing girl, I know very well——'

'Do you know anything against her?' asked Miss Mohun, looking volumes of repression at Gillian, whose brown eyes showed symptoms of glaring like a cat's, under her hat.

'I do not speak without warrant, Miss Mohun. She is one of those demure, proper-behaved sort that are really the worst flirts of all, if you'll excuse me.'

Most thankful was Miss Mohun that the door opened at that moment to admit some more visitors, for she saw that Gillian might at any moment explode.

'Aunt Jane,' she exclaimed, as soon as they had accomplished their departure, 'you don't believe it.'

'I do not think Miss White looks like it,' said Miss Mohun. 'She seemed a quiet simple girl.'

'And you don't believe all that about poor Captain White?'

‘Not the more for Mrs. Stebbing’s saying so.’

‘But you will find out and refute her. There must be people who know.’

‘My dear, you had better not try to rake up such things. You know that the man bore an excellent character for many years in the army, and you had better be satisfied with that,’ said Miss Jane for once in her life, as if to provoke Gillian, not on the side of curiosity.

‘Then you do believe it!’ went on Gillian, feeling much injured for her hero’s sake, and wearing what looked like a pertinacious pout.

‘Truth compels me to say, Gillian, that the sons of men, even in a small way, of business, are not apt to run away and enlist without some reason.’

‘And I am quite sure it was all that horrid old White’s fault.’

‘You had better content yourself with that belief.’

Gillian felt greatly affronted, but Fergus, who thought all this very tiresome, broke in, after a third attempt.

‘Aunt Jane, if the pulley of that crane——’

And all the way home they discussed machinery, and Gillian’s heart swelled.

‘I am afraid Gillian was greatly displeased with me,’ said Miss Mohun that evening, talking it over with her sister. ‘But her Captain might have a fall if she went poking into all the gossip of the place about him.’

‘Most likely whatever he did would be greatly exaggerated,’ said Adeline.

‘No doubt of it! Besides, those young men who are meant by nature for heroes, are apt to show some *Berserkerwuth* in their youth, like Hereward le Wake.’

‘But what did you think of the girl?’

‘I liked her looks very much. I have seen her singing in the choruses at the choral society concert, and thought how nice her manner was. She does justice to her classical extraction, and is modest and ladylike besides. Mrs. Stebbing is spiteful! I wonder whether it is jealousy. She calls her artful and designing, which sounds to me very much as if Master Frank might admire the damsel. I have a great mind to have the two girls to tea, and see what they are made of.’

‘We had much better wait till we hear from Lily. We cannot in the least tell whether she would wish the acquaintance to be kept up. And if there is anything going on with young Stebbing, nothing could be more unadvisable than for Gillian to be mixed up in any nonsense of that sort.’

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER XV.

AN ADVENTURE.

KATHARINE was kindly welcomed by the General, to whom his wife imparted all that she knew of the late occurrences, as soon as they were alone.

'Keep her here a bit,' said the wily Scotchman, 'and it will all come right.'

'What do you mean by right, Quentyn?'

'She likes him, you know.'

'Quentyn, I'm surprised at you! a girl like Katharine to like a lazy selfish fellow like that, whose idea of happiness is to lie on a sofa and be flattered! She is a great deal too good for him!'

'Granted, my dear; but woe betide the world when women cease to love men who are not good enough for them. And you are always too hard upon St. Aubyn; there is some stuff in the fellow, you may believe me. You all combined to spoil and flatter him, and yet the moment this plain-spoken lassie comes among you he loses his heart to her. I like him for that. It shows that he is not ruined yet. It is a pity she didn't say yes.'

'I should just have despised her if she had!' said Eleanore.

But though most kindly pressed to stay, Katharine left Southerton in a day or two, having written to the Vicar and arranged for her journey as best she could. The General promised to take her to Devizes and put her into the coach, and Katharine knew that Mr. Hooker would meet her in London. In those days, even an independent maiden like Katharine never dreamed of taking a journey alone. To Lettice and Susan Freeman she confided her farewells to her poor friends at the Potteries, and she was gone before they knew that she was going. But Susan and Lettice had a very bad time of it when they told of her departure. They promised her to carry on all her plans as well as they could, unless forbidden to do so; and in that case Lettice said she would appeal to Theodore, and beg him to interest himself in the place. The two Cravens came to say good-bye. Marcia, who really rather liked Katharine, was kind and affectionate, but Beatrice frowned and sulked, finally saying, 'Good-bye; I wish you had never come here!'

'Beatrice! don't be such a fool,' said Marcia, sharply; while Eleanore laughed and said—

'I do not think it would have made much difference to you, Beatrice, if she had never come.'

Katharine said as little as possible, but it was a relief to get away.

Mr. Hooker met her according to her request, and his pleasure in seeing her again was only damped by his fear that she was not in good spirits. He was so true a friend, that he never asked her why she had left the Priory, and he even forbade his sister to inquire into that matter—to her great disgust.

'We know Katharine, Bessy, and so we know that beyond giving some one a bit of her mind too freely, she is not to blame. So let us be content that we have our bonny, saucy Kitty back again.'

Bonny enough, Katharine looked, for she had improved in appearance during her absence, acquiring a gentler manner and a softer expression; but the Vicar soon found that he had not got back his saucy, high-spirited Kitty. She was rather silent, and altogether so changed that Miss Bessy once ventured to say that 'Katharine had left her heart in the south,' but Katharine was so much put out, that the old lady never repeated her little joke.

Lettice wrote frequently, but there was nothing of importance in her letters, until late in October the following epistle arrived. It was very welcome, for Katharine was beginning to fear for the fate of the Potteries—

'MY DEAR KATHARINE,—

'At last I have something to tell you, and I am so glad. Susan and Sam Haliday and I were getting quite out of heart, for the money you left with me was going too fast, and we did not like to tell you. Clare never mentioned the place, though she let me see that she did not like me to go. Poor Theodore! the delay was not his fault; he has been quite ill and looks so bad, you cannot think. But he sent for me yesterday and told me that he has engaged a master and mistress for the schools at the Potteries—there will be two now, boys' and girls'. And she is his wife—I mean the master's of course; they are to have the big cottage which has been so long empty. And he means to help and see after things, and he asked me to carry on all your plans with Susan and the new mistress, and he will pay all expenses from this time. Clare was by and said nothing. He never asked her a question. I think he has begun to manage everything except the house; but nothing is said, and I do not know.

'Are you not glad that all your work is not to be undone? It will not be done as well as if you were here. Still Susan and I will do our best. I do miss you so, dear Katharine. Clare is very silent and not pleased with me, and I cannot help being sorry for her. And Beatrice is so unpleasant. She is in great spirits because you are gone. It is dreadful for a girl to go on as she does. One would expect a little pride, if nothing better.

‘Miss Florence is going to live with Eleanore. Poor Marcia was crying this morning because George Jenkinson has had to put off coming home again. That is all the news I can remember.

‘Your affectionate friend,

‘LETTICE CHARTERIS.’

No doubt Katharine was glad, but it was the kind of gladness that makes one cry.

As time passed, Katharine found plenty to do in helping the Vicar, particularly in her old sphere, the choir; which had somewhat fallen off under the care of the schoolmaster. She employed her time usefully, and was pleasant and cheerful with her kind old friends; but she avoided Kirklands carefully, always taking her long walks in the other direction, and never by any chance speaking of the place. Thus it was some time before she heard that Colonel Byng had lost his son, who had died of injuries received by a fall from his horse, and that the old man was living alone at Kirklands, in miserable health, and rapidly getting worse. In fact, the Vicar said he was quite helpless, unable even to stand without help.

Now Katharine had a secret longing to see the dear old house once more, if she could only manage not to be seen; and if the place were really so empty, this could be easily done by one who knew every walk and every tree on the estate. Hitherto, imagining the house to be full of gay company, she had never ventured near it, lest she should meet some one. And even now, when she knew that she might safely do it, she did not go. Sometimes she would leave the Vicarage fully determined to go, but her heart would fail her. But on Christmas Eve she went early to the old church to help in decorating it, and having seen the finishing touches put to the work, she set out for the Vicarage. But, thinking sadly of many a past Christmas Eve, when she had brought a cart-load of holly and ivy, yew and service berries, for the decorations, and Maurice had been there to help with his strong arm, she unconsciously passed the gate of the Vicarage and never thought about it until she found herself in sight of Kirklands gate. It was a fine day—too mild for the time of year, but very pleasant. The long avenue of giant Scotch firs looked so familiar—there was no one about—the lodge was shut up and the lodge-keeper away. The temptation was too great, and hastily opening the gate she passed in.

‘I will go up to the little moor—no one will see me, and I can look down on the garden and the old home. What a fool I am to break my heart by looking at it; but I can’t help it now!’

She turned into the familiar path. It led through a small wood to a steep ascent, by which she could gain the place known as the ‘little moor,’ which could also be reached by a good road from the other side of the house, where the ascent was gradual. This so-called moor was really a grassy plain on the top of the picturesque line of craggy

rock which defended Kirklands on the north, and made the garden sheltered and warm. Every step recalled some happy day gone by, and though not much given to weeping, Katharine had to stop more than once to dry her eyes. Many a time she wished she had not come, but having come, she would see the dear old home once more. She climbed up and up; the path was wild and unkept, a mere track, but it had no difficulty for her, and she was soon at the top. A few stunted trees, all bent in the same direction by the fierce north wind, were scattered over the moor, and a few sheep were grazing among them. Katharine hurried on to a well-known group of old thorn trees, where long ago she and Maurice had erected a seat, from which she would get the view she had come to see. The chimneys of the house were not as high as the ground on which she now stood. The formal old gardens were unaltered; in fact, nothing was changed but the master. Poor Katharine! how often she vowed to herself that this should be her only visit—and yet she sat down and gazed, and cried, and gazed again—and some time had passed away when she heard a sound which startled her,—a sound of wheels on the narrow road which went all the way from end to end of the moor, passing about ten feet behind the twisted trees that screened her seat. She turned and bent low to peep between the tree stems, and saw a wheeled chair drawn by a stout lad in livery, and in the chair an old man with white hair and long white beard—not so common an ornament then as now. A handsome, high-bred-looking old man—Colonel Byng, of course. Well, he would not see her if she remained quite still, and quite still she accordingly remained. But, as fate would have it, Colonel Byng just then discovered that he had lost his glove, and he called to his servant to stop.

‘John, I have dropped my glove; I took it off just at the turn of the path, to take a pinch of snuff. Run back for it, please; it must be on the path.’

‘I don’t much like to leave you, sir, the hill here is so steep.’

‘You are here to do as I desire,’ said the old soldier, looking much surprised.

John shook his head, as much as to say that he disowned the responsibility of this action, but he turned the front wheel until it was at right angles with the vehicle, put a stone under it, and set out on his errand. Katharine was much provoked, but she could only keep quiet and wait. John’s footsteps died away in the distance; evidently he had not yet found the glove. Colonel Byng, thus left alone, sighed once or twice in a very dreary way, looking at the house which he had been so eager to possess for the sake of the son who had been so soon taken from him. He took several pinches of snuff, and Katharine mentally called snuff-taking a dirty and disgusting habit, to console herself for having felt some compassion for the lonely old man when he sighed. Now John’s steps became audible again; he reached the top of the slope, up which

he had come, and was within about forty yards of the chair, when the Colonel was so ill-advised as to turn himself round to look at him, and in turning he shook the chair, the single wheel in front swerved a little, the stone slipped away, and the little carriage began to move, slowly at first; the guiding wheel was turned to the edge of the moor, and, of course, down the slope. It was not at once that the old man understood what had happened, the movement was so slight, but that was only for a moment. His own weight forced the chair to move faster; the edge of the path checked it for a second, and the Colonel shouted—

‘John, make haste—come on!’

John, with a shout of dismay, ran; but if he ran, the chair flew. The grassy edge of the path was not high enough to stop it—it was on the grass—it was rushing down the slope—the iron rod by which it was guided was turned away from the carriage, so that the occupant had no chance of seizing it, and trying to change the direction it was taking, John actually yelled with terror, and ran as no one had ever seen him run before. But the Colonel, chair and all, would have been over the edge if it had depended upon John to stop him.

Katharine had been aware of the first movement of the wheels, and knew in a moment what must happen. She knew that the servant could never be in time; she saw that unless she could check the progress of the chair, the old man’s fate was sealed. She knew too that the risk was great; but she did not hesitate. White, but alert and resolute, she flung off her warm shawl and sprang forward. The old Colonel was a brave man, and had confronted death more than once; he was fully aware of the horror of his position, as with his white hair streaming back, his hat gone, his eyes wide open, he was whirled helplessly on—when suddenly a figure flashed by between him and the edge, and the chair was turned partly round. Katharine had caught the handle of the guider, and by the impetus of her swift rush had turned it, but her strength did not suffice to hold the chair steady. The slope was steep, and the chair kept dragging her, sideways, towards the edge. The old man saw this, and called out—

‘Let go, child—you cannot do it! you will only go over too.’

‘Grasp the wheels,’ said Katharine, sharply, and then threw her whole strength into the struggle. Colonel Byng understood the brief command, and succeeded in obeying it, and although the chair never was actually stopped, it was still a couple of feet from the edge when John succeeded in reaching them. But though he stopped it, Katharine knew that the danger was not over.

‘Pull—pull!’ she cried, ‘the earth will break away; don’t lose a moment.’

In another minute the chair was back in the road, and a dull thud, followed by the sound of breaking glass below, showed that

the edge had indeed given way, and that the earth had gone down upon the glass frames in the garden and smashed them.

Katharine sat down on the grass and for the first time in her life felt inclined to faint.

'She has hurt herself,' said Colonel Byng in great distress. 'What can we do?'

'It is nothing—I'm only out of breath,' panted Katharine. 'Don't let go the chair!' she cried, as John seemed about to come to her assistance. 'Take your master home—I shall do very well.'

'You'll get your death, sir, without your hat,' cried poor distracted John.

'I'll bring it,' said Katharine, getting up somewhat slowly. She went down the slope and picked up the hat, getting her own shawl at the same time, for she felt cold and shivery. The old gentleman took the hat, but also possessed himself of the hand that offered it.

'I owe it to you that I am alive,' he said, 'and although half-an-hour ago I would have told you that I did not care to live, death looked ugly enough just now. Tell me who my brave preserver is.'

'I am Katharine Thorold,' the girl answered, and gave him a look which made him quite aware that Katharine Thorold had no great love for him. He held her hand, however, and said—

'I had heard that you are at the Vicarage, Miss Thorold. I'm an old man now, and my nerve is gone—I am not quite myself just now. I must see you again, when I can thank you calmly. Child! did you know what a fearful risk you ran?'

'One could not sit by and not try. Good evening—you owe me no thanks. Any one must have tried, and fortunately I am very strong, for a woman.'

She wrapped her shawl round her and set off rapidly, and John waited for no orders, but wheeled his master off in the opposite direction.

Katharine got down the steep path pretty easily, but before she reached the Vicarage she was so stiff that she could hardly crawl, and her Christmas day was spent in bed, with severe pain in all her bones. But Miss Hooker was equal to the occasion, and rubbed her patient with a sweet-smelling oil, of which she made a store every summer, growing hundreds of Apothecary roses and big patches of various herbs for her concoction. It certainly cured Katharine, who was quite well before St. Stephen's day was over.

'Katharine,' said the Vicar, 'you did not tell us half your adventure!'

'Oh! I told you enough. The chair ran away, and I stopped it.'

'Yes; but the question is, where did you stop it? The Colonel sent for me to-day; he has never been very cordial, but to-day he forgot that I think him a usurper. He wants to see you, Kitty.'

'Yes? Well, he can look at me in church.'

'The poor old man has not been to church for many a day, and he

is very ill now. If he is to see you, you must go to him, but I told him I hardly thought you could.'

'No—I could not. I don't want to be thanked. I could not help trying, but I wish he had been anybody else. I hope he will just let me alone.'

But in a few days a note from the Colonel arrived, in which he contrived so to touch poor Katharine's warm heart that she promised to go and see him the next day. And she went. Nor was that her only visit to him. He was quite alone in the world, he told her, and she could not refuse when he begged her to come again. It was very painful at first to be in the familiar, home-like rooms, and it never ceased to be painful, though of course not so keenly felt after a time. The servants were all strangers, or she could hardly have borne it. Yet she grew very fond of the old man, who, on his part, felt as if she might have been his child. She read to him, sang for him, and talked to him; and after a while this talk was chiefly about Maurice. And one day she told him the true story of the non-payment of the interest on the mortgage, having first made him promise to speak of it to no one else. The story had an effect upon the old man which she had not expected. He seemed greatly agitated, and Katharine, almost sorry that she had spoken, took up the book she was reading to him and went on with it. After some time he spoke, apparently not aware that he was interrupting her.

'Katharine, I am glad you told me all this. I have wished for some time to make a confession to you, but you are so devoted to your brother that I was afraid of vexing you. I have known for a long time that I was unfair to him—a young fellow like that, the heir of a fine old place—I ought to have had some consideration for him, even if he had been to blame. But the truth was, I had set my heart on the place. I was here once in your father's time, and it always seemed to me just the place for—— Ah! well—the punishment was not long in coming. Now that I know the truth—which I might have known then if I had been kind to him—I am more than ever grieved. Your brother is a fine fellow—no wonder you love him. I wonder if he could—forgive me?'

'You may be sure of that,' said Katharine, eagerly. 'Let me read you a bit of his last letter. I had written to tell him of my visits to you, and I said that sometimes I felt as if I was putting a slight upon him—I used to feel that at first. Now this is his answer:—"What an adventure you had, O maiden of the strong arm! It was a blessing for your old Colonel that you are no midge of a woman, with no sinews and plenty of nerves. I really felt sick when I read it first, and if I said but little in my last letter about it, it was because I could not. What should I do if my Kitty were taken from me? and in so dreadful a fashion too. But as to your visits to the poor old boy, I am glad to hear of them. He was somewhat harsh to me, but he was in his right, and I don't complain—and I would not have

you hold back from being kind to a childless, lonely old man on my account. Go on and prosper; only I am sorry for you, having to go to our poor old home. I doubt if I could—but that is nonsense—of course I could if I must.”

‘Thank you, my child. When you write again, tell him of this conversation, and say that I hope he will forgive me. Tell him that I confess that even from my own point of view at the time, I was hard—and unfair.’

‘You may be very sure that he has forgiven long ago. Maurice could no more harbour resentment and ill-feeling than he could fly.’

‘But give him my message, all the same. Are you going, child?’

‘Yes, it is quite late. Can I do anything for you before I go?’

‘Nothing, my dear—good-bye. Mind you come to-morrow.’

Katharine found a letter on the hall table at the Vicarage, addressed to her in a hand she did not know. She opened it as she stood in the hall, answering Miss Hooker’s inquiries about the Colonel, but a glance at the signature sent her flying to her own room. It was from Theodore St. Aubyn.

‘The Priory,
‘March 20.

‘MY DEAR MISS THOROLD,—

‘You said a few words to me the last time I saw you which puzzled me greatly, when I remembered them. You asked me if I were not engaged to Beatrice Craven. I trust you will excuse me for troubling you with this letter, but I know that the step I am about to take will be reported to you by Lettice, and as I do not intend to give any reason for it, she, and perhaps you, might think that I had got weary of trying to carry on your work at the Potteries. Some days ago, Clare spoke to me about Beatrice. She pointed out that she had money, was well-born—I need not detain you by a long account of all that passed—but it appears that my sister and Mrs. Craven had long wished for this connection, and that Clare still hoped and expected it to take place. I told her plainly that it was out of the question, if only because I had always considered the lady in question not quite on a par with other people in intellect. Clare assures me that I am greatly mistaken; but I always have thought so, and this must be my excuse if I have, as Clare asserts, allowed her to be so much with us (Clare and myself), that Mrs. Craven was under the impression that I preferred her society to that of anyone else. I simply thought that they were glad to have her quietly employed in trying to draw, as she probably was rather a charge to Marcia when she mingled more in general society. I am glad to be assured that nothing has ever been said to the young lady herself on this subject; but several things have happened lately which make me feel that I must be on my guard if I do not wish to be placed in a very awkward position. As it is, my position is awkward enough, and I have therefore made an arrangement with our rector, by which I have

undertaken to pay the salary of a curate, whose time is to be devoted to the Potteries, during my absence, and I am leaving home, intending to travel and to study various subjects which may hereafter help me to better the condition of those dependent upon me, but not to return home until Mr. Jenkinson has come from India, when Marcia will be married, and Mrs. Craven will go to live in London. You will understand why I am so anxious that you should know the truth as to what has occurred, and I cannot tell my side of the story to anyone here. I therefore trust to your kindness to forgive me for writing.

‘ Most sincerely yours,
‘ THEODORE ST. AUBYN.’

Katharine’s face, as she read this letter, was a study. She looked pleased, yet she cried heartily. She murmured to herself—

‘ It is just such a letter as he ought to write—not a word of folly in it ;’ yet she seemed a little disappointed when she reached the end, and turned it over several times, perhaps to make sure that no ‘ folly ’ had escaped her notice.

‘ A very nice letter !’ she said somewhat plaintively, ‘ and he does not even wish for an answer. A *very* nice letter indeed ! What a rage Clare must be in ! But how could she say that she had never told Beatrice ? Poor Beatrice ! They all amused themselves with making plans, but they may find that it is poor amusement for her.’

CHAPTER XVI.

MAURICE COMES HOME.

Nothing worthy of note occurred from the day that Theodore’s letter reached Katharine, until some months had passed. Lettice wrote the outside aspect of the story of his leaving home, and said that Clare was in a very low state, and kept herself very much shut up in her own rooms, and that although letters came from Theodore, she never spoke of him—no one but herself knew where he was. In June, Maurice wrote that his engagement was drawing to a close, the surveying being all completed, and only some odds and ends of business remaining to be done, so that in July he hoped to be on his way home. He said that he had decided on the tract of land which he would purchase, and had made a list of the articles that it would be well for them to take out with them. He added : ‘ I head my own private list with “ One sister, tall, active, ugly, etc.” In fact, Kitty, I am coming for you, and I send you a few lines written at my request by a lady who has been out for two or three years, containing advice about your outfit. I only hope you are as willing to come as I am anxious to have you.’

Katharine looked rather grave as she read this.

'Yes,' she said, 'I am willing. But oh, Maurice! if you had only come a year ago.'

There would be no more letters from Maurice—and the Vicar was to take Katharine to London, to meet him. Poor little Lettice wrote in great delight, Aunt Florence had announced that she must go to town to see her dear Katharine again, and had asked Lettice to be her companion. 'So I shall see you once again, dear, dear Katharine.'

The days flew by now, for Katharine was very busy making up her outfit, but she did not neglect Colonel Byng. She was rather amused by his persistent desire to be informed at once when Maurice was in England. This she promised many times; but a day or so before Maurice landed, the old man had another stroke of paralysis, and though recovering, was too ill to be seen by her, and she was unwillingly obliged to leave Kirklands without saying good-bye to him, the doctor having utterly forbidden any such excitement.

On the whole, Katharine was very glad to get away from Kirklands. The place was full of associations, and her very love for it was a trouble to her, knowing that she must leave it again so soon. Moreover, her mind was full of a vague unrest, which she set down to being at Kirklands, and hoped to lose when she left it. And the meeting with Maurice was joy without alloy! Katharine clung to him, speechless with delight.

'My dear, dear Kitty! did you think the years would never be over?—Vicar, I am so glad to see you.'

Not a word could Katharine say, nor was her voice heard until they were seated in the lodging that Maurice had engaged. Then she gazed at him, and said—

'You giant! you look so strong and—homelike. Oh, Maurice, I'm such a fool that I can't help crying!'

'Let me have a look at you, Kitty. You've altered somehow. What is it?—Vicar, what is the change? This is not quite the old Kitty, I fancy.'

'If there is any change, it is for the better, Maurice. She has been living her life and getting her experience, that's all. You left a girl and you find a woman.'

The Thorolds were to remain a fortnight in London, and Aunt Florence, with Lettice as her companion, was to spend the last week with them. They could be the more easily spared for a while, as George Jenkinson had arrived, and Marcia was going to be married very soon, which occasioned a good deal of excitement and party-giving at Southerton.

The day on which the travellers were expected came, and Katharine had hastened all her preparations, that she might give up all her time to Lettice and her aunt. She was arranging with Maurice to meet them, and bring them to the lodgings, when two

letters were brought to them, one for Maurice from the Vicar, the other from Southerton, for Katharine.

‘From Lettice,’ said she, ‘I suppose to say they are off. Read your’s first, Maurice.’

Maurice began—

‘MY DEAR MAURICE,—

‘You will “write me down” a madman when you read this, but I can’t help it—it must be written. When I got home I found Bessy well-nigh distracted, for every hour of that day a servant had come from Colonel Byng to know if I had arrived. And I must go to him directly : so I went. He had only been told that morning of Katharine’s departure, and he was in a terrible taking, but all to see *you*, which seems odd, for he is very fond of her. He wants her too, and he will pay all expenses, but you are to come to him at once. I flatly refused to ask you, but he persists; and truly I think that if he is crossed in this matter it may kill him. He says he has something of great importance to tell you, and when I am with him I believe it, though just now I rather believe that his mind has given way. If you could put off your departure for a few weeks it would cost you nothing, as he will pay for his freak, which is only fair, and it would be a great pleasure to Bessy and me. Poor soul! she is getting the rooms ready for you while I write, just on the bare chance. I will not urge you, because I can’t be sure that it is not for the joy of seeing you both again. Is it possible that Colonel Byng has found out that there is coal on the estate and wants to add to what he paid for it? He is a very honourable old fellow. I hope you will come.

‘Your old friend,

‘WILLIAM HOOKER.’

‘Don’t go, Maurice! you’ve no idea how painful it is.’

‘Well—I dare say. But ever since I landed I have been longing to see the place. I’m going for ever—for I mean to make Canada my country—but I should like to see the old place. I’ll go at my own expense, though.’

‘Well—be it so; but we cannot go till Aunt Florence and Lettice leave us.’

She opened her letter, and began—

‘MY DEAR KATHARINE,—

‘I am so sorry, but everything is changed. I shall not see you after all. A dreadful thing has happened.’

Katharine stopped and stared blankly at her brother, every atom of colour dying out of her face.

‘Go on, Kitty; what on earth has happened?’

‘I can’t—see—Maurice, read, and tell me.’

Maurice looked thoughtfully at her, took the letter and read—

‘Mr. Jenkinson is the cause of it all. He seemed a little ill when he came, but yesterday he got much worse, and Dr. Bucklands says it is small-pox. And Mr. Jenkinson says that three or four of the passengers were ill just as they were near home, and he supposes it was small-pox, and that he took it from them. Mrs. Craven is going to take Beatrice away. Marcia will not go. Clare is going at once. Even if it would be safe for me to go to you I could not leave poor Marcia. There is a nurse, but Marcia would be so lonely. God will take care of me. Clare says I am selfish not to go with her. Aunt Florence will not leave home till she sees how things turn out. The curious thing is, Eleanore has been complaining for two or three days, and it is very like what Mr. Jenkinson complained of; if so, I suppose he did not bring it here.

‘Your own affectionate

‘LETTICE CHARTERIS.

‘P.S. Please remember me to Mr. Thorold.’

‘The good, single-hearted little girl!’ said Maurice. ‘I hope her innocent little phiz will escape. It is a bad business.’

‘Yes’ said Katharine; but the look of terror had left her face.

‘Kitty, marriage is not the only thing that may be done in haste and repented at leisure. The proverb will hold good in the case of emigration. You and I will go to Kirklands, and put off our voyage for one month. You would like to know what happens at Southerton before you leave England.’

But the next day brought a second letter from Lettice.

‘MY DEAR KATHARINE,—

‘Read this quickly and burn it. Please send me some advice, for I do not know what to do. Both Marcia and Beatrice have taken the infection and are in bed, very poorly, and when Clare was actually getting into the carriage she fainted, and had to be carried in again, and then she confessed she had felt ill all day but had tried to think it was fancy. Mr. Jenkinson is very bad indeed. Eleanore not so bad, but of course Aunt Florence stays with her. Mrs. Craven nurses Beatrice, but requires help,—indeed she is of little use. Most of the servants have gone away, and I do not know where Theodore is. Mind you burn this. What am I to do?

‘Your loving friend,

‘LETTICE CHARTERIS.’

‘Oh, Maurice, I must go to her. I can’t let Lettice work herself to death.’

‘Do you know where St. Aubyn is?’

‘No. Do you think it would be wrong for me to go?’

‘Wrong? why no, child; but I don’t know how to let you run such a risk.’

‘Well, you know you made me get vaccinated a second time when the small-pox was in Knaresborough, four years ago, Maurice. I will not go unless you consent heartily. But think of poor Lettice. She is very young, even for her age, and very timid. And poor, poor Clare! oh, I am so sorry for her,—no one cares for her, and she cares for no one but her brother. And though I did not mean it, I was the cause of a kind of separation between them—and I never could get on with her. If he were at home, of course I could not go; but I believe he is abroad, and I should like to do what I can for Clare.’

‘But mind you, he will race home the moment he hears of this.’

‘Ah, no,’ said Katharine, half crying, half laughing—‘not he! He was brought up to think his own health of more importance than anything in the world. There is no danger of his coming.’

‘Katharine Thorold,’ said Maurice, gravely, ‘tell me true—what did you see in that young man to like?’

Katharine sat and stared at him in a state of dismay that nearly made him laugh.

‘But, Maurice, surely I wrote it all to you? It was he that liked me. I said no—you remember?’

‘Oh, I remember perfectly. Well, the fact is, I suppose you must go. They were kind to you when our misfortune came, and if Madame Clare was not kind afterwards, you would like to leave only friends behind you when you come with me. I shall take you down and find out how things are, and then I can go to Kirklands and stay a few days with the Vicar. After that I can come back to London—or go to you.’

‘If all goes well, a few weeks will see me free again. Dear Maurice, this is very kind of you.’

‘To let you run into such danger, Kitty? I am not sure—but if your heart is set upon it, why——’

‘You see, Maurice, the fault—about Clare—was a good deal my own. I was hard on her. I would like to do something for poor Clare.’

That night the Thorolds were on their way, and in due time they arrived in Southerton.

‘Shall we drive on to the Priory at once, Kitty?’

‘No; tell the man to stop at the post-office. Oh! there is Dr. Buckland coming out of the Freemans’. He will tell us all about every one.’

The doctor’s astonishment when he beheld Katharine was great, and became greater when he knew why she had come. He told her that Mrs. Falconer was not seriously ill, but that Mr. Jenkinson would hardly recover. Beatrice Craven was also very ill, and Miss St. Aubyn’s was a terrible case; she must have been ill for several days before she gave in, and had caught a chill, which prevented the eruption coming out, and she was in a very critical state. Dr. Buckland said that, honestly, he must advise Miss Thorold to go away, but that he could not deny that help was terribly

wanted at the Priory, where the staff of nurses consisted of Miss Charteris, one nurse, and one servant, the rest having all fled. When he found that Katharine meant to stay, he begged Maurice to leave her trunk at the post-office, get into the chaise, and drive off at once.

‘You could be of no use,’ he said, ‘and why risk carrying the infection elsewhere with you? That poor fellow Jenkinson must have brought it here, for in every case it has attacked those to whom he and Miss Craven made presents of embroidery and shawls and such like, that he brought home with him for her.’

‘And you must go to Kirklands, Maurice; so I wish you would do as the doctor says.’

‘Very well. But, Dr. Buckland, if Katharine gets this illness, you are to write to me at once; she will know where I am. I won’t go unless you promise this—I won’t be away if Kitty is ill.’

‘I will not ask you to stay away, Maurice. I know you would not mind me. Good-bye now; write often, dear, and I’ll write to you; but bid Miss Bessy get ready some of that disinfecting stuff that she makes, and dip my letters in it.’

A quarter of an hour later, Katharine was at the door of the Priory. She knocked softly, and presently a light step was heard, and the door was opened a little way, by Lettice.

‘Who is it? You must not come here—you had better—Katharine!’ with a flash of delight in her eyes—soon lost in fear. She tried to shut the door, but Katharine pushed it open, and passed in—Lettice turned and fled. But swift-footed Katharine easily caught her.

‘What do you mean by running away? Your first look told me that you were glad to see me, Lettice.’

‘Oh, Katharine! why have you come?’

‘To help you, dear. And I mean to stay, so you may as well welcome me, and tell me how all these poor things are.’

Lettice argued the matter a little, but truly her need of help was too sore to be hidden.

‘I have wished for you, often enough,’ the poor child confessed. ‘It is so terrible to be alone—and then I have no head, you know. Now you will set us all to rights in no time.’

‘I wish I could! but certainly I will do all I can. How are they all this evening?’

‘Mr. Jenkinson has fallen asleep, and nurse thinks it is a healthy sleep—a kind of turning point. I do hope he will not cry out, “My wedding presents, Marcia—my wedding presents,” any more, for Marcia always hears him. If he recovers, Marcia will do very well. But Beatrice is very bad. Mrs. Craven never leaves her. The worst of all is Clare—she lies in a stupor, and will not swallow. No eruption has come out, and I am afraid Dr. Buckland thinks very badly of her.’

‘Perhaps she cannot swallow?’

‘Perhaps; but at first she *would* not. Dr. Buckland told her that

all depended upon bringing out the eruption. And oh, Katharine, only think what she answered—"I would rather die than be disfigured," and she would not take the medicine. Now, perhaps, she really cannot.'

Many further particulars were discussed, and then Katharine said—

'For the present, then, I will take special charge of Clare. The nurse can stay with Mr. Jenkinson, and you will go to Marcia. Dr. Buckland will be here presently.'

It would take up too much space if I were to give you the history of the next few days at length. Katharine succeeded in getting Clare to swallow the necessary medicines, and after hours of intense suffering the terrible eruption appeared in its most virulent form. Katharine nursed her almost without help; Mr. Jenkinson was better, but so weak that the nurse hardly dared to leave him, and Beatrice was worse, so that her poor mother was obliged to accept help from Lettice. Marcia was very much better, and so reasonable and cheerful that she gave but little trouble.

But nursing Clare was not all that Katharine did. She it was who made arrangements by which each nurse had six hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty; she insisted on regular nourishing meals, both by day and by night; and she made Lettice eat, when the girl was so sick and so weary that she hated the sight of food. She it was who made a large fire and burned Mr. Jenkinson's clothes and parcels, declaring that until that was done no one was safe; the doctor was delighted, though he would never have ventured on such a step himself. And he wrote to London for a supply of garments for the poor fellow whose goods had been so boldly confiscated. Again, it was Katharine who insisted upon open doors and windows, and big fires in every room, and basins of some disinfectant in all the passages. And last, but not least, she it was who infused something of her own steady courage into the hearts of the others, coaxed one or two of the servants to come back, and by mere force of example got as much work out of them as if the entire household had been there.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and Katharine sat alone in Clare's room. The case was not quite hopeless, but very nearly so. Clare was talking a little in a hoarse, strained voice, and Katharine's heart was wrung by her talk.

'Don't let any one see me! I shall lose my beauty; I shall be an object; and I would rather die! Oh, let me die before every one is pitying me—I can't bear it!' She was not exactly delirious, yet not able to control herself. And truly, she was a fearful sight.

Katharine, sitting beside a bright fire, was warming some drink for her patient, whose every movement she watched, going over to the bed to replace the coverings every now and then. Some one came in, and, without looking up from her saucepan, she said—

'Nurse, do you know, I fancy she is not quite so restless.'

No answer—the step went over to the bed. Then came a low, horror-struck—

‘My poor Clare!’

Katharine sprang up; there stood Theodore, beside his sister.

‘Theodore! Oh, I am so glad—so glad!’

‘Why? did you think I should not come?’

‘Forgive me,’ said Katharine, gently. ‘I am so glad you *have* come.’

‘Yes; I came at once. It was Maurice who wrote to me. Why did no one tell me of this before?’

‘Clare was going away, you know, and then no one knew where you were; of course I should have found your address if I had looked among her papers, but I did not like to do that. And indeed I have had no time to think.’

She paused, and then said softly—

‘It is frightfully dangerous for you, Theodore.’

‘You are running the risk for one who was never very kind to you, yet you would have me avoid it when my sister, who cared for me all my life, is ill?’

‘No; I would not have you avoid it,’ Katharine said impulsively, stretching out her hand and laying it in his. ‘I would have you do—as you are doing, Theodore.’

In the excitement, neither of them noticed that twice she had called him by his Christian name.

Clare struggled through that terrible illness; but her grand, queen-like beauty was gone. She was frightfully scarred, and when she knew it, the shock nearly killed her. It was from Katharine that she wrung the truth, and it was from Katharine that the first ray of consolation reached her. Days had passed since that first revelation, and Clare had never spoken of it again. She lay back among her pillows, sometimes following Katharine’s movements with her eyes, oftener closing them and lying thinking, thinking. Katharine could bear it no longer. Her heart yearned over poor Clare, who had lost all that had made up her life; and bending over the easy-chair, she kissed the poor scarred face tenderly, and said—

‘Clare, in all the pride of your beauty you were never loved as you may be now. Put your arms round me and kiss me. Will you not let me love and comfort you?’

Clare looked up, drew the face which had grown thin and white in her service close to her own, and said—

‘My sister.’

But Katharine crimsoned, and drew back.

Beatrice Craven was the only one of those attacked who did not recover; she had been in a very low, nervous state for some time, and though she lived through the disease, she had not strength to get well. Marcia was well long before her lover was about again; he was a good deal marked, but her keen, vivacious little face had

altogether escaped. Eleanore, too, got off without a scar, and neither Lettice, Katharine, nor Theodore were attacked. Theodore proved a real help, particularly when the patients were convalescent; his gentleness and kindness seemed unfailing.

At last the time came when it was considered safe for Maurice to come to Southerton; and one breezy day in October Katharine passed through the gate of the Priory on her way to his lodgings at the post-office—for he had considered it better not to accept the St. Aubyns' invitation to the Priory, as the Cravens were still there, and poor Mrs. Craven in a very sad state; for poor silly Beatrice had been her favourite child.

'Hullo! Why it is actually Mistress Kitty herself,' exclaimed Maurice, pouncing upon her as she entered his room. 'My dear old Kitty—why you're as thin as a lath—there's nothing left of you. And very pale, too. My dear girl, this has been an awful time!'

'I have been too busy to think about it!' she said. 'And now if poor Lettice would only get strong again, all would be right. It is good to be hugged like that, Maurice.'

'Bring her home with you. Change of air is what she wants, most likely.'

'Home?—to the Vicar's? Are we going there again?'

'Kitty, I have lots to tell you. Sit down, and take off your bonnet. I did not write it to you, for you had enough on your mind; and besides, I wanted to see your face when you heard part of it.'

'Well, tell me at once. Don't tantalise me, Maurice.'

'The first thing I have to tell you will grieve you, Katharine. Colonel Byng is dead. I never saw him, after all. He had another stroke the day I reached Kirklands, and died in the night.'

'Poor old man!' said Katharine with tears in her eyes; 'and yet I am not really sorry. He was so dreadfully lonely—I would rather not leave him as I saw him last. He longed to go, and I do believe that all was well with him.'

'Mr. Hooker was quite satisfied,' said Maurice.

'He was so sorry for the way he behaved to you, Maurice.'

'He proved that beyond a doubt, Kitty. He had no relations left, and so he has wronged no one by making me his heir. Kirklands is mine again.'

'Maurice! Oh, Maurice, is it true—are you sure?'

'Quite sure, my dear. He left you five thousand pounds, and there was a letter to me in which he said that he looked upon you as his own child, but that in making me his heir he did an act of justice and pleased you more than if he left it all to you.'

'Left it to me!—I hope he never dreamed of such a thing! Dear Maurice, I am so happy for you. Oh, let us go home at once. I'll bring Lettice, and we shall soon be quite strong again. Kirklands!—to be at home there again. It seems almost impossible!'

Maurice was watching her with a touch of anxiety on his face.

She sat silent for a while—then, meeting his eye, she said hurriedly—

‘I hope it is not unfeeling—when the kind old man is dead—to feel so happy.’

‘Not a bit, dear; he wanted to make you happy. And to tell you the truth, you are not as overjoyed as I want to see you. What is it, Kitty dear?’

Katharine hid her face and began to cry.

‘It is nothing—but that I am overtired. Don’t think I am not glad—for glad is nothing to what I feel.’

‘Well—it is not the way you used to be glad—long ago, Katharine.’

‘But I am overtired, Maurice; you cannot think how tired I am. Oh, Maurice, take me home soon!’

‘To-morrow,’ said Maurice, with decision.

‘Oh no! Clare could not do without me so soon.’

‘She must try,’ said Maurice. ‘Home you go to-morrow. Bring the little one with you, if you like; but I’ll have you, at all events.’

‘But why, Maurice?’

‘You just do as you’re bid for once, Kitty. It will be good for you,’ was all the answer she could get.

Katharine presently went back to the Priory, and going to Clare’s sitting-room, she found Theodore there, reading to his sister. She told her good news, and they both congratulated her—Clare with more warmth than she had often shown.

‘And Maurice is in a hurry to get home,’ Katharine went on; ‘and now that you are so well, Clare, he wants me—he means to go to-morrow. And may I take Lettice with me? she is not at all strong, just from fatigue, I think, and it will do her good.’

‘To-morrow!’ the two St. Aubyns exclaimed with one voice. Then Clare said, ‘Theodore!’

‘I must not!’ he answered. ‘I said I would not persecute her. I told you so, Clare.’

‘Yes, but things are changed—Katharine! you know what good reason I have for wishing to see him happy, and his happiness is in *your* hands, not mine—not mine,’ Clare said, with a sob. ‘I think, somehow, you would listen to him now.’

Katharine stood looking out of the window, her face quite turned away. Something, however, gave Theodore courage to come up and take her hand.

‘Katharine, she tells me you have changed; is it so? May I speak, once more?’

‘Do you really want—to speak—still? I was so rude, so harsh, and yet afterwards I knew that——’

‘That what—tell me, Katharine?’

‘That you are better than I. Do you remember what I said when

you spoke last? Proud fool that I was!—and I—loved you, Theodore, all the time, only I would not see it.'

They were standing behind Clare's couch, and now a rather long silence fell upon them. Presently Katharine came and knelt beside her.

'You called me sister once, Clare.'

'Oh, Katharine, you have conquered! Yes, a sister, and a dear sister!'

'Ah, I might have made you like me before if I had not been so proud, and so ready to judge harshly. I set myself against you, Clare: and when he first spoke to me, I really believed that I was his superior—do not stop me, for I shall feel better when I have told you the whole truth. Then I heard from Lettice all he was doing—and then you wrote that letter, you know. Then since you came home again—oh, I have learned that gentleness is very strong, stronger than I am, for I am not gentle, but I will learn. There was one other reason—I could not have deserted Maurice as things were then, but that is all changed too.'

She glanced shyly at Theodore, and added quickly—

'What are you laughing at?'

'I don't think I quite laughed, Katharine. But I was thinking that Clare might feel inclined to do so, for before you came in I was giving her *my* version of the story. No, my dearest, I am not better than you, nor am I worthy of you, but any good that is in me I think I owe to you, and I love you, Katharine, with all my heart.'

'And I shall go away, Katharine; I will not be a blot upon your happiness.'

Theodore and Katharine looked at each other, and Katharine said—

'If you really want to please me, Clare, do not go—let us try how we can get on. I think we could be very happy together, and I could not bear you to go away.'

Theodore added his own entreaties, and after some talk they came to an agreement. Clare was to remain for one year with them, and at the end of that time she said she would go unless they asked her to stay, and she made Katharine promise solemnly not to ask her if she thought that they would be happier without her.

Theodore wanted to go at once to speak to Maurice, but Katharine begged him to let her see him first, which she promised to do early the next morning.

'Lettice, do you know where you'll be, probably in two or three days? You are coming home with me, my dear—you want change and rest, and I have spoken to Clare—you are to go if you like. Do you like, Lettice?'

'Like! Why—are you in earnest? Go to Kirklands with you—and see your old home and the beautiful church; and the place where you stopped the wheel chair—oh, Katharine!'

‘All that you shall see. And—will you be my bridesmaid, Lettice?’

Lettice stopped in the very act of rushing across the room—the two girls were in Katharine’s familiar bedroom—to embrace her friend, in her ecstasy. Her countenance fell.

‘I thought he looked odd,’ said she. ‘Oh, Katharine dear, are you sure you like him? You always used to abuse him and laugh at him, and maybe you are only very sorry for him now. Though, indeed, he is very much improved.’

Katharine’s face was a study—half angry, a little penitent, and more than a little amused.

‘You little wretch! how dare you remember all my old sins? It is too bad to have them all brought up against me now. Ah, Lettice, I believe I loved him even then; but I am very certain that I love him now!’

No one else was to be told until Maurice had consented to the engagement. So next morning Katharine and Theodore set out together, she to see Maurice at once, he to pay a visit to Eleanore, and to follow her in about half an hour.

‘Well, Katharine, are you packed up? Will Miss Charteris come? Why, my girl, you look a different being to-day. The very thought of Kirklands has done you good.’

‘Lettice will come—but, Maurice, I want you to wait until to-morrow.’

‘Well—I suppose she could hardly be ready,—yes, I will wait. But don’t keep me longer, Kitty, for there is a good deal I want to do at home, and it is dull here when I may not go to see any of them.’

‘One of them is coming to see you.’

‘Which? Oh! it must be that long lad, Theodore.’

‘Well! it is for you to talk of long lads, sir!’

‘Yes, it is for me. I am tall, but then look at the breadth of me. Now he is just a fishing-rod kind of fellow.’

‘Maurice, dear, don’t you like him?’

‘Oh, he’s not a bad fellow, no doubt,’ said Maurice, in a disparaging tone.

Katharine turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears.

‘Oh, Maurice, this is my fault. I used to write all my nonsense and conceit to you, and now this is my punishment.’

Maurice came behind her, put his hand under her chin, and raised her face, looking down at her with a world of affection and a spice of fun in his eyes.

‘I won’t tease you, Kitty. So you’ve made it up? My dear, I knew how it would be when I let you come here! I saw how it was with you. Then I found out his address at the post-office, and I let him know how things were going here. I said to myself, “If he is worth his salt, he’ll go home. If he goes home, he’ll win my

Kitty, and I may emigrate alone; if he stays away I shall tell her plainly that she must forget him.”’

‘Now how on earth did you know, Maurice?’

‘Why, you are not made of glass, Katharine, yet you are tolerably transparent, you know. The Vicar had his suspicions too. Well, you are not the kind of woman to change, once you’ve made up your mind. I will not say that I should have chosen him for you—but——’

‘Ah, wait till you know him, Maurice. Ask him to come home with us, and try to get really acquainted with him.’

‘I will; and you may be sure I shall like him if I can—for your sake, child.’

‘Emigrate alone!’ cried Katharine suddenly; ‘how dare you say that, sir? I would never have done this if you had to go to Canada.’

‘There’s a great deal of human nature in you, Kitty,’ answered Maurice, drily.

‘You must marry a nice wife, Maurice.’

‘Yes,’ said he, placidly. ‘I’m going to try for the little girl—Miss Charteris. Have I any chance, do you think?’

‘Maurice, what do you mean? I was in earnest!’

‘So am I. I liked the little I saw of her—I liked all you said of her in your letters. I can’t live all by myself, can I?’

Before Katharine could make out whether he was in earnest or only laughing at her, Theodore arrived.

The news spread rapidly, and was received in various quarters with varying comments. Marcia said that she expected it, and was glad, for that Theodore wanted some one to keep him up to the mark. Mrs. Craven said she did not care, now. Poor woman! she had always clung to the hope that her poor Beatrice might yet be the mistress of the Priory, and Beatrice lay in the little churchyard, sent there not so much by the disease of which she died, as by the long fretting for what she would probably never have thought of if it had not been put into her head by others. Eleanore was quite angry, declaring that Katharine was throwing herself away. Aunt Florence, on the contrary, maintained that it was ‘a very nice match!’ The General surmised that there would be a grey mare in *that* stable, but that St. Aubyn was a good fellow, in his way. Katharine heard none of these remarks and was very happy.

Whether Maurice had been serious in what he said about Lettice that morning, or only making fun of his sister, he soon became serious enough; and Katharine, seeing how things were to be, persuaded Theodore to wait until she had taught Lettice to manage house, dairy and poultry as well as she managed them herself. As to Lettice, Maurice had always been a hero in her eyes, and the only difficulty was to persuade her that he could possibly care for her. There were two weddings next summer in Kirklands Church, and it would be hard to say which marriage proved the happier. If Katharine was

really too good for Theodore, she never found it out. It was wonderful to see how the two characters influenced each other for good: how Katharine became gentle and courteous, Theodore decided and active. Foremost in every good work, ready to give time, labour, and money—money which he would not have been able to spare as his family increased, but for his talent for painting. Not that he was a celebrated artist, but he could always dispose of his pictures, and he and Katharine agreed in considering his earnings set apart for charitable purposes.

Clare never left the Priory. Her health never recovered the effects of her severe illness, but she was very happy; and Katharine's children would have found it as hard to believe that Auntie had ever been cold, selfish, and unloving, as that she had ever been a very beautiful woman. Katharine having one day asserted that this was really true, was obliged to show them a picture that Theodore had done long ago, in proof of it. And after a long look, the children were convinced; but little Letty remarked—

‘I like Auntie better as she is.’

Katharine started, for she saw that Clare had come into the room. The children ran away, shyly. Clare stood and looked at the picture.

‘Put it away, Katharine. I was that lady's slave for forty years, and she was a very hard mistress. What a hollow, unreal thing life was then! How I hated you, when you brought a breath of fresh air—a touch of reality—into the house. Ah, it was a good day for my poor boy when he fell in love with you!’

‘It was a very good day for me too; in fact, I think we have none of us reason to regret it,’ said Katharine, as she put the painting back into Theodore's great press.

THE END.

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS ENDERBY, as her nephew had said, was ruled by an elderly maid named Staley; and one of Staley's functions with her mistress was to collect into a focus the gossip that she heard around her, and retail it. So it happened that towards the end of the week after Mr. Glynn and Dr. Westford had paid their visit, the old lady entered her nephew's room in a most obvious state of flutter and nervousness.

'What is it, Aunt Louisa?' said he from his couch. 'You don't look comfortable.'

'No, my dear Richard, and I don't feel comfortable at all. I did not know when I came here that you took in lunatics; and, indeed, now that you are so ill, I really think you ought not—supposing she were to break out and cut all our throats in the middle of the night!'

'Who is to cut our throats?'

'Why, my dear, that Mrs. Maynard. I understood you wanted to have her because she was a friend, and came and read to you, and all that; but if I had known—— Poor good Staley, she said to me last night, "Whatever you do, ma'am, don't forget to bolt your door inside," and I did.'

'Staley is an old simpleton, Aunt Louisa. Mrs. Maynard is no more mad than you or I; she is here entirely as a friend. She was most kind in nursing Denzil through his illness, and now she is helping to nurse me. Where did she hear this story?'

'Why, Richard, everybody in the place is talking about it, Staley says. They say she always was a very odd woman; that she pretended to be drowned, and carried off her little niece too, and pretended to drown her; and that now her brother has found it out, and came down at once and carried off the child; and only just in time, for she was driving the poor child out of her senses with telling her about ghosts and things she saw, like those wretched people who drink too much and see snakes, you know.'

'You may tell Staley,' said Dr. Enderby, 'that the people who tell those stories know nothing whatever about it. Mrs. Maynard was foolish and wrong in carrying off her little niece and hiding her, but she was quite as sane as any one else; and the reason why Sir Wyndham came and took the child away was because Mrs. Maynard

saw that she had been wrong, and wrote and told her brother where the child was. As for the story about ghosts, there is not a single word of truth in it. I should like to know where she got it.'

'Well, Richard, she went to tea with the nurse at the Rectory yesterday, who was a fellow-servant of hers once, and I suppose she thought in a clergyman's household they would be likely to know,' said Miss Enderby, in a somewhat hurt voice, produced by two causes—secret disappointment in finding that her indignation was causeless, and partisanship on behalf of her depreciated maid.

She went out, and Dr. Enderby lay back on his couch, with an anxious look on his face. He had done all he could to save Bessie trouble in this matter; he had arranged that Dr. Farrell and Dr. Westford should meet that day at his house, hear his account of Bessie's history, and have every opportunity of testing her condition of mind by personal intercourse; but he was very sorry to think that Hornbridge was full of reports of the kind which his aunt had just brought to him. However, with him, forewarned was forearmed. With one sigh for his lost powers of locomotion, he wrote a pencil note to Mr. Burton, explaining how the case stood, and stating that he was anxious to trace the origin of these stories about ghosts seen by Mrs. Maynard, which seemed to have been talked of in his household, and which if they could not be disproved might under the circumstances be very prejudicial to her. Mrs. Maynard herself laughed at the idea of being a ghost-seer, but could give no clue to account for the connection of her name with ghosts.

This letter was immediately taken by Mr. Bruton to his wife, who had not thought it necessary to describe to her husband that part of her conversation with the two strangers in which she had enlarged upon Dora's terror of Kuhleborn. He blamed her, and she tried to justify herself by assuring him that she had only mentioned what odd things Dora had learnt there. It was not the first time that Mrs. Bruton's random shafts had got her into trouble with her husband, and this time he spoke his mind strongly. Dora was attending a dancing class in the town, so he offered in his return note to send her across in the afternoon to explain matters to Dr. Enderby, as he found that some foolish talk of hers seemed to be at the bottom of the whole thing.

In the afternoon the two doctors came, and from the nature of the circumstances, came prepared with a series of opposite convictions. Dr. Enderby saw them first, told them both the circumstances of Bessie's history, her devotion to Elys, and the gradual awakening of her conscience in regard to her right to the child. Dr. Farrell, who knew Dr. Enderby well and valued him, and was therefore predisposed to his side, listened sympathetically; Dr. Westford acted the *Advocatus Diaboli*, and questioned Dr. Enderby's statements whenever it was possible. He was hard to convince that Bessie's intimacy with Dr. Enderby had nothing to do with his interest in her

health; and when Dr. Enderby spoke of her kindness to his little boy, and the intimacy of the two children being the only things that had brought them together, he became distinctly vexed.

‘At least,’ he said, in a tone that might have been slightly bullying had it not been restrained by the fact that his opponent was so plainly almost a dying man, ‘you can hardly deny, Dr. Enderby, that the lady’s belief in phantoms of some kind is a common topic of conversation in Hornbridge.’

‘So I have heard for the first time to-day,’ said Dr. Enderby; ‘and it has surprised me much that such a report should have got about; for Mrs. Maynard is not a particularly imaginative person, and is inclined to be rather ultra-sceptical on such subjects. But the little girl, through whom the report came, is now downstairs with her father, and I believe she is a truthful child, though stupid. I was going to investigate the story privately, but I am quite ready to do so before you, if you wish it.’

Accordingly Mr. Bruton and Dora, the latter frightened and bewildered, and suffering under an uncomprehended feeling of being blamed by every one, she did not know what for, were ushered upstairs into Dr. Enderby’s room. She began by a fit of crying, but Dr. Enderby soothed and cheered her up, and she proved herself more capable than he had expected of answering intelligently. Did she remember having said that Mrs. Maynard talked to her about ghosts, and that she had been frightened by them?

‘No,’ said Dora, in her quivering little voice. ‘It was Elys that told me stories about ghosts. Mrs. Maynard only read a story when we were sewing.’

‘What was the story about?’

‘It was about Undine’s uncle, always coming up through a spring and making faces; but she left off reading it when I told her it frightened me.’

‘And Elys’s ghosts? What were they?’

‘They were turnips,’ said Dora, getting very red, remembering how she had fled screaming; ‘and Elys said one was the ghost of the White Lady with the Black Nose. It had a black nose,’ she added.

There was a general laugh, and then Dr. Enderby said—

‘I can acquit Mrs. Maynard of the White Lady with the Black Nose. My little boy came home from school one holidays with a passion for turnip ghosts, and he and Elys made about a dozen, with legends to match, so that they almost succeeded in frightening themselves. I remember well the White Lady with the Black Nose. But, Dora, did you ever think Mrs. Maynard had anything to do with the turnip ghost?’

‘Oh no,’ said Dora; ‘why, she scolded Elys for frightening me, and made her bring me the head and show me that it was a turnip with a candle in it.’

‘You should have told your mother that, Dora,’ said Mr. Bruton,

rather sharply, distinctly conscious that his wife had made herself look very foolish.

‘She didn’t ask me,’ faltered Dora.

‘I think Mrs. Maynard’s phantoms are disposed of, at any rate,’ said Dr. Farrell, smiling. Dr. Westford said nothing, but looked and probably felt rather small. He had certainly made a mountain out of a molehill from listening to the words of a talkative and inaccurate woman, and his sentiments towards Mrs. Bruton were not benedictory.

There only remained the personal interview with Bessie, and this was conclusive, even to Doctor Westford. ‘Whatever you do, don’t get nervous or excited,’ had been her instruction from Dr. Enderby; and now that she was not on tenter-hooks to get information about Elys, which she thought was being kept from her, she found it easy to carry out her instruction. Her long training in self-control stood in her favour, and she was evidently a self-possessed and rational woman, taking this enquiry as a matter of necessity, which she had brought upon herself, and therefore feeling that she had no right to shirk anything disagreeable which it brought her.

When Dr. Farrell said good-bye to her, he remarked, ‘I wish most of my patients had as little need of me as you, Mrs. Maynard; but I am afraid if so, my speciality would be gone.’

‘Yes,’ said Dr. Westford. ‘Mrs. Maynard has only to undergo the penalty for having acted unconventionally.’

Bessie thought that this was a heavier one than either of them realised, but she bowed and smiled mechanically, as in duty bound. They went back to Dr. Enderby for a little while, and then drove off together to the station. She stood by the window and watched them; but there was no sense of triumph in her mind, though there was of course a certain sensation of relief that the danger which threatened her had been so quickly averted by Dr. Enderby’s prompt action on her behalf. But this was swallowed up, after the first few moments, in a heavy-hearted sick sense of failure. Like Daudet’s poor little love-sick girl, who tries to drown herself in the Seine, and dies of the ignominy and shame of being rescued, Bessie felt, now that the excitement of her interview was over, that to have to be proved sane by investigation was only less terrible than to be treated as insane without it. What a failure she had made of her life, that she had forfeited in the eyes of her neighbours the simple ordinary credit and honour due to a normal rational human being!

But happily Bessie had Dr. Enderby to think of as well as herself, and her quick instinct told her that he would like to see her before taking his needful rest after the exertions of the day. She went up to his room—he had an upstairs sitting-room now, so as entirely to avoid the exertion of stairs—and he stretched out his hand to her with a beaming smile.

‘Well, Bessie, you have quite convinced your judges’ minds—even Westford; I congratulate you. I am sure our tactics were by far

the best we could have used, and I feel quite cock-a-hoop to think of my own genius.'

'Another thing out of the many I have to thank you for,' said Bessie, holding his hands in both hers, while her eyes grew moist as she looked at his bright though haggard face.

'Not me,' he said, gently; 'that would be like thanking the plough for the harvest. Besides,' after a pause, 'don't you think, under the circumstances, even if it were so, we might abstain from thanking each other by this time, and take it for granted that any help we each gave the other was simply a kind of refined selfishness?'

Bessie said nothing; she was not sure of trusting her voice.

'One thing I wanted to say, quite apart from that subject,' he said. 'I have told my aunt to be sure, when I am gone, to give you this.'

He opened a little locket that hung on his watch-chain, which disclosed two photographs, of himself and his wife, taken in the early years of their marriage.

'I had a fac-simile made for Denzil, when he was old enough for a watch,' he said; 'I could not spare this. But I should like you to have it. You will think of Amy and me together, and you won't grieve more than you can help, when you think of what it will be to both of us. It won't be very long now, I think,' he added, 'and Farrell thinks as I do. I have written to ask them to send Denzil on Monday; and with him, and you, I shall have all I could have wished or prayed to have. Now I am rather tired; will you read me to sleep? Your voice is so soothing.'

Bessie read the gentle minor cadences of 'In Memoriam,' and before long he had dropped asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is difficult to say what would have been the attitude of Hornbridge personally towards Bessie if it had not been for Dr. Enderby's illness, and the fact that she was known to possess more direct information on the subject than any one else. First one person, and then another, found it convenient to ask her for the latest news from the sick chamber, as it gradually oozed out that Dr. Enderby was dying; and though she avoided meeting her neighbours as much as she could, she came across most of them, face to face, either alone or, later on, with Denzil for a companion.

One morning, when she had been into the town for some sick-room necessary, turning round a corner, she came suddenly upon Alda Hughes. Both women hesitated, and then Bessie, impelled by anxiety, too strong for any pride to stop her, advanced to her.

'Miss Hughes, have you heard from Elys at all since she left me?'

The words were simple enough, but the hungry eyes, the drawn, worn face, the slight quiver of the lips, suddenly brought home to Alda's mind a conviction that Dr. Enderby's view of Bessie's history

after all was the true one, and that what she had written to Russell Verney about her was a cobweb of falsities. She felt really compassionate as she replied—

‘No ; I have not heard a word from her. I hope she is well?’

‘I have heard nothing—I hoped you might,’ said Bessie, with a little half-sobbing sigh, and walked on. Alda also walked on in the opposite direction, somewhat ill at ease in her mind. That look, that tone of Bessie’s had made her ashamed of the letter she had written to Russell. She would almost have unwritten it if she could. What if she were to write now, and tell him that Bessie’s unfeigned wretchedness about Elys had changed her mind, and made her feel it possible that her actions might after all be simply explained by an infatuation for the ‘child? ‘Impossible,’ said those baser second thoughts, which so constantly, with their selfish calculation, conquered and annihilated Alda’s nobler impulses. ‘I have nothing to go upon but an impulse of pity, and if I sent such an impression out to Russell, he is just the man to come rushing home to her feet, imploring her to let him be her knight and protector through life. Besides, how do I *know* after all anything more than I knew before. An impulse of pity is not evidence for or against the object of it.’

It is needless to remark that Alda did not write.

It was distinctly a good thing for Bessie when Denzil came home, as he occupied all her time which his father did not require. It fell to her lot to tell him what his father’s condition really was. It was one of Dr. Enderby’s bad days, and he did not feel physically capable of bearing the excitement of seeing Denzil’s grief. Bessie told him very tenderly, and let him have his cry out on her shoulder, like a little child, as he would have done if she had been his mother. To her it was grateful to have something young leaning against her again, and depending on her for comfort. She cared for all children now for the sake of her lost Elys, besides her love for Denzil, for his own sake and his father’s.

The shock once over, the boy showed that he inherited his father’s brave unselfish nature, and could master his own pain so as not to trouble Dr. Enderby more than was necessary. He had a long talk with his father as soon as there came a day when Dr. Enderby was able to bear it, and after that he seemed fairly cheerful. Sometimes he used to come to Bessie and nestle up to her, laying his head on her shoulder ; but he did not cry any more, and kept his emotion under control, though sometimes after a talk with his father he came to her trembling all over. Old Miss Enderby, however, irritated his overwrought nerves almost beyond endurance, and Bessie had to use all her tact to keep the two apart as much as possible, and to keep the peace between them when they were together. This was the easier task as Denzil was never willingly out of his father’s room.

One day Dr. Enderby had devised an errand for Denzil to a farmhouse two miles off, in order to give him enforced air and exercise,

and Bessie was sitting with him in his room. The rapid course of his disease was plainly to be seen now, in comparing what he was now to what he had been a week before. He had had two or three days of much suffering and discomfort, and had scarcely been able even to bear being read to. To-day, however, he seemed to have revived. He had chatted with Denzil, and had even had an interview with Miss Enderby; then he had gone to sleep, and Bessie was sitting beside the window reading, waiting till he should wake. She did not know that he had awoke, when she heard his voice say—

‘Bessie, you will have a very lonely life when I am gone. What do you mean to do with it?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Bessie. ‘I suppose some opening will come.’ It was with difficulty that she kept her voice steady, but she knew by this time that nothing troubled Dr. Enderby like the evidence of suffering in those around him. ‘I suppose,’ she went on, ‘that they are hardly likely ever to let me have Elys back.’

‘You have no conscious vocation of any kind? It seems to me that you are an admirable nurse. Did you ever think of taking up that as an employment? Do you feel when you see people uncomfortable an overpowering desire to put them right?’

‘Not unless I care for them personally,’ said Bessie. Then came a pause. ‘No; I don’t think I have any vocation for nursing, except for my friends. I wish I could see my way clear before me. I wish I were like Alda Hughes, and could write. I wish I had any strong bent. But I have none. Do you see anything that I could do?’

‘There is Mallard,’ said Dr. Enderby.

‘I don’t want to have anything to do with Mallard! I would far rather leave it to Wyndham.’

‘But are you sure you are looking on it in the right way, when you say that? Isn’t that the cloven hoof of the landowner, Bessie—the belief that your property is yours, to do what you like with, and not a trust for you to make the most of for the good of the world?’

‘Perhaps it is,’ said Bessie, humbly. Then after an interval: ‘Perhaps it is all my cowardice. I have had such a horror all this time that any move on my part to get Mallard back will make Wyndham so angry that I should have no chance of ever seeing Elys again.’

‘I don’t wonder. But you see that there is something unworthy in that—as in all cowardice; don’t you?’

‘Yes,’ said Bessie, with a little shiver. ‘I see it now you say so. I never saw it before. I am afraid I am not brave, though I know I ought to be, and used to think I was.’

‘You will be,’ said Dr. Enderby; ‘you have it in you. Indeed, I think you have been exceedingly brave in this business. Don’t despair. But does not your reason agree with me, in what I say about Mallard?’

‘I don’t know what I could do then that Wyndham does not do just as well,’ she said, dejectedly.

‘I should rather doubt his being a model landowner, from things I have heard. Think, Bessie, of the power you would have over the lives and surroundings of your tenant labourers. How you could sweeten and enrich them. It seems to me that now the Lady Bountiful ideal has been given up, and the conception of brotherly and sisterly help to these people has hardly yet arisen, in your class——’

‘But don’t you think it is unfair to Wyndham? Somehow I have that feeling very strongly; that having taken the line I did, I am almost bound in honour to leave Mallard and its revenues to him.’

‘No; I don’t think that is the case at all. I think you ought to make him a handsome allowance; and I am sure that it will be a most disagreeable task to turn him out of Mallard. But at the same time the fact of a thing being disagreeable does not make it right to avoid it; and it seems to me that you are bound to disregard the world’s construction of your actions in this case. Shall I tell you what I should do if I were you?’

‘What would you do?’

‘I should write to your brother, and tell him that I wished things to remain just as they were until Midsummer; and then you hoped to go into the subject of Mallard thoroughly, and come to a definite arrangement about it. The question of your intercourse with Elys might be settled at the same time. I think—though I am not sure—that I can recommend you to a man who will help you; but I should like to communicate with him first, if I have time and opportunity. If not, you had better go to some good lawyer. Mine is a good fellow. By the bye, that reminds me of another matter. I have taken the liberty of making you one of Denzil’s guardians. I don’t want you to be bothered about business matters; I have arranged about that. But I want him to feel that there is a really good woman whom he loves who has a right to care for and advise him. You will let him spend part of his holidays with you?’

Bessie could not speak for a moment. Then, trying to speak lightly, as her only resource, she said, ‘You are doing your best to prove that you think me sane at least. Thank you.’ Her voice faltered as she spoke.

‘Then you accept the charge? It is very good of you.’

‘I don’t think you could have given me anything in the world I should have cared for so much. Indeed, I will do my best.’

‘Then that is settled. And Mallard?’

‘I will try to do what I ought there,’ said Bessie. ‘Thank you for telling me. I shall feel as if that were a charge from you too.’

This was the last talk they had on outside matters. Dr. Enderby did not recur to them, and Bessie’s tender instinct recoiled from bringing her affairs again before him, though his suggestions had naturally led to many bewildering questions. Indeed, after that day, his mind did not seem to dwell much on the outer world, either for himself or others. His weakness increased rapidly; he did not

suffer so much acute pain as he had done earlier in his illness; but there were times of painful oppression and faintness, when the physical sensations seemed to overpower every instinct but that of the brave endurance which had become so habitual that it never flagged. When these passed off, and his mind was clear, he was mostly too weak to talk much, but what he said always reflected the bright serenity of his soul. Denzil and Bessie were almost always with him, except when he ordered them away for sleep or fresh air, as to which he was as despotic as ever.

One evening, after a very bad day, he drew Denzil down to him, and said—

‘My boy, it goes to my heart sometimes to think how desolate you will be. Will you bear it bravely? You know it will only be outwardly that we shall be separated.’

And Denzil, swallowing down his tears with a gallant effort, said, ‘Don’t bother yourself, father. It will be all right. I—I wouldn’t change.’

‘I wouldn’t change him for anybody else’s father,’ he said afterwards to Bessie, in the intervals of one of his rare breakdowns; ‘but why *must* he go? I wish it was me instead. I wish I’d died in the scarlet-fever, instead of giving it to him.’ And poor Denzil sobbed bitterly.

Bessie put her arms round him and comforted him as she best could, but rather by unspoken sympathy than by comforting words. For she also felt that when this one friend was gone her life would be more desolate than she could bear to think. She felt as if she were mounted on a machine she could not control, and saw a dead wall ahead, which she was coming nearer and nearer to by smooth mechanical progress, and would infallibly be dashed against when she touched it. She did not think of it, however, with any active dread; it seemed to her that what she had to do was to live from moment to moment, doing what she could for Dr. Enderby and Denzil, till the moment at which the blank wall was reached. After that she did not much care what happened. As the end grew visibly nearer, however, she pined for one more of those words of tender counsel which had made such a difference to her life; and quite unexpectedly she got it. She had been raising his pillows and making him comfortable, and as she finished her task she saw his eyes fixed wistfully upon her.

‘Don’t lose heart,’ he said.

She would have answered brightly, but her voice failed, and the tears dimmed her eyes in spite of herself.

‘Remember—you promised not to repent when you gave up Elys. If you give gladly, life won’t be unbearable. You will find it gradually getting brighter and happier. I’ve tried it.’ He paused for breath, and then said, holding her hand in his: ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.’

'I will,' she said, solemnly, and even as she spoke, a fresh access of hope and power of belief seemed to come over her; the infection of moral strength and noble feeling which she had so often caught from him before. He looked more satisfied, and the wistful expression left his face. Before long he had fallen into a quiet sleep.

The exaltation of that moment helped Bessie through what was to follow. Those were nearly his last conscious words. Two days of living death followed, when the spirit was beyond the power of those who loved him, and yet the physical life still lingered. At last the end came; the life ebbed out through the long hours of night, and the last breath was drawn painlessly just as the bells began to ring on Easter morning, while the dawn was tinting the dim grey clouds with rose-colour and primrose.

'Thank God it is over,' Bessie said to herself, as she leaned out into the cool spring morning air; 'he has what he wants now.'

CHAPTER XV.

ELYS's journey with her father did not prove to be exactly an excursion of pleasure. She was tired, bewildered, strange, and more unhappy than she knew; he was cross and sharp with her, and said no word to make her feel at ease in this sudden change in her life. On one occasion he left her for half an hour, in the care of a kindly old lady, while he refreshed himself in the smoking carriage. The restraint of his absence once removed, Elys cried bitterly in a corner, till the old lady perceived her quivering with sobs, and tried to comfort her with acid drops, which failed of their desired effect. At last, however, the afternoon came to an end; the railway compartment was exchanged for a comfortable carriage with a deliciously soft fur rug, and before long Elys was aroused from the slumber that was beginning to steal over her by the dazzle of lights, an open door, and a very magnificently-attired lady in black velvet and a blond fringe, whose voice said, as she kissed her, 'Can this really be May? Why she is as tall as I am, nearly!' Then she was led into the great drawing-room, where she was conscious of Gertie and Maud staring at her, and her father and mother talking to one another. Was she in a dream? Suddenly a great longing came over her for Bessie and the little drawing-room at the White House, and she hid her face in her hands and burst into another irresistible fit of crying.

Bertha, though not much cleverer than she had been in days of old, was kind and motherly, and took the child upstairs at once.

'You will be quite happy here with your little sisters,' she said, in rather a shy tone to this long growing child, who seemed to her utterly different from the little delicate 'Baby' she remembered; 'but you mustn't cry before papa. He doesn't like it; he never has let any of them cry. You wouldn't like him to find fault, would you?'

'Why did he bring me here?' sobbed Elys, really unable now to stop herself. 'I never asked him to! Why did mother let me? Let me go back! It's *horrid* to be here! I don't know who I am or anything about myself! Take me home! take me home!'

Bertha was absolutely helpless, and had not the slightest idea what to do with her new daughter; but now the governess came to the rescue. Miss Miller was a determined, energetic little woman, not great in attainments, but capable of managing children.

'The child is tired out,' she said; and making a raid upon the nursery tea, she stood over Elys till she had taken some food, and then undressed her and put her to bed. Before long, sleep came, and Bertha said gratefully—

'Thank you so much. I would not for anything have her papa begin with being angry with her the first thing, poor child! He says if she is not good she must be sent to school!'

Miss Miller privately thought that this plan was likely to be happiest for every one concerned; but she saw that it evidently represented a final threat to Bertha, who had been the dunce of her own school, and in perpetual disgrace.

In spite of Elys proving at times rebellious and resentful, however, she gradually settled down into some kind of place in the family. Bertha was very kind to her, though quite unequal to managing her; but she was very anxious to keep her from collision with her father, who had not much more in common with Bessie's pupil than Bessie herself, and scarcely ever spoke to her except in the tone of a stern despot. Elys was cowed in his presence, but broke out in his absence; Miss Miller had some influence over her, but her mother had none. She was a clever child, and her attainments at thirteen were already in some respects beyond Miss Miller's; her little sisters stared aghast when she threw down the 'Infant's History of Rome' and said it was written by people who knew nothing about it; nobody believed that there really *were* seven kings of Rome! She refused when in the schoolroom to answer to the name of May, and Miss Miller suggested to Bertha 'Queenie' as a compromise. Bertha, whose one desire was for peace, agreed to anything that would produce contentment in her new daughter's mind.

After several days Elys wrote a letter to Bessie, and innocently put it into the letter-box to be stamped by the butler with the rest of the letters; but Sir Wyndham caught sight of it, walked up with it into the schoolroom, and threw it into the fire with a severe rebuke to his daughter, and a command not to dream of writing to Mrs. Mallard again, or to any one else at Hornbridge.

When he was gone, Elys rushed into her own room, and danced in a passion of anger; but she began to feel like a trapped bird, and Miss Miller's reasonable suggestion that children always had to obey their fathers drove her almost wild in impotent wrath.

After a little, however, Elys grew tired of beating her wings against the bars of her cage, and her anger died down into misery. Life in a family did not prove nearly so ideal as she had expected. There was a great gulf of age between her little sisters and herself: seven and thirteen had few interests in common; Miss Miller was kind but commonplace; she was forbidden the use of her beloved violin, which might otherwise have solaced her, because Sir Wyndham said he could not have that screeching in the house; and altogether life was flat, stale, and unprofitable.

Now it was that the past began to orb into the perfect star, and Hornbridge took the aspect of Paradise. It would have added to Bessie's suffering if she had known how her child pined for her, and how bitterly she repented the Katie Simons' incident, which to her childish conscience seemed the just and only cause of this terrible punishment. Elys realised too late how cross her unhappiness had made her that last day; how 'mother' had tried to get a loving word from her and how she had resisted; and how, now that she saw more clearly what she might have been to Bessie, the chance was gone for ever.

Elys had been unusually childish for her age until now—a pretty, innocent young animal, grasping at selfish ease and happiness as unconsciously as the pretty fawn whose joy consists in lying in the flowery grass and skimming the hillside with all the grace and speed of its swift young limbs. Now her first trouble pierced the surface of her life, and called the human soul into play. For the first time Elys began to feel the yearning of an unselfish love, and with love came the consciousness of past hardness, shame, and remorse; a whole new range of sensations, such as she had only experienced before slightly and childishly when she had robbed the chaffinches' nest and Denzil would not forgive her. She often thought of that now, and of Dr. Enderby's comforting words, that by doing wrong we sometimes learn to do wrong no more.

'But they'll never let me go back to mother, and I shall never have the chance of being a better girl to her,' sobbed poor little Elys, broken-hearted under the bed-clothes, in her storm of penitent misery. Like some of her elders, she fancied that she had gauged the misery of life, while she disbelieved in its unknown possibilities of sweetness.

Happily for her, a change of ideas came to her with the Easter holidays, when Tadpole—otherwise her brother Wyndham—arrived from school. He was a bright good-tempered boy, dull at his books, but otherwise merry and spirited, and was quite as pleased to find a companion sister as Elys to find a companion brother. His society was a great alleviation. She taught him to make turnip ghosts, and he taught her to play tip-and-run, and while he was at home Elys's remorse slumbered. But when he went back to school, and they all went to London for the season, and had not even the alleviation of

informal amusements in the park or garden, Elys began to pine again, and homesickness attacked her as violently as ever. Bertha, though she never knew what to talk to her about, or how to get at her confidence, was really sorry for her, grew uneasy at her languor and pallor and want of appetite, and showed her to a doctor, who ordered her cod-liver-oil, which did not cheer Elys much. The violin might have been a better remedy, but Bertha was too much in awe of her husband to allow what he had pronounced against, or even to suggest any alteration of his decisions; and it never would have struck her that a violin could really give more pleasure to Elys than practising five-finger exercises on the schoolroom piano.

One day, about the end of May, Bertha proposed to go down to see Wyn at his school, and offered to take Elys with her. Elys caught at the idea; she had by this time arrived at the fact that 'mamma' would generally do anything she asked if papa was not in the way to scold and object, and she had often wondered whether if she went to see Wyn she would have any chance of seeing Denzil too.

So she waited until they were safely in the train on their way to Beechdale, and then said, 'Mamma, won't you ask Denzil Enderby out as well as Wyn? He's at school there too, you know.'

Her heart beat wildly till her mother's slow answer came. 'I don't know if papa would mind; he seemed a nice little boy at Sandwater. Yes, I think we might, if Mr. and Mrs. March see no objection.'

For the first time Elys threw her arms round her mother's neck, and gave her a voluntary hug. Bertha was a good deal gratified, though she was a little afraid at the same time how her necktie might look after it.

Bertha was a little uneasy as to what her tyrant might think when she saw Elys's greeting of Denzil; but after all he was not there, and she could not see why the two children should not be happy together for once, when they had been like brother and sister for most of their lives. While Wyn walked with his mother, Denzil and Elys walked together behind and talked freely. They had a great deal to tell each other; for Elys had known nothing of Dr. Enderby's death, and Denzil found it somewhat of a relief, after the repression of a month at school, to talk about it all once more. Elys had been very fond of Dr. Enderby, and she was very near crying when Denzil told her of his death; but Denzil did not cry at all.

'Oh dear,' sighed Elys, 'I thought I was more unhappy than anybody ever was, but you are worse than I am. Dear old Den, I am so sorry for you!'

'It isn't so very bad in some ways,' said Denzil, though his voice faltered a little. 'He was so awfully ill, you know, we couldn't have wished it to go on any longer; and he always said it was only the outside part that was the separation, that he could always be near me somehow, and know what I was doing. And so I feel that he will be

so glad if I work and get on just as he would have been if he had been alive, you know.'

There was a pause, in which Elys was stretching her mind to grasp a new conception of life and death. Then he said, 'Mrs. Maynard told me all about you, and how she had to give you up.'

'Oh, Denzil, isn't it horrid! They won't let me write to her or anything! And do you know, the worst is'—here poor Elys fairly broke down—'since they took me away I've always been thinking how—how—I might have been such a much better girl.'

'We always feel that,' said Denzil, with a sigh. 'There was one term when I didn't work, and got a bad report, and he was awfully cut up; and now, however hard I work, I shall never hear him say, "Well done, old fellow!"'

'But I was much naughtier than that. I did things I knew she didn't like! I went out three afternoons with Katie Simons, and told a story when she asked me! And they said in church that if you wanted to be good, you must always ask the person to forgive you, and I mayn't write!'

'Then it isn't your fault, Elys, so don't bother. But I write to her every Sunday; I can tell her I've seen you, and what you said.'

'Will you? Will you really?' said Elys. 'Then tell her I'm awfully sorry—and I love her dearlier than any one else in the world, and I couldn't make out what we were all about when papa came and carried me away—and I'm very glad she *did* steal me—and when I'm grown up, I'll come and live with her, and be always good for ever! Will you tell her all that, Denzil dear?'

'Won't I just!' said Denzil. 'She'll be awfully glad to get my next letter, Elys. Why, she made me promise when I went back to school this time that I'd always pump Tadpole about whether all his people were well; but she didn't expect anything so jolly would happen as that I should see you, your very own self. Father says things are always better than you expect.'

And the result of this meeting was that on the Monday next ensuing Bessie received the following letter from Denzil—

'DEAR MRS. MAYNARD,

'On Thursday Tadpole's mater came here, and brought Elys with her. They asked me out, and we went to the hotel to dinner. Elys was awfully pleased to see me. She mayn't write to you, but she asked me to tell you she loved you more than anybody in the world, and was very glad you did steal her, and was very unhappy to think she had not always been a good girl. She says her mater is kind, and the governess, but her pater is very cross. She says the governess doesn't know much, but she likes her. She is very fond of Tadpole. She hates going out in London and always wearing her gloves. Nobody had told her about father. I think it is very hard lines for her. She and Tadpole made turnip ghosts in the holidays,

and she says Tadpole *would* make one with its mouth meeting behind its head, so of course the top of its head came off. She says when she is grown up she will always live with you. It is just chapel time, so I must stop.

‘Your very affectionate,
‘DENZIL ENDERBY.’

How Bessie read and re-read this letter, and how worn its creases grew with folding and unfolding, may be easily imagined by any one who knows what it is to be utterly separated from the being one loves best on earth.

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXLII.

1656-1661.

THE PEACE OF THE PYRENEES.

THE affairs of Europe were greatly modified by the death of the Protector. Cardinal Mazarin, who had, to gratify him, expelled Charles, knew that he could no longer expect an alliance with England to assist him to crush Spain, and as soon as he saw which way affairs were tending, he decided on negotiating, and gratifying the Queen-mother by marrying her son to the only European princess she thought of sufficiently high rank, her niece of Spain.

Louis was twenty years old, and had shown himself very susceptible to the charms of the young Court ladies. The decorous mistress of the maids of honour, the Duchess de Noailles, had had to shut him out from her charges; but his principal flirtations were with the nieces of the Cardinal. Eight of these Italian damsels had been brought to Paris to be enriched by his Eminence's influence. Two of these the young King greatly admired, first, Olympe Mancini, who was married to the Count of Soissons; and afterwards, her sister Marie, who, though less beautiful, was far more witty, and entirely eclipsed the English princess, Henrietta Anne Stuart, who was beginning to be raised into the category of royal matches, but who was at fifteen a lean pale girl, scorned by her cousin's taste.

Mazarin is said to have at first encouraged the King's attachment; but he saw that such an alliance would be too much for the pride of Anne of Austria, and he sent his niece off to be the wife of the Prince Colonna, Constable of Naples. There was a piteous parting with Louis, ended by her turning round on him, indignantly crying, '*Vous pleurez, vous êtes maître, et je pars !*'

The young King was an attractive person, he had the dignified presence which was the inheritance from two royal lines, enhanced by having acted king from babyhood, and by absolute belief in himself. His features were handsome, his eyes bright blue, and his long light hair very beautiful, in a mass of curls on his shoulders, and he well became the dress of the period, which may be described as the Cavalier costume, beginning to become a little too florid and decorated. Though not tall, he was extremely well made, with the utmost dignity of demeanour, and that peculiar grace and charm which both he and his cousin, Charles of England, inherited from

Henri IV., which inspired the strongest attachment and devotion, entirely turning the heads of the ladies to whom he paid attention.

It was a period of great mental activity and brilliancy in every department, as if the ploughing and harrowing the country had undergone was resulting in the blossom of the seeds then sown. First in the direction of religion, St. Vincent de Paul was still living, and his influence had by no means passed away. He had, in the first place, so worked on Anne of Austria while Regent as to render the Crown patronage far more conscientious; and whenever there were no political or family considerations in the way, excellent appointments were made to the numerous Bishoprics and Abbeys. The training of the clergy was also immensely improved. Beginning from a little college at St. Lazare in Paris, there had spread over France a number of institutions for preparing young priests for mission work, and giving them the opportunity of retreats for instruction and deepening of spiritual life.

The Oratory was a Congregation, or in fact a Brotherhood, to which many clergy were affiliated, and which had for its aim—in the words of the founder, Cardinal de Berulle—to promote the perfection of the Priesthood, helping the clergy to live at once a more devout, zealous, and active life.

Jean Jacques Olier at the same time founded the Seminary of St. Sulpice, not only training theological scholars, but assisting candidates for Ordination in earnest spiritual exercises, and aiding them with counsels and stimulus throughout life.

All this had produced its effect, and though there were still political, careless prelates, idle, foppish, dissipated young abbés, and careless, ignorant curés, still the tone of the clergy as a mass was greatly improved, and there were noble, fearless, devout men among them. Bossuet, who had preached the sermon that thrilled the Hôtel Rambouillet, was known as one of the most learned and fervent of preachers, and an eloquent sermon was much esteemed at Court, by people who spent their time in a strange mixture of devotion and dissipation.

There was a considerable section attached to Port Royal, where Mère Angélique had carried out the reforms which brought back strict Benedictine discipline. In the fields around the convent many gentlemen of high and deep learning lived as recluses, and undertook great works; but a heavy storm had come on them, chiefly because Jean du Verger de Hauranne, Abbé de St. Cyran, the spiritual guide of the nuns, was closely connected with the Flemish ecclesiastic Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, who had written a book entitled 'The Doctrine of St. Augustine,' in which the questions of Grace and Free-will were discussed. It was published after his death, and was reprinted at Paris with the approbation of the Theological College of the Sorbonne: i.e. the college founded by a man named Sorbonne for the study of Divinity at the University of Paris, in the time of St. Louis.

The Jesuits were strongly against the doctrine as there set forth. The difficulties are indeed such that the Holy See had prohibited their discussion, and the book was condemned by Pope Urban VIII., not as heretical, but for entering on the subject at all. However, as there was an ambiguity about the date of the bull, it was held as invalid, and Jansenism flourished in France. It suited those whose tone of thought would have been Puritan in England. Strict, severe, and uncompromising, the Jansenists dreaded all that could detach the soul from deep devotion. Mère Angélique never rested till almost all her family were cloistered, thinking there was no safety beyond. Secular recreations and pleasures were dreaded. Jacqueline Pascal had a turn for poetry, but she was told that Heaven would not demand an account of that talent from her; and in like manner the aspirations of the young poet Racine were checked. Ornament even in Divine Service was dreaded. Indeed, Mère Angélique once found a child standing on the High Altar, where his mother had lifted him to look at the diamonds on the Shrine. She took them out, and sold them for the poor.

Many earnest minds were attracted by these Port Royalists, among the most notable being the Duchess de Longueville in her deep and true repentance. Just as Arminians and Calvinists had taken opposite sides as to predestination, the free-will of man, and the foreknowledge of God, so the question of how far this foreknowledge affected the free choice of man between good and ill was disputed between the Jesuits and Jansenists.

Antoine Arnauld, brother of Mère Angélique, wrote a book on Frequent Communion, which took the line of inculcating careful preparation of the heart and great conscious awe in approaching the Holy Mysteries. It was heartily approved by sixteen Bishops and twenty Doctors of Divinity; but the Jesuits were furious, partly because it controverted a book put forth by one of their own order, and partly because their system of dealing with the laity had been to preserve adhesion to the means of grace at all costs, making the terms of Communion easy in the belief that the whole Body of the Church being sacred, Grace might be vouchsafed to those who externally kept up union with it, which might finally bring the sinner to repentance; and though in their own Order, and under their influence there were great and holy Saints, yet rather than lose the worldly and indevout altogether, they permitted a mechanical religion with a wide margin of toleration; while the Jansenists insisted on thoroughness of heart and life.

Arnauld's work was denounced in the most violent language, and Cardinal Mazarin caused the King to order him to Rome, where he would probably have been seized by the Inquisition; but the Bishops, the Sorbonne, and the Parliament all interfered on his behalf. However, he was forced to spend twenty years in concealment; and though the Jesuits tried hard to obtain a sentence of condemnation

against the book, first from Urban VIII., and on that Pope's death, from Innocent X., they only succeeded in extracting strong approval of it from the Inquisition, all except a sentence in the preface not written by Arnauld at all, speaking of SS. Peter and Paul as heads of the Church, and virtually one.

The conflict raged in pulpits and in pamphlets. Five propositions were picked out of Jansen's book on St. Augustine, deductions rather than quotations, which the Pope was requested to condemn. Eighty-five French Bishops petitioned to the contrary, and a Commission examined into them at Rome, and the final decision in 1653 was that the propositions as stated, were not fairly deduced from St. Augustine, and were not according to the Catholic faith.

There was immediately an attack on the Jansenists. All the French clergy were called upon to subscribe the Papal bull of condemnation of the five propositions; but the Jansenists declared that though these propositions were heretical, they did not represent Jansen's doctrine.

However, the Jesuits were resolved on persecution. The Duke de Liancourt, a noble who had become very devout in his old age, was denied Absolution by M. Picoté, one of the fathers of St. Sulpice, unless he would renounce all connection with the Port Royalists, and remove his granddaughter from being educated in the Convent. He was very indignant, and appealed to St. Vincent de Paul. A hot controversy took place on the right of a Priest to make such a denial to one under no censure. Arnauld published fresh letters; new objections were taken to them; the case was tried by the theologians of the Sorbonne, and by very unfair means a censure on his writings was obtained. He was degraded from his degree of Doctor of Divinity, sixty Doctors who had supported him shared the same fate, and no one henceforth was allowed to take a degree without subscribing the censure.

Just after this, a set of letters began to appear, written at first anonymously, then under an assumed name, entitled *Lettres écrites à un Provincial par un de ses amis*, discussing the Jesuit doctrine and practices with the most powerful logic and scathing irony. They were—as was afterwards known—written by Blaise Pascal, one of the ablest of men, and devoted to Port Royal, and they were printed in secret, and handed about everywhere. Some of the most celebrated were those directed against the Casuists, namely, persons who wrote books intended to direct Priests in the Confessional, and giving a scale of the penance on which Absolution might be granted, and a sort of comparison of the heinousness of sins. These manuals were not intended for outsiders, and were often written with most pious intentions; but some of them did really give great occasion for reprobation; as, for instance, where the assassin was pronounced sometimes to incur a lesser degree of guilt than the duellist, because the latter must kill his adversary in a state of the mortal sin of

intending a murder. Some likewise made ultimate salvation to be secured by saying the Ave Maria, repeating constantly the *Petit Chapelet des dix Plaisirs de la Vierge Marie*, saying to her *bon jour* and *bon soir*, and even *desiring* to build more churches in her honour than kings and emperors ever had built. The letters pointed out how the discipline of the Confessional was toned down to suit popular irreligion, and that it did little or nothing to restrain even vice. The wit of these letters recommended them to every one, they were universally read, and there was a strong feeling against the Jesuits and in favour of the Jansenists.

But the persecution went on. The hermit gentlemen were expelled from the neighbourhood of Port Royal, the sending fresh novices or boarders was prohibited, and the Convent was about to be visited so as to have the nuns proceeded against for Jansenism, when a strange thing happened. A young girl of eleven, named Marguerite Perier, niece to Pascal, had had for three years a terrible complaint in one eye, and was about to have an operation performed on it. A priest named La Poterie, who had received as a gift from Queen Marie de Medicis two thorns from the sacred Crown, for which St. Louis had built the Sainte Chapelle, lent them in their reliquary to Mère Angélique as her comfort in her trouble. As the relic was carried in procession to the altar, each inmate was allowed to kiss it. Marguerite, by the advice of the governess, Sœur Flavie, touched her diseased eye with it, and there was instantaneous relief. When the surgeon came to see her, he did not know her again, so complete was the cure. She was examined by surgeons from the Court, and the recovery was found to be entire. Mère Angélique was certainly no party to any fraud, and though both Sœur Flavie and the girl herself proved in after life not to be above suspicion, the one being artful, the other hysterical, still it is difficult to see how they could have carried out such a deceit, and it has been suggested that the pressure of the relic may really have removed some obstacle, and thus effected a cure. At any rate, the miracle of the Holy Thorn saved Port Royal for the time. Mazarin, though he did not love them, disliked the Jesuits even more than the Jansenists, and would not second them.

Many ladies held Jansenist doctrines, the most noted of these was Marie de Rabutin Chantal, a granddaughter of the saintly Madame de Chantal, the friend of François de Sales. She was early left an orphan, but was excellently educated by her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, and was married when quite young to the Marquis de Sévigné, a dissipated man, who died and left her with a son and daughter. She was handsome and brilliantly agreeable; but though she had an offer of marriage from Turenne, she was too much devoted to her children to marry again.

The daughter, Françoise Marguerite, became the second wife of the Count de Grignan, who was Governor of Provence. Madame de Sévigné was passionately fond of this daughter, and for many years wrote to

her twice a week letters overflowing with affection, and at the same time describing with wonderful grace and wit her own daily doings, and all the Court gossip, and news of Paris society where the lady, though religious and good, and the friend of all that was best, was not much shocked at those who were otherwise.

A cousin of the King, Marguerite, daughter of his aunt the Duchess of Savoy, was brought to meet the Court at Lyons for inspection, and Louis seemed pleased with her; but just then Don Antonio Pimentel arrived from Madrid with proposals for a treaty; and the Duchess was politely informed that it was the duty of the King of France to contract a higher alliance. In fact, the death of the Protector in England was changing the face of affairs in Europe.

Strangely enough, Oliver Cromwell had never given his son Richard the training needful for a statesman or general. While Henry, the younger brother, had been with his father throughout the war, Richard had at first lived at his ease in chambers in the Temple, and afterwards on his wife's estate at Hursley in Hampshire; so that he was hardly known to army or council, and had no experience of public life.

However, the council at once proclaimed him Protector, and he was unanimously accepted by those in power, perhaps because there was nothing so much dreaded as fresh disturbances.

Sermons were preached declaring that the mantle of Elijah had fallen on Elisha, and addresses of congratulation poured in, not merely from the adherents of Oliver, but from foreign powers.

There were soon, however, tokens of discontent. There were doubts whispered whether Richard had really been nominated by his father, and the army was inclined to resent that the supremacy should be placed in the hands of one who was avowedly no soldier. As was observed, Richard's first foe came out of his own household, namely, his brother-in-law, General Fleetwood, of whom Cromwell had been fond, and who had not been without hopes of the Protectorate.

He was already second in command in the army, and he demanded entire authority over it. Richard answered that he should be Commander-in-chief, under himself, but Fleetwood got up a petition demanding absolute power over the army, and this Richard answered was contrary to the constitution, as settled by his father in England. Richard Cromwell assembled a fresh Parliament in 1659, and found he could not keep it in hand. Indeed, the government by the Major Generals was found fault with, and one of them, Butler, was threatened with impeachment. The army was, however, still the chief power in the kingdom, and at once intimated that it would brook no control from this Parliament; but on the other hand the army was divided into three parties, Republicans who disapproved of any Protectorate, the friends of Richard, and those who held with General Lambert, that he ought to have been Protector. These were much

the strongest, and meeting at Wallingford House, presented a petition, demanding their arrears of pay; and setting forth various grievances, Generals Desborough and Fleetwood, one of whom was husband to Richard's aunt, the other to his sister, were among those who signed the petition; but the Parliament took no notice of it, being engaged in questions about the Upper House. There was nothing but disputing, Sir Arthur Haselrigg and one party wanted to overthrow the whole Cromwellian system, and return to a free Commonwealth, while Sir Harry Vane, and the connections of the Cromwell family, only wanted to reduce the Protector's power; while the Royalists, beginning to hope, began to gather in London to profit by the dissensions of the existing powers.

Richard consulted his friends whether he had not better dissolve the present intractable so-called Parliament, and call together the Rump, the remains of the old Long Parliament, broken up by his father in 1653. While he was deliberating, the officers came in upon him, and declared that he had no choice save to do so, since the army would not endure the present set of members. He complied, and on the 6th of May, 1659, Lambert, Fleetwood and the rest sent invitations to all the members of the Long Parliament to re-assemble at Westminster; which they did, Mr. Lenthall Speaker, and all the rest within reach, collecting, and Lambert escorting them to the Painted Chamber with a body of troops.

The first thing they did was to abolish the Protectorate, of which nobody was more glad than the poor Protector himself! He retired to Hampton Court and signed his submission in full form, having found his eight months of office the most trying in his lifetime, and he then repaired to his estate at Hursley, where he lived to a good old age. Occasionally he is said to have amused himself by seating himself on a chest in which were all the congratulatory addresses he had received, and there drinking to the health of all the good people of England.

A Council of State was appointed, and immediately began to quarrel. The King and Duke of York watched for the moment to come over, and the Royalists in Lancashire, under Sir George Booth, actually began to rise, but were defeated by Lambert.

But Parliament and army instantly began to struggle for the supremacy, and so soon as Haselrigg and the Rump began to take on themselves to make changes, the army did what their late master had taught them; the officers filled the streets about Westminster with their men, and quietly turned back the members on the way to the House, on the 13th of October, 1659.

Each party held councils how to get rid of the other, and each wrote to General Monk, who was in command of the important portion of the army stationed in Scotland, to obtain his support. Monk had always been at heart a Royalist, though he had given his support to the strongest, and he saw clearly that peace and settled

government was impossible in such a state of parties without restoring the Monarchy, for which—as he well knew—many persons longed besides the avowed Cavaliers. He wrote to Haselrigg and the Rump that he desired to deliver them from the dictation of the army, even declaring that a Commonwealth was the desire of his soul ; but to his brother Generals he spoke more plainly, so that they announced to Haselrigg that he plainly intended to bring back the King, and renew the war.

Lambert was appointed to supersede him in Scotland, and advanced as far as the Tyne, but Monk, with a perfect understanding with the Scots, marched southwards, and by a mutual understanding, there was no fighting. There were waverings one way and another ; but in December, Parliament was able to meet again, while Monk slowly came southwards. Lord Fairfax came from his retirement to express his concurrence with Monk in recalling the King, and the desire of the country became more and more manifest.

On the 16th of March, 1660, the Long Parliament prepared to dissolve itself, and Lambert was sent to the Tower. There was a question how the writs for a fresh election should be worded, and Prynne, heartily tired of confusion, and a stickler for law, said : ‘In the name of the King. This Parliament was dissolved by the death of the King his father ; Charles II. alone can summon another.’

The new Parliament was, however, summoned by the ‘guardians of the liberties of the country.’ The ardent Republicans made a last demonstration. Mr. Scott rose, and demanded that in answering the communications with foreign Powers, all intercourse with Charles Stewart should be forbidden. There was an uproar.

‘I demand,’ said the Presbyterian crew, ‘that before break up, we should bear testimony that we had no part, by hand or heart, in the abominable murder of the King, which we look on with horror.’

But Scott’s voice rose, ‘Although I know not where I shall lay my head, I acknowledge that I took part in it, not only by hand but by heart, and that I desire no greater honour in this world than to have inscribed upon my tomb, “Here lies one who shared hand and heart in the execution of Charles I., King of England.”’

Shouts of indignation burst forth, and he quitted the House with a few as implacable as himself. The bill of dissolution was passed, and thus the Long Parliament put a final conclusion to its own existence, while the London mob, once so devoted to it, lighted bonfires, and roasted rumps of beef at them in derision.

That next day, Monk ventured to receive Sir John Grenville, the brave Sir Bevil’s son, who brought him a letter from Charles II.

‘Have you thought of the danger you are incurring by this mission ?’ asked Monk.

‘Yes ; but nothing can prevent me from obeying the King.’

Monk shook hands with him, and read the letter, saying afterwards—

‘I hope the King will pardon my past words and deeds, for my heart was always faithful to him, and I am ready, not only to obey His Majesty, but to sacrifice my life and fortune to his service.’

Then he gave his opinion as to the King’s best course. Grenville asked him to write it, and he did so in detail, making the emissary read it twice through.

‘You are sure that you remember all,’ said Monk.

Grenville answered ‘Yes,’ on which Monk burnt the paper, bidding him continually go over it in his memory, but write nothing, and utter nothing except to the King himself, nor to come back till the King was out of Flanders; for part of the advice was that Charles should repair to Breda. He was at Brussels at the time, and great was the joy of the little Court, as well as their amusement at the many varieties of proposals that came to him from England. The Spanish Viceregal Court was not willing to let him go out of their hands, meaning to impose conditions on him before letting him go out of their reach; and he had therefore to escape secretly to Breda, in the Dutch territory, whence he had once been expelled, but was now welcomed eagerly. Indeed, he had only been driven thence by necessity; but even Mazarin was courting him, and trying, during this time of doubt, to secure his hand for one of the five nieces who had been imported to the French Court

Meantime Lambert escaped from the Tower, and tried to raise Warwickshire and Northamptonshire; but the attempt was an utter failure, and Colonel Ingoldsby made him prisoner, and brought him back to the Tower, just before the elections, which almost all sent Royalists to Parliament, either old Cavaliers or Presbyterians; and the House of Lords likewise assembled, but in small numbers.

The first thing they did was to make a vote of thanks to General Monk and Colonel Ingoldsby. On the 27th of May, Sir John Grenville presented himself at the door, asked to see the Lord General Monk, and gave him a packet sealed with the Royal arms. He was brought into the House, and the Speaker asked him from whom he came.

‘My master, the King,’ he said, ‘gave me this packet with his own hands.’

It was decided that the papers should be laid before Parliament, and one member proposed that in the meantime Grenville should be in custody; but Monk answered for him that he would appear when necessary.

He did so appear on the 1st of May, giving the Speaker a letter from Charles, dated ‘in the 12th year of our reign.’ Every one took off his hat, and stood to listen, the Speaker rose to receive Grenville, accompanied by forty-one peers, and both Houses gave him their thanks.

Hyde had composed the letters, which were very good, promising in general an amnesty and freedom of conscience, with such exceptions

as Parliament might think good. The like assurances were sent to the City, to the army, and to the navy, and were received with delight, Admiral Montague dwelling especially on the fact that the King was trusting to no foreign aid, but solely to the goodwill of his countrymen.

On the 5th of May, the Lords voted that the ancient constitution of the country required King, Lords, and Commons; the Lower House followed them, and further voted a gift of £50,000 to the King, £10,000 to the Duke of York, £6,000 to the Duke of Gloucester, and £500 to Sir John Grenville; but as there was not enough money in the Treasury, the City advanced £30,000 in notes and specie. When it arrived at Breda, Charles eagerly called his brother and his sister Mary to see the unpacking of more money than they had ever beheld in their lives before!

The Princess of Orange with her little son was acting hostess at Breda, whither such swarms of persons from all quarters were flocking, that it was difficult to obtain food for them. The Judge, Sir Matthew Hale, and Prynne, endeavoured to induce the Commons to exact some pledges from the King, and not to trust absolutely to promises; but Monk said that with neither men nor money, nothing could be feared from him, and thus the nation remained satisfied with the Declaration of Breda, that Charles would respect the laws and constitution, and grant an amnesty and liberty of conscience, subject to any exceptions made by Parliament. And now, the joyous Court at Breda received messenger after messenger in those early days of May, with letters of good news. The Parliament itself excepted from the amnesty the actual regicides, and committed to the Tower all who had been concerned in the King's condemnation; to await the measures to be taken on the Restoration.

Charles II. was proclaimed King on the 9th of May, and on the 10th, a vote of the House of Lords restored permission to use the Book of Common Prayer. It had, in fact, been used by thankful congregations for months past. One, however, who had been the aid and stay of the Church in her adversity, had passed away just as these glad days were beginning. Dr. Hammond had died, after much suffering, on the 25th of April.

'He whose mild persuasive voice
Taught us in trials to rejoice,
Most like the patient dove,
That by some quiet homestead builds,
And pours to the forsaken fields
Her wonted lay of love.

Why comes not he to bear his part
To lift and guide the exulting heart?
A hand that cannot spare
Lies heavy on his gentle breast,
We wish him health, he sighs for rest,
And Heaven accepts the prayer.'

Exultation did want guidance! The populace, debarred by grave Puritanism from natural wholesome cheerfulness, was mad with the reaction. Rejoicing did indeed need to be moderated. Bonfires blazed, bells rang, cannon fired, every town echoed with shouts and songs of 'the King shall enjoy his own again;' and after the long stern repression of all wholesome mirth and festivity, the populace was flying into the opposite extreme, and giving itself up to license in the absence of restraint.

Abroad, too, the hopes of a permanent peace might well bring joy. The Spanish ambassador, Don Antonio Pimentel, met the French Court at Lyons, and the treaty went on, Philip IV. honourably stipulating for his allies, and making Condé's pardon one of his conditions. Don Luis de Haro met Mazarin at the Isle of Pheasants in midst of the boundary river Bidassoa, where there was a pavilion for conferences, so arranged that each plenipotentiary could be seated in a chair with his legs on the boundary of his own master, and there they finally fixed the terms of the Peace of the Pyrenees, which was signed on the 17th of November, 1659.

Condé on this set out from Brussels with his young son, very properly preventing all rejoicings on the part of the towns through which he passed on his way to Aix, where the Court then was. He arrived on the 26th of January, 1660. The Cardinal met him two leagues off, embraced him, and drove with him to the palace, where the King and Queen awaited him. The Prince threw himself on one knee before the King, asking his forgiveness. Louis, standing very upright, coldly answered—

'Cousin, after the great services you have rendered my crown, I shall never remember the error which has hurt no one but yourself.'

Condé dined with the Cardinal, and assured him of his determination never again to be at issue with the Court, a resolution which he kept. After a short visit to his Government in Burgundy, he again saw the King, and presented his son, in whom Mademoiselle was disappointed, thinking he did not look like a Prince of the blood. Moreover, M. le Prince went to sleep while she was talking to him, to her extreme amazement.

Just at this time, on the 2nd of February, 1660, Mademoiselle lost her father, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who died unmissed and unregretted. His three younger daughters were burning to leave their forced seclusion at Blois, and Mademoiselle was amused by the King's pointing out to her the pride of his young brother, the Duke of Anjou, at, for the first time, wearing a trailing mantle by way of mourning.

The Peace of the Pyrenees and the Restoration in England coming together were the real conclusion of the wars excited by the Reformation, which may, roughly speaking, be said to have lasted for a century. That same spring, Louis XIV. visited Avignon, and

though he did not then absorb it, he would not permit the papal soldiers to guard the gates. Near it lay Orange, the property of the little Dutch prince, William of Nassau, then ten years old, with a small Parliament and a Hollander Governor of its own. There was a dispute between the boy's mother, Mary of England, and his other guardians, as to the right of appointment, and this was viewed by Louis and Mazarin as an opportunity for getting rid of a refuge for the Huguenots, and owned by a little power, often hostile in the middle of the dominions of France. When Provence had belonged to the Empire, Orange had been a gift to a successful troubadour, and it had descended in the female line to the Dutch house of Nassau, who still take title from it, and who had hitherto profited by a toll paid by vessels passing up and down the Rhone.

On the pretext that there were dissensions among the Prince's guardians, and that the Lord Paramount was bound to interfere, Louis sent to the Governor, Count Dona, to demand the surrender of the place into his hands. Dona replied that his oaths were to the Prince of Orange, not the King of France, but that he would send a courier to ask for orders from Holland. He was told that the King was on his way to Spain for his marriage, that 20,000 men were with him, and that he would not wait. Dona said that even if he were at the gates, no other answer could be given. However, finding that no aid was sent to him, and that all that was done was to write futile letters to Louis, Dona took a bribe of 200,000 francs, and gave up the place on the 25th of March, 1660, when Louis showed that he had no intention of returning it, by immediately beginning to pull down the fortifications. He was to pay dearly for this spoliation of the fatherless.

The Spanish Court could not be hurried, and on the 3rd of June the Infanta was married to Don Luis de Haro as proxy for the King of France at Fontarabia, probably to make it etiquette for her to move out of her father's kingdom.

The next day, Queen Anne met her brother in the Isle of Pheasants. They had not seen one another for forty-five years; and she, used to French eagerness and warmth, ran up to him with open arms, and her eyes full of tears; but his Spanish dignity was impenetrable, and he stood straight up, neither bending nor kissing her, merely laying his hands lightly on her arms, looking, the French thought, more like a statue than a man. However, the brother and sister sat down together and conversed for two hours. The King of Spain had his queen, his daughter, and Don Luis de Haro with him; Anne of Austria, brought her younger son, and Mazarin. Louis remained mingled with the throng of French gentlemen, in order to get his first view of his bride, Maria Teresa, who was a fair, golden-haired young girl, kind and honest-faced, but uneducated and insipid.

When, after a kind of presentation of Queen Anne's retinue, all the gold laced coats, the splendid collars, jingling swords and plumed

hats had left the hall, one fair-haired youth remained, leaning with his back to the door. Turning to the Infanta, Queen Anne significantly asked her what she thought of that young gentleman.

The bride only blushed; and her father answered for her that she would express her opinion when she had passed on.

Afterwards, when the Courts had parted, and the two Kings saw one another on the opposite sides of the river, Philip lifted his hat, for what was believed to be the first time in his life.

The next day they met in their own persons, sat together, conversed and swore to the treaty on the Gospels, still each on his own ground; and on the 7th, Maria Teresa was given to her husband. All her Spanish training could not check the poor girl's tears. She knelt three times to ask her father's blessing, and even he was affected. One part of the ceremony was her solemn renunciation of any possible rights to the crown of Spain. The same was also made by her sister Margarita Teresa, on wedding the Emperor Leopold. They had then a brother, and their father smiled at the ceremony, though it was required by the laws of Spain, and called it '*una paterata*,' mere babble, and so it proved. It was a sad parting to poor Philip IV., impassive as he looked. He sorely missed his daughter, and catching cold on the journey, never entirely recovered, but only languished during the few remaining years of his life.

On the 9th of June the pair were married in the cathedral of St. Jean de Luz, the bride glittering with jewels, the King in plain black velvet, but looking, it was declared, the handsomest man in his dominions. When Mazarin was asked what he thought of the King's abilities, he replied, *Il y a de quoi faire quatre rois et un honnête homme*. And now at twenty-three Louis was to be left without the Minister on whom he had depended.

The peace of the Pyrenees was the last great work of Mazarin's life. He was only fifty-eight, but he came back very ill with gout, and dropsy soon set in. He partially recovered, and continued to toil at business all the morning, and to try to forget his sufferings by gambling far into the night.

He had always been a man of great taste and cultivation. He had collected a noble library, and had a magnificent collection of pictures, statues, tapestry, gems, and all kinds of precious articles which had been his delight. It is said that he wandered for the last time through the galleries saying, 'I must leave all these! After all my trouble in collecting them, I shall see them no more where I am going.'

He devoted his energies to instructing the young King in the affairs about to be left to his own management, treating the youth with great freedom, and sometimes reprimanding him like a school-boy.

The Queen-mother, who is believed to have been secretly his wife, came daily to see him, but as he grew weaker and more irritable, he

murmured at the oppression of her presence, and was heard to mutter, 'That woman will kill me! Can I never be let alone?'

He was at Vincennes when the end began to draw on. He sent for a priest, Claude Joly, and said, 'You see a man who is suffering much. God only can place me in a state of salvation. Pray for me, and that my pains may avail me.'

He received Extreme Unction, and died on the 7th of March, 1661. The two great statesmen Cardinals, alike in policy, though unlike in character, had ruled France for half a century, and had succeeded in their great object of exalting the French crown at the expense of the nation, and France herself, at the expense of other countries, thus profiting by the last surges of the great storm of Reformation warfare.

The Peace of the Pyrenees and the English Restoration mark the close of the wars of religion. Peace did not last long; but the next wars were of ambition on the one hand, of the balance of power on the other.

READING AS AN ART.

BY GRACE LATHAM.

‘Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.’

CHAPTER V.

HITHERTO we have spoken of reading only ; all that we have said may be put into practice equally well beside a sofa, as on a platform ; but a development of reading, recitation, has lately become popular, and this requires special study. We call it a development of reading because the reciter does not drop his own personality, but it requires a limited amount of gesture and facial expression, and the words are not read, but are said, as though forming part of the speaker’s personal experience. Recitation, therefore, holds a place midway between the arts of reading and acting.

All the precepts that we have laid down with regard to pausation, articulation, contrast, etc., hold good for recitation, and especially that of watchfulness of ourselves from the audience’s point of view ; indeed, we have a more direct communication with our hearers than either in reading or acting. In the latter, though every word and look is calculated to make a certain impression on the beholders, we are not supposed to have anything to do with them ; we are not even ourselves ; we are representing certain occurrences in the lives of other people. The audience looks at us ; we turn our faces towards them, but we do not seem to see them. Now the reciter looks at his audience ; he speaks *to* them ; he is there to tell them something which is supposed to have happened to him, or of which he was a spectator, and half his power depends on his producing this impression. This can only be done by the clearest and fullest realisation of what we are going to interpret.

The first care on the part of a reciter is the choice of his piece ; in this he must be guided by his own capabilities ; each mind realises certain emotions and situations better than others. Observe we do not say *feels* them ; it is quite possible to feel a thing strongly, to understand all about it, and yet not be able to reproduce it ; to do that the realisation of the matter we have to deal with must be so clear, that we *hear* the tones employed, and *see* the movements used with the eyes and ears of our minds, so that we can give an *exact* copy of them ; and if we can do this, we shall only need training and practice to be able to put it into dramatic form, to hold any audience. This gift, being not a very common one, and in most people only extending over one side, or part of one side of human life (a comedian

is rarely a tragedian), is what constitutes the dramatic power, and without it we can neither recite nor act well.

In the choice of recitations we must also be careful that their framework should be dramatic; the emotions or the occurrences must work to a climax, which should be placed near the end of the piece; for if it is too early, the interest will drop, the mind having nothing more to look forward to. Reflections and digressions, if any, must not interfere with the action; for example, if we have to deal with a terrible parting, and at the very climax there is a long account of the causes which led to it, the action will be so retarded that the interest will probably be lost, and the poem rendered unfit for recitation; often a poem is lovely when simply read aloud, but when subjected to the trial of a dramatic recitation is found to be an utter failure. As a rule something in the form of a story is best, as it can more easily be given as though it belonged to the speaker's own life, and is more dramatic.

As to subject we must be guided by the character of our audience, and the tastes of our hostess; there is no use in forcing what people don't care about on them; our first and chief object being to give pleasure. As a rule it is best not to choose too intensely emotional or very horrible poems for a drawing-room, for the same reason that we keep all that is unpleasant out of general society; and also because in such pieces the border line between the sublime and the ridiculous is a mere thread, overstepped in a moment, and an amateur reciter, who cannot devote his life to the art, will rarely be able to treat them with that mastery necessary to avoid failure.

The poem chosen, we must next consider how to recite it. First take your stand in such a position that you will command the whole room, seeing and being seen by everybody in it. Do not allow anyone to get behind you, for not seeing your face, your hold over them will be less strong; they will fidget and disturb you, and what is worse, will distract the attention of the audience; place yourself, therefore, with your back to the window, the fireplace, or the grand piano; not near a door, for some one is sure to come in by it just at your climax, and this will spoil your recitation. If possible, be a few feet from your nearest listener; that you may be well seen, and that you may have a small space to move in; do not get directly under a chandelier or quite close to a powerful lamp, for they will cast such strong shadows on your face, in places where they could not fall by daylight, that much of your expression will be lost or altered.

When you have taken your place, give your audience that look which means listen, I have something to tell you, making it gay or grave according to the character of the piece you are about to recite. This will attract the attention of your listeners, as merely standing up might not do; then take breath, and begin, if possible, in a striking tone of voice, for your first effort must be to get, and having got, to keep your audience with you.

The following song is by John Cunningham. We will now go through it carefully to show the method by which effects are made in recitation.

I.

'In holyday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
Last Monday I tripped to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Prisk Roger, I guessed, would be there.

He wooes me to marry, whenever we meet;
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

II.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy
(The vixen would fain be his bride),
Some token she claimed, either riband or toy,
And swore that she'd not be denied.

A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung:
I hate her so much, that to kill her with spleen
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

III.

He whispered such soft pretty things in mine ear,
He flattered, he promised, and swore;
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
'That, trust me, my pockets ran o'er.

Some ballads he brought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung:
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

IV.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire;
(Our cottage was distant a mile);
I rose to be gone—Roger bowed like a squire,
And handed me over the stile.

His arms he threw round me—Love laughed in his eyes;
He led me the meadows among,
There pressed me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.'

John Cunningham was an Irishman, and the whole of this may be given, if you can do it well, in a slight brogue. The first look at the audience should have an archly confident air; it is the story of a village coquette, there must be no affectation of shyness, but there must be no boldness, or the charm will be gone; then speak in a bright, fresh, narrative tone; the beauty is proud of herself, and still more of her gala dress; she feels she has reason to hold up her head; then bending forward a little, and quite confidentially: 'and I'll tell you for what;' a short pause to make the listeners wait, and

expect the secret, at the same time the reciter should draw back a little, and look at them with happy delight. 'Brisk Roger' must be said still more confidentially, bending forwards again, for this is a most important charming fact; and with a slight nod, and an intonation, as though you were going to say '*I knew,*' '*I guessed,* would be there.' Another pause to mark the division in the verse; the girl draws herself erect, and the next line is spoken in pretended indifference; but instantly after it comes a happy smile, and the second line is all admiration for the handsome lover, and should be given in the tone we use for an exclamation, as though the admission were made in spite of herself. Again bending forwards confidentially, she tells of his wooing; and then very lightly: '*I'd wed,*' a little laugh: '*if I were not too young.*' This refrain marks, by the way in which it is said, the progress of the girl's feelings; in the present instance it shows the gay coquette, intent upon admiration, averse to having her wings clipped by marriage; and this is the prevailing character of the first verse.

We must be careful that our movements and changes of countenance are made before we speak, in the pauses made by the stops, that the audience may not have two things to take in at once, and that the one may illustrate the other.

The next verse is spiteful, Sue is a rival. '*I'll assure you,*' should be said in the same manner as: '*I guessed,*' but with a tinge of the predominant feeling, and a toss of the head, and we must continue in a quick, emphatic, narrative tone, with no sweetness in it; though still not harsh, lest the audience should be turned against her. When we have said: '*a top-knot he bought her,*' then make a little pause, and, throwing the voice up to a rather higher tone, bring out sarcastically the words, '*and garters of green*'—green was the colour of the forsaken—then with an energetic emphasis: '*I hate her so much, that to kill her with spleen, I'd wed,*' a very decided tone and nod, and almost scornfully: '*if I were not too young.*'

In the third verse the lover becomes very tender, and the girl is pleased and flattered; the first line should begin with a conscious smile, and the eyes be cast down while it is spoken, she is still in imagination listening to the '*soft, pretty things*' he said; then looking up, tell the audience how he flattered, promised impossibilities, and swore eternal truth; she doesn't quite believe it, but she likes it notwithstanding. Now comes a turn to the practical side of affairs; look with an attonished air at the audience, and speak of the presents as though they were something wonderful. '*Trust me*' is in the tone of a triumphant, emphatic '*I assure you.*' The next division begins confidentially; she is delighted at the trouble he takes to pick out the best ballads; and now, for the first time, comes a touch of sentiment, his voice goes to her heart, and she exclaims: '*Good faith! he's! so! handsome!*' the exclamatory staccato being given to all the words after which we have placed marks of admiration;

more softly follows: 'so witty and kind.' 'I'd wed,' as if she had almost made up her mind to do so, so decided is the tone, and doubtfully after a hesitation: 'if I were not too young.' Roger is touching her heart. But now she sees with astonishment the sun is just setting, and tells the listeners with a little air of prudishness, 'Twas time to retire,' and in an explanatory tone: 'our cottage was distant a mile.' It would be so far to walk alone. Then quietly and naturally, 'I rose to be gone——' but Roger rises too, and raising her head with admiration: 'Roger bowed like a squire,' a pause, and with the exaggerated accent of *feigned* surprise, 'and handed me over the stile.' The last four lines are full of natural affection overcoming pride; Love laughs in his eyes, and she laughs with joy to see it; with softened accents she tells how she let him lead her through the meadows, and, with an earnestness corresponding to the subject, how he renewed his suit. There should be a slight hesitation before: 'I agreed,' and another after it; 'with a sigh' should be brought out with one, followed by an arch glance to see how he has taken it, the last effort of expiring coquetry; and then with a charming smile to comfort him for the sigh, 'To wed,' a good pause, and with a laughing intonation rather than a laugh, 'for I was not too young.'

As an example of a more serious recitation we will take 'The Dying Sailor,' by the Rev. George Crabbe; this is all pathos; and when we take our stand, we should slightly bend the head, and, fixing our eyes on the spectators, look at them with that expression which means, 'I have bad news to break to you,' then take a step forwards, still keeping the same look, and they will feel, now it is coming, and begin.

'He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—'Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts, meantime,
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;

expect the secret, at the same time the reciter should draw back a little, and look at them with happy delight. 'Brisk Roger' must be said still more confidentially, bending forwards again, for this is a most important charming fact; and with a slight nod, and an intonation, as though you were going to say '*I knew,*' '*I guessed,* would be there.' Another pause to mark the division in the verse; the girl draws herself erect, and the next line is spoken in pretended indifference; but instantly after it comes a happy smile, and the second line is all admiration for the handsome lover, and should be given in the tone we use for an exclamation, as though the admission were made in spite of herself. Again bending forwards confidentially, she tells of his wooing; and then very lightly: 'I'd wed,' a little laugh: 'if I were not too young.' This refrain marks, by the way in which it is said, the progress of the girl's feelings; in the present instance it shows the gay coquette, intent upon admiration, averse to having her wings clipped by marriage; and this is the prevailing character of the first verse.

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Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts, meantime,
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;

expect the secret, at the same time the reciter should draw back a little, and look at them with happy delight. 'Brisk Roger' must be said still more confidentially, bending forwards again, for this is a most important charming fact; and with a slight nod, and an intonation, as though you were going to say '*I knew,*' '*I guessed,* would be there.' Another pause to mark the division in the verse; the girl draws herself erect, and the next line is spoken in pretended indifference; but instantly after it comes a happy smile, and the second line is all admiration for the handsome lover, and should be given in the tone we use for an exclamation, as though the admission were made in spite of herself. Again bending forwards confidentially, she tells of his wooing; and then very lightly: '*I'd wed,*' a little laugh: '*if I were not too young.*' This refrain marks, by the way in which it is said, the progress of the girl's feelings; in the present instance it shows the gay coquette, intent upon admiration, averse to having her wings clipped by marriage; and this is the prevailing character of the first verse.

We must be careful that our movements and changes of countenance are made before we speak, in the pauses made by the stops, that the audience may not have two things to take in at once, and that the one may illustrate the other.

The next verse is spiteful, Sue is a rival. '*I'll assure you,*' should be said in the same manner as: '*I guessed,*' but with a tinge of the predominant feeling, and a toss of the head, and we must continue in a quick, emphatic, narrative tone, with no sweetness in it; though still not harsh, lest the audience should be turned against her. When we have said: '*a top-knot he bought her,*' then make a little pause, and, throwing the voice up to a rather higher tone, bring out sarcastically the words, '*and garters of green*'—green was the colour of the forsaken—then with an energetic emphasis: '*I hate her so much, that to kill her with spleen, I'd wed,*' a very decided tone and nod, and almost scornfully: '*if I were not too young.*'

In the third verse the lover becomes very tender, and the girl is pleased and flattered; the first line should begin with a conscious smile, and the eyes be cast down while it is spoken, she is still in imagination listening to the '*soft, pretty things*' he said; then looking up, tell the audience how he flattered, promised impossibilities, and swore eternal truth; she doesn't quite believe it, but she likes it notwithstanding. Now comes a turn to the practical side of affairs; look with an attonished air at the audience, and speak of the presents as though they were something wonderful. '*Trust me*' is in the tone of a triumphant, emphatic '*I assure you.*' The next division begins confidentially; she is delighted at the trouble he takes to pick out the best ballads; and now, for the first time, comes a touch of sentiment, his voice goes to her heart, and she exclaims: '*Good faith! he's! so! handsome!*' the exclamatory staccato being given to all the words after which we have placed marks of admiration;

more softly follows: 'so witty and kind.' 'I'd wed,' as if she had almost made up her mind to do so, so decided is the tone, and doubtfully after a hesitation: 'if I were not too young.' Roger is touching her heart. But now she sees with astonishment the sun is just setting, and tells the listeners with a little air of prudishness, 'Twas time to retire,' and in an explanatory tone: 'our cottage was distant a mile.' It would be so far to walk alone. Then quietly and naturally, 'I rose to be gone——' but Roger rises too, and raising her head with admiration: 'Roger bowed like a squire,' a pause, and with the exaggerated accent of *feigned* surprise, 'and handed me over the stile.' The last four lines are full of natural affection overcoming pride; Love laughs in his eyes, and she laughs with joy to see it; with softened accents she tells how she let him lead her through the meadows, and, with an earnestness corresponding to the subject, how he renewed his suit. There should be a slight hesitation before: 'I agreed,' and another after it; 'with a sigh' should be brought out with one, followed by an arch glance to see how he has taken it, the last effort of expiring coquetry; and then with a charming smile to comfort him for the sigh, 'To wed,' a good pause, and with a laughing intonation rather than a laugh, 'for I was not too young.'

As an example of a more serious recitation we will take 'The Dying Sailor,' by the Rev. George Crabbe; this is all pathos; and when we take our stand, we should slightly bend the head, and, fixing our eyes on the spectators, look at them with that expression which means, 'I have bad news to break to you,' then take a step forwards, still keeping the same look, and they will feel, now it is coming, and begin.

'He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—'Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint,—
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To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;

She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
 Apart, she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
 They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
 Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink:"
 A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
 A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
 She had been reading in the book of prayer,
 And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
 Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many, and the favourite few;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
 When in her way she meets them, they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest;"
 "I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
 Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past!

In all dramatic reading and reciting we must take especial care not to be monotonous, or we shall weary our friends, lose their attention, and with it our power over them; therefore if the work we are interpreting is pathetic, relieve the pathos, whenever possible, by bringing forward the brighter thoughts and ideas which it may contain; if amusing, seize on the smallest graver touch, and make the most of it. In this way the pathos will not be less sad, but more so from force of contrast.

The preceding extract should be begun quietly in the narrative tone; the first serious look should have so fixed the attention of the audience, together with the movement forwards, that a striking intonation is unnecessary. A pause, and with simple directness: 'Thomas, I must die,' his fate is inevitable, and he accepts it, without rebellion, but not without pain; then changing the intonation to one of the intensest longing, but still a quiet one, he says how he wishes to see his Sally. The end of the line breaks the sentence, and the reciter may here move the head to one side and backwards as though in pain; but this poem cannot, like the other, be said as though the interpreter himself had gone through the experience; at the utmost he could but have been a near friend of the sufferer, and therefore the whole must be given in the quieter manner of a spectator. Turning to his friend the poor fellow speaks in the business-like way in which we give a message, touched of course with the gravity of the occasion, and charges him with his last words and token; the gravity, however, must not be overdone—it is only self-conscious people who make a parade of their feelings. Now comes a cry of despair, 'Yes! I must die,' and almost wildly he prays for

a respite, till suddenly he checks himself, 'look' should finish abruptly to give this effect, and after a pause to regain self-control, he bows his head with infinitely touching resignation, and turns to pray. In real life when we check ourselves in emotion, or hasty speech, we often hold the breath for a moment, as though to prevent ourselves from saying or doing what we should regret, this communicates an immobility to the face, and it is in this way that we should try to fill up the pause just indicated.

Throughout we must never lose the great simplicity, which is this poet's chief characteristic; the tones used must be accurately true to nature, and the stops and dashes most carefully followed, as they are very important; they break the lines just where a man, breathless and weak with consumption, would have to stop in his sentences, especially where he gives the love-token, as strong feeling would there increase his difficulty of breathing.

With the next division we must return to the narrative tone; the vividly lifelike sounds, appropriate to quoted speech, must cease, and the quietness of this passage will be a relief. The line: Her terror 'doubling as her hopes withdrew,' should be read with some apprehension and the following one with great sweetness of tone; the final words, 'and hope for ever fled' being brought out with a sigh.

Now comes a lovely passage; the smoothness of the verse alone, which we must not forget to bring out, forming an exquisite contrast to the broken lines of the preceding divisions. The first semicolon must be carefully kept, as it isolates the statement: 'Still long she nursed him,' which as it were heads and sums up the whole story of her faithful tendance of her dying lover; as it is said we may bend gently forwards, and speak in a calm, clear, narrative tone, then, drawing ourselves into an erect position, continue quietly and tenderly, rising to grave joy at: 'hopes and view, sublime.' This bending forwards is often most effective, and may be made to express a great deal, but it should never be long continued, as it gives a weak look, and takes power from the head.

The words, 'and every day she took some portion of the dread away,' must come with a sudden sweetness, like a smile, contrasting with the solemnity of the statement, 'To her he came to die.' Then in the tone peculiar to us when counting up a list, enumerate the many kind offices she did her love, for we must avoid getting the whole piece too much alike. When we tell how she smiled, the voice must smile, and the next line be given with pathos, returning to the bright sounds for the beautiful description of the comfort she gave her beloved.

'She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.'

Notice how the stops in the second line emphasise it.

The fourth stanza begins more cheerfully; we are now about to work up to the climax, and must commence low that the height we rise to may seem all the greater. The first line, therefore, must be quite lightly said. Still the poet does not allow us to forget the overshadowing grief of the poor girl, for the second has the capacity of expressing pain in its broad vowels, and the commas are weighty pauses, accentuating the sad words. These should be said with an increasing emphasis on each, that it may sound, as indeed it is, more terrible than the preceding; and each with a different expression; 'care' must be very anxious, 'dread,' full of apprehension, and 'anguish,' of pain. Thence we should speak pleasantly, almost brightly, until we come to the four lines beginning: 'Nor one that day did he to mind recall,' when a quieter tone may be used; her love for those whom he remembered must be told most tenderly, and the third and fourth lines very gravely, with that hushed and reverent voice in which we speak of things connected with the beloved dead; and both the unstopped end of the third line, and the dash in the fourth are awe-struck pauses, such as we often make when speaking of such things; the words after the dash are explanatory, but have the same reverential touch. From this point we begin to work up to the climax, and may act a little more. Having held our audience by our earnest look while repeating the passage just spoken of, we take a lighter one for the first half line, and then gently raising one hand as in narrative, when we explain anything, say the second half very lovingly, increasing in tenderness when we reach her speech; the answer should come with a little gasp; and the manner in which the rest of the line is broken by commas should be used to show the increasing terror which fills her mind. Fear often makes us speak in a hurried, uncertain manner, for we are rapidly taking in the situation, trembling lest we should have overlooked anything essential, and continually stopping in our train of thought, and looking round to see what we have forgotten. The pause given by the end of the line after 'found' is one of apprehension; her heart stands still, she hardly dares ask herself what is coming. Then hurriedly we must tell how she feels his hands and listens to his breath, as though we saw her trembling with haste while she did it; and the words 'cold' and 'sound,' which represent the facts which frighten her so much, should have a rounder and rather a higher tone than the rest, as though her heart leapt with fear. 'Then gazed affrightened' is slower, we pause to gaze, but the same round tone must be used as for 'cold' and 'sound.' Real feeling always produces round tones, as we shall soon find if we listen to the speech of any one in trouble, pain, or anger. Then with a sudden quickening of the time, we speak the rest of the line; she hastened to catch that last look; and slowly and tenderly we must bring out the conclusion, putting into the last four words and the pause before them the same hushed awe that we used before.

We have now given what may be called the mechanism of this fine recitation, but we cannot repeat too earnestly that each individual reciter must realise for himself in fullest measure the situation the personages, the feelings, all in fact that the author wished to express, or however well we may speak, however great our command over our voices, our interpretations will be mere mechanical copies, deficient in the only thing that can give them artistic worth, the only thing that can move and sway an audience; the life and spirit of the poem.

At the same time we must remember that we are reciting, not acting, and can only indicate the movements and tones which express emotion. The audience must have the sensation that they see a slight sketch of what once took place, not the event itself. To attempt more, as we cannot drop our personality, will produce a feeling of incongruity that a nineteenth-century lady or gentleman should behave so strangely in a drawing-room, and this applies even more to tragic than to comic recitations as being less in harmony with their surroundings.

To begin with it is well to follow a teacher blindly. Read for instance the examples given in these papers, carrying out all the directions contained in them; this will give us a certain mastery over our voices, and some practical knowledge of their use as a means of expression. Then take other poems; study them until we fully enter into the meaning and the feeling animating each line, and employ our knowledge to make them clear to others, noticing at the same time the speech of every person we meet so as to obtain true, as well as dramatic intonations.

There is no royal road to the art of elocution any more than to learning; it is only by patient labour that we can become good readers or reciters, but: 'The labour we delight in physics pain.'

(To be continued.)

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXVI.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Susan. The four services through which we have gone—Holy Communion, Baptism, Confirmation, and Marriage—are counted as Sacraments by the Roman Church. The other three are Ordination, Penance, and Extreme Unction; but we have dropped the two last.

Aunt Anne. Nay; not Penance, in its proper meaning—Repentance and Absolution.

S. Of course not. We have the three Absolutions, the most definite in this very service. But why is Extreme Unction given up when St. James seems to enjoin it.

A. Read the verse.

S. 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and his sins shall be forgiven him.'—James v. 14, 15.

A. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth explains that the anointing with oil was plainly connected with miraculous gifts of healing. 'There is no evidence,' he says, 'that anointing with oil was ever used, in primitive times, as a *sacrament* for the conveyance of *spiritual grace* to the sick in danger of death. For a considerable time the Church retained the gift of healing, and the practice of anointing with oil with a view to recovery from sickness was continued in the Eastern and Western Churches.' When the miraculous gifts ceased, the two Churches still continued the anointing. The Greeks retain in their service actual prayers for recovery, though the unction seldom or never is asked for while there is any hope of recovery. The connection was only gradually severed in the West more by practice than in theory. The rule brought here by Archbishop Theodore was that persons dangerously ill should be anointed, and communicate; and this seems to have been everywhere what was intended; but there arose an idea that if a person once anointed recovered, he was bound to live a sort of monastic life, as one set apart from the world. Also the mediæval clergy were sometimes very rapacious, demanding as their fee the sheets of the sick person, the tapers lighted at the ceremony, and in some cases two cows besides! This made people defer the unction till their case was desperate, although Synods urged them to do otherwise, and the Council of Trent itself

pronounced that 'they commit a very grievous sin who are in the habit of waiting to anoint a sick person till all hope of his recovery be gone, and till his life and reason begin to fail him.'

S. Then was it with a view to recovery?

A. No. Roman divines interpret the text as meaning that the oil is the outward sign of the grace of forgiveness of sins.

S. That is the reason they count it as a Sacrament.

A. The point is one of critical interpretation here, I suppose, and likewise of evidence of the opinion of the Fathers, and their testimony is to the view that the oil was for the bodily healing.

S. And that must have ceased, or people would have been ready enough to send for the priest. I suppose faith had grown too cold, and people transferred their notions of healing power to relics and shrines and holy wells. And yet there have been wonderful cures.

A. Body, spirit, and soul are so marvellously and mysteriously linked together that we do not know how far real faith, or how far even mere imagination may be permitted to act on the health. And still less can we pretend to guess how the will of God may bring about a recovery.

S. The point we have come to is that, though the law of the Church was that persons dangerously ill should be anointed, it was for the sake of the spiritual benefit, and that being the case, it was hardly ever practised till the person was actually dying. Where did the oil come from?

A. The Bishops mixed it, consecrated it, and dispensed it to their clergy, who kept it in their churches, and when sent for by a sick person, brought it in solemn procession to the house, wearing alb, stole, amice, and chasuble, accompanied by candles.

S. The Host was generally brought at the same time, was it not?

A. Yes; but we will speak of that in its turn. Here are some lines, quoted in Bellett's translation from Pellicia—poetry of the early Christian Church—which Pellicia says describe Unction as practised about the 13th century—

'Not on the head, if he hath been confirmed,
Nor on the brow must the Anointing be,
Whereon the Bishop's chrism erst hath been;
But on the temples must the oil be poured,
And on the eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth,
The breast, both hands, and last of all, the feet.'

Litanies and prayers were said at the same time.

S. And why was it dropped in our Church?

A. I am afraid avaricious clergy, and swarms of monks and friars who took the opportunity of bespeaking the saying of masses, or getting gifts for their communities, had made the rite to be disliked and dreaded. It was one of the cases where the waters were fouled with the feet of the he-goats, so that the sheep would not drink thereof. And resting as it does on a single text of Scripture, and

that of somewhat doubtful interpretation, it was one of the ceremonies most hotly attacked by the Reformers. However, the first English Prayer-book has this rubric, 'And if the sick person desires to be anointed, then shall the priest anoint him upon the forehead and breast only, making the sign of the cross, saying thus :

'As with the visible oil thy body is anointed, so our heavenly Father, Almighty God, grant of infinite goodness, that thy soul inwardly may be anointed with the Holy Ghost, Who is the Spirit of all strength, comfort, relief, and gladness, and vouchsafe for His great mercy (if it be His blessed will), to restore unto thee thy bodily health and strength to serve Him, and send thee release of all thy pains, troubles, and diseases both in body and mind. And howsoever His goodness, by His divine and unsearchable Providence shall dispose of thee, we His unworthy ministers and servants humbly beseech the eternal Majesty to do with thee according to the multitude of His innumerable mercies, and to pardon thee all thy sins and offences committed by all thy bodily senses, passions, and carnal affections ; Who also vouchsafe mercifully to grant to thee ghostly strength by His Holy Spirit to withstand and overcome all temptations and assaults of thine adversary that in no wise he prevail against thee, but that thou mayest have perfect victory and triumph against the devil, sin, and death through Christ our Lord, Who by His Death hath overcome the prince of death, and with the Father and the Holy Ghost evermore liveth and reigneth, God without end. Amen.' Then came the 13th Psalm.

S. It was optional then, and left out in the second book.

A. By those influences that so strongly objected to the use of oil as a superstition.

S. Shakespeare must have regarded it, for he makes the ghost complain of being sent out of the world unhouselled, unanointed, unannealed. Has there never been any idea of the restoration of the rite ?

A. Only vague talk. It could not be done without a decision from the Church authoritatively, and it cannot be practised privately or independently, because the oil must be consecrated by a Bishop ; and remember, it certainly is not necessary to salvation. Martyrs, those slain in battle, or by accidents, must always have gone without it ; and it was not administered either to idiots or to children under fourteen. I think it is held by Rome to be a sort of reconsecration of the members of the body that may have been the instruments of sin.

S. Why is it called a Sacrament ?

A. Because the spiritual blessing is the inward grace. I cannot find when the Sacraments began to be definitely reckoned as seven ; but I believe that it was because of the mystic sevens in Scripture, the seven days of creation, the seven clean animals in the ark, the seven days, weeks, months, and years that brought in the mystic great celebration typifying completion. However, no Church has

ever pronounced any more than the two great Sacraments to be generally necessary to salvation.

S. Generally meaning universally, as I see you are always so careful to teach the children.

A. Yes; because the word in common parlance has assumed a vagueness which makes many people think it only means in most cases. But to return to our subject, from which we have strayed a good way. That text of St. James is the foundation of the service before us.

S. It tells the sick to send for the elders of the Church—that is the priests.

A. Yes. Bishop Wordsworth argues from thence that by the time St. James wrote, about the year 66, there must have been priests established throughout the Church. And carrying on evidence of the custom, I find in Mr. Blunt's book, that St. Polycarp mentioned, among the duties of the priests, 'the taking the oversight of the sick;' also that St. Augustine was diligent in his visits to the sick. Early Councils and Synods enjoin the duty, and one, held at Milan, bids them go, even if not sent for. And the Synods of our English Church took care to enforce these visits.

S. I remember the lines about Chaucer's good parson—

'Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he ne left nought for rain nor thunder;
In sickenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a stafe.'

I suppose *mischief* means misfortune, and *moché and lite*, great and small.

A. The canons command the parish priest to visit the sick, and deacons are bidden to seek them out, and inform the priest. I think our English clergy have generally been very diligent and kind in visiting the sick poor; but there has always been more difficulty about those of a higher class. There is often a shyness on both sides, and many people think sending for the clergyman almost the same as declaring themselves to be close upon death.

S. And poor people, too, will not always send, and then seem to expect the clergyman to know by instinct of their illness, and complain that he has never been to visit them.

A. Both alike, the well-off and the poor, should observe that the rubric says it is their duty to give notice of their own accord; and that they will do well not to deprive themselves of the aids and comforts that the Church offers them, since even if they are not in immediate peril of death, they need help in patience, and cheerfulness under suffering, languor, or uneasiness, or assistance in using this time of seclusion and meditation.

NESTA.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF A LITTLE LIFE.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

‘And in short measures, life may perfect be.’

—*Ben Jonson.*

FIRST DAYS.

SHE was such a nice baby ! And there is a great difference in babies, though those who do not know much about them might not think so. The days of fairy godmothers and their gifts are, we are told, past, but yet it is sometimes not easy to believe it. Some human beings seem to have been born under a kind of happy spell which it is difficult to describe or explain. It is quite independent of outward circumstances ; they may be poor, plain-looking, in no way very specially gifted, but yet everything seems to come right to them, they rise above their troubles, their very presence seems to bring sunshine with it.

And even in the first and earliest stages of childhood and infancy one notices this charm, though one may express it in twenty different ways. And the common-place words after all seem to say it as well as any—she was such a nice baby !

It was not a very pretty or attractive corner of this often dingy old world into which opened her solemn baby eyes. Indeed, it would be harder to find an uglier spot than a small manufacturing town in the north of England, and the special suburb of the special town which was Nesta's first home was, as might be expected, almost more dreary, certainly more uninteresting, than the town itself. For the mills had struggled out here too—a few of them, that is to say, and the rows of dwelling-houses for the ‘hands,’ were as monotonously ugly as human dwelling-places can well be. There were no shops worthy of the name, only here and there a ‘general dealer’s,’ where all the absolute necessities of life could be procured, from a loaf of bread to a skein of darning worsted.

But there is seldom a desert without an oasis. Amidst these dreary surroundings a beautiful church rose fair and stately, and thither one brilliant summer's day the baby was carried for its baptism. Its great brown eyes gazed about it with dumb mysterious questioning, but it did not cry. A radiance of lovely colour fell on the pure white garments of the little one, like a greeting from some invisible rainbow—it was but the sunshine through the many coloured windows—and little Nesta's baby face seemed to smile. It was like an omen of a happy future.

And never was a child happier than Nesta in this first home of hers.

The Vicarage was an old house, and, thanks to the ivy which plentifully clothed it, it was not without some picturesque attraction. It stood back from the road a little, and a short gravelled path led to the door; a small kitchen garden, fairly well stocked with gooseberry and currant bushes and such vegetables as could thrive there, was shut off from the front view of the house by a hedge of stunted evergreens, and the general aspect of the whole was greatly improved by a row of limes planted just within the outside fence. There were some gaps among them, it is true, and the foliage was somewhat brown and dusty—still the dwellers in the old Vicarage were very proud of their trees.

I can see it all before me—the brass plate on the gate with ‘Vicarage’ engraved upon it—the ivy-covered, rather gloomy old house. I can see the little figure toddling up the path, in as perfect content and satisfaction as if her home had been the most lovely of earthly paradises—dear baby Nesta.

She brought new sunshine to her parents’ lives, and if she brought more work to the young mother, already, one might have thought, sufficiently burdened, for the parish was one which demanded much time and care, and the Vicar and his wife were poor, it was undertaken with the loving eagerness which makes all work seem light. But a first baby, however welcome, often makes its mother realise her ignorance and inexperience rather appallingly.

‘You shall at least have no concern for her clothes for the first year,’ her kind grandmother had said, and what seemed a plentiful supply was provided. But, alas! baby Nesta grew fat and grew tall—at four months old the garments destined to last a year were already too small. Impossible to ask grandmother for more, impossible to buy new or pay for alterations,—there was nothing for it but for the mother to do her best. So, bravely she set to work, and many a day did she sit stitching and measuring and cutting-out; I will not even say that her perplexities did not sometimes bring tears to her eyes, for she had not learnt much of such matters in her girlhood. But through it all, baby would sit cooing and crowing at her feet, as if poor mamma’s sighs and puckered brow were all for her amusement; it would have been all one to her had she been wrapped up in an old shawl like a baby gipsy, so long as she had had the full use of her plump legs and arms!

‘I will teach her more of such things than I was taught; she shall never have to worry as I have had to do,’ thought the young mother, as she caught baby up in her arms to kiss her sweet fat cheeks. And Nesta crowed as if agreeing with her.

How often have those days come back to her. How little did she think how her wishes that all trouble should be spared to her darling, would be fulfilled!

There were kind friends for Nesta’s parents and herself up in that ugly northern town. In the dingy suburb there was one home,

brightened by goodness and sympathy as well as adorned by all that wealth can give, where they were always welcome. Why Mr. Farquharson, the rich banker and his family continued to live in so unattractive a place, when no longer obliged to do so, many wondered, and but few understood as well as did the Vicar, the purity and nobleness of the motives which led to their doing so. They had at Grimston found their work and they stayed to do it. Without them the place would have been infinitely less cared-for, for they grudged neither trouble, nor money. And they, too, loved the brown-eyed baby, and sympathised with her parents' happiness in her, so that there was plenty of sunshine round the first years of Nesta's life.

THE BABY BROTHER.

She was only two when he came—too small to express her own wonder at this most interesting new toy which some of the big people about her, mother or nurse, or somebody, had kindly procured for her amusement. She looked at him with intent eyes, touched him gently as he lay there in his cradle, a queer red, wrinkled tiny morsel of humanity, for he was not as pretty or as 'fine' a baby as she had been herself—and then laughed gently at finding he did not bite. But he could cry, poor little chap, and many a time her own wee face would pucker up in sympathy when baby Wilfred lifted up his voice in loud distress.

'You mustn't cry too, Nesta,' her mother would say. 'Try to laugh or to make some funny noise to amuse him. Tell him what the ducks say, or what the cocks and hens say.'

And Nesta was quick to follow her mother's example, and would laugh with delight at her own success.

But her cleverness at imitating the farmyard cries was once displayed in a rather startling manner. When the baby brother was about two months old he, in turn, was taken to the church to be baptised. And for the first time since her own christening little Nesta entered the beautiful big house she had hitherto only seen in her walks from the outside. The solemnity, felt even though not understood, of all around her kept the little maiden as quiet as a mouse, till towards the close of the ceremony, when Wilfred, or one of the other babies present, began to cry. Up started the attentive little sister, mindful of mother's instructions.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo, baby!' sounded her small voice, clear and shrill, above the organ's notes. Luckily the service was already at an end and every one beginning to move, so that one or two of the youngest choir-boys, little Colin Farquharson especially, Nesta's particular friend, could venture to smile, if not to laugh at Nesta's well-meant exertions.

Wilfred was beginning to grow out of the quite baby stage when there came a great change in the lives of these tiny people. They

left Grimston, the ugly smoky little town, where all the same they had been so happy, and went to live near great big London. Everything in their new home was quite different from the old Vicarage; the house was one of several in a row, and there were what seemed to Nesta endless stairs to climb before they got to the nursery, up at the very top. It was extremely cold weather, too, the very middle of the winter, when they got to this strange new place, and as removing, to be done comfortably, requires almost more than anything, to have plenty of money spent upon it, I am afraid the children's mother had at this time need of all her patience and cheerfulness. The rather dingy old Vicarage seemed snug and cozy, in comparison with the new house, for which the Vicarage carpets were too small, the curtains too short, and where for the first few weeks the children as well as the grown-up people did nothing but cough and sneeze.

But to a child like Nesta there is sunshine everywhere. It was not long before she discovered one delightful spot in the new house. This was the nursery window. Up here, not really so high up after all, though it seemed so to her from behind the bars, she and Wilfred were never tired of gazing at the many most interesting sights below them. There were carts and carriages and horses and people of course, passing and repassing all day long. There was also a fine view of the playground of a boys' school, whose occupants would have been astonished had they known the eagerness with which their games were watched by the two pairs of childish eyes up above, or the pleasure with which as the milder weather came on and the windows could be left open, the two sweet babies would listen to the chants and hymns sung by the clear boyish voices in the school chapel.

Music came by nature to these children, and long before they could understand or even pronounce the words, they could hum the tunes, as the sounds rose softly and sweetly to the nursery window.

But that was especially a Sunday treat. There were neighbours even more interesting than the schoolboys, who were to be seen every day. These were a family of turkeys, inhabiting a yard close by. Every morning about ten o'clock these most fascinating creatures used to parade along the road just in front of Nesta's house. Viewed even from a distance 'Bubbley-jocks' are supremely attractive, but when one morning in May the children, out for an early walk, happened to meet the turkeys face to face, Nesta's rapture was not to be restrained. She rushed up to them, seized the nearest in her arms, and ran off with it, hugging it as if it were a doll or a kitten.

'Miss Nesta, Miss Nesta!' screamed the nurse in terror; but Nesta trotted on unmoved, the turkey, it is to be supposed, too much astonished to resent its capture. But it was no light weight for a tiny maiden of her years, and she was soon obliged to set it gently down, murmuring to herself with entire satisfaction, 'I do like turkeys.'

And the quaint fancy remained long. Years after, when Nesta

had grown into geography lessons and atlases, her fingers would linger lovingly in the eastern corner of Europe, and 'Turkey,' she would whisper dreamily to herself.

A NARROW ESCAPE AND A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

When Nesta was four years old, she and Wilfred and a new baby brother, who had lately made his appearance, went with their father and mother to Scotland to spend the summer. It would be impossible to enumerate half the delightful things they found there. It was a quiet country place; there were lots of dogs, for one thing, and Nesta loved dogs almost as much as she loved anything. Then there were chickens to feed, and little yellow downy ducklings, which in most children's, and many grown-up people's, opinion are very much nicer than chickens, and best of all perhaps, a dear pony, on which Nesta's cousins used to scamper all about, and which young as she was, she soon learnt to ride almost as well as any of them. For she was growing tall and strong; she looked more like seven or eight than only five. I could linger over the delights of this summer, but any children who love the country will easily picture it for themselves. I must tell what happened on the journey home.

It was rather an out-of-the way part of the world. The main railway line to London could not be reached without first travelling to a junction. At this junction the morning that Nesta's father and mother and the three children and nurse were waiting there for the south express, there was a great crowd and bustle, and when at last the London train came whizzing in, it was all they could do to get places at all—one here, two there, and so on, for there was no carriage with enough free places for them altogether. Nesta and her mother found themselves in a carriage with only one vacant place, so that the little girl had to sit on her mother's knee. They travelled thus for several hours, when at a station where they stopped, one of their fellow-passengers suddenly said to the others—

'I do believe this is where we should get out, I didn't see the name; they're painting the station, and the board is down.'

Up jumped the whole party, and all got out in a great hurry, for the train was just going on again.

Nesta clambered down from her place.

'That's nice,' she said; 'now I can run about.' And her mother, with no misgiving, leant back in her seat and closed her eyes a little, while Nesta ran up and down the carriage. Suddenly a slight, very slight sound made her mother look up, and with a smothered cry she sprang forward. The door of the carriage had burst open, carelessly closed, no doubt, by the former passengers, Nesta's hat, blown off by the in-rushing wind, had caught in the hinges, and Nesta herself, innocent of danger, was stretching to reach it, when she slipped and fell forwards. For one moment the mother's heart stood still with

terror; by the next she was holding the rescued child in her arms.

'Mother dear,' said Nesta, struggling gently, 'do let me get my hat. Oh dear, oh dear! there it has blown away,' and she burst into tears.

But her mother could not grieve for the poor hat—so thankful was she that her little girl was safe. It was a strange journey, however, for nearly all the way to London they had to sit there with the door wide open, held so by the wind. It was an express train, and they whizzed through several stations, where the porters stared in astonishment and anxiety at the sight, little knowing how nearly a child's life had been sacrificed by the careless shutting of a door.

The Christmas that followed this happy summer was never forgotten by Nesta, and whether little Wilfred really remembered it or not, he used to think he did, for Nesta so often would tell him all about it afterwards, that it seemed to him he knew it by his own memory.

As soon as it grew dusk on Christmas afternoon the children, with nurse, and all the servants, and some friends who had been invited, were summoned to the dining-room. It was dark, except for a light that came from behind a large screen, placed so as to hide more than half the room. What could there be behind it? Nesta had no idea at all, for she was a very little girl still, and she had never seen anything of the kind.

'Children,' said her father, 'shut your eyes.'

There was a sound as of something being dragged away, and then 'open them now,' he said.

And what was there to see?

Nesta's breath seemed almost to go away. I wonder if any of you can remember what you felt the *first time* you saw a Christmas-tree all lighted up? It is a delightful feeling—almost as nice as the feeling one has the first time of seeing the sea—a sort of mixture of pleasure and wonder that makes one almost feel as if one were dreaming.

There it stood—the fir-tree of the woods, in its holiday dress of sparkling lights and glittering toys. A tree dressed up with fire, and yet not burning—as calm and stately as in its own corner of the forest. What pretty stories many a Christmas-tree could tell, and some of the prettiest would not be those told by the grandest or most gorgeous ones, I fancy.

Nesta stood there, gazing in speechless delight. All round the stand on which the tree was placed were ranged the presents too heavy to be hung from its branches, and each present, both of these and of the lighter ones, had a little label fastened to it with the name of the person for whom it was intended.

'Come, Nesta,' said her father, after every one had had time to admire the tree and its adornments, 'I must begin to cut off the

presents, and you, my little girl, shall carry them round to everybody.'

Nesta's bright face grew still brighter at these words. She dearly loved to give pleasure to others, and for some time she was busily employed as the Christmas-tree's errand boy.

'And where are your own presents, dear?' asked one of the big people.

The child nodded towards a chair.

'They're all there. I couldn't look at them, you know, till every one had got theirs,' she said simply.

Just then Master Baby threw down, with lordly contempt, one of his presents evidently not to his taste. Nesta darted forward and picked it up. It was a pretty, soft, fluffy cockatoo.

'Isn't it *lovely*?' said the little girl, as she stroked and kissed the toy. 'Oh, you pretty cockatoo! And baby doesn't care for it,' she added, sadly.

'Keep it yourself, darling,' said the giver of the cockatoo. 'Baby shall have something instead.'

And of all her Christmas presents, the fluffy cockatoo was, I think, the favourite with the unselfish little maiden of five years old.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

Changes again—Nesta's 'town life' soon came to an end, for before her sixth birthday the little family had moved again, and this time to the country. This third home was in many ways the pleasantest her parents had yet known—an old-fashioned house in the old-fashioned street of a country town sounds much more attractive than the outlying district of a small manufacturing place, or than a straggling London suburb. And pleasant it was, above all to the children, for though the house opened right upon the street, there are streets and streets, and, furthermore, there was a nice large garden at the back.

And here the simple life went on, and the happy nature developed, till at ten years old Nesta was tall and well-grown, no longer plump as in her babyhood, but full of vigour, bodily and mental. For illness had never come near her; she grew like a flower in the sunshine, eager to learn, eager to play, loved and welcome go where she would, for her own happiness seemed to overflow into the fullest of sympathy with others.

'The sort of child who ought to make a really good woman,' was the remark of a stranger who had witnessed the following little scene.

It was when Nesta was about nine. They were—such of the children who were old enough, that is to say; by this time the group of brothers had increased to four, though Nesta was the only girl—all at a child's party at Christmas time. One game after

another had been played when there came a pause, and the good-natured hostess racked her brains to think of another. A brilliant idea struck her.

'Musical chairs,' she exclaimed, 'that always amuses children. But I can't quite remember how it is played.'

'I know,' said Nesta, running forward, and with her help and energy the game was started and kept up for some time. At the end of one of the rounds, the final victory was for several minutes pretty evenly balanced between two—tall, vigorous Nesta, and a smaller but very agile maiden, breathless with the intense desire to win. Nesta could easily have won, but noticing Effie's almost painful anxiety, as the music suddenly stopped, she quietly stepped aside while Effie threw herself into the vacant chair, perfectly satisfied that the victory was due to her own exertions only. But the quiet smile on Nesta's face was not required to explain the little drama to the spectators, 'seeing most of the game.' And it drew forth the question :

'Who is that nice child?' and the remark that followed, 'she should grow up into a good woman.'

The womanly nature was there already. It showed in nothing more clearly than in her care and thoughtfulness for her little brothers. One pretty picture of her returns often to their memory. When the service was too long for them to stay to the end on a Sunday morning, a whisper from her mother would send the child noiselessly from her seat, leading one or two of the boys by the hand, so as to disturb no one, and through the old churchyard and the adjoining Vicarage garden the little group would pass with quiet and subdued steps, while the summer sunshine flickered through the branches on their heads.

'Nesta will take the younger ones home,' meant that the little service would be deftly and perfectly performed.

Happy lives, like prosperous histories, are not the most eventful. These five years passed smoothly and sunnily by, till towards their close came again a change, and again a change for the better. This time the home was an entirely country one, and in some ways an improvement even on the old house in the quaint old street. Yet to the great joy of all, it was near enough to the little town for old friendships to be kept up and old friends often to meet. And no one rejoiced in this more than Nesta, for her heart was a faithful one. How proud she was to have her friends from the north—the Farquharsons—as guests at last!

'It is time they should come to us—we have been so often to see them,' she said joyously. 'And I do so love them, mother. I think Mrs. Farquharson's face, even though she is rather old, is the most beautiful I ever saw.'

A true discrimination—the 'beauty of holiness' needs a kindred nature to do justice to it.

PRINCESS SNOWDROP.

Sunshine cannot last for ever. Not long after this last move to Ashleigh, fell the first shadow of the coming cloud. An epidemic in the shape of a low fever broke out in the village. Its ravages were not very great, however, and even while giving every possible care and attention to the sufferers, it was not difficult for the Vicar and his wife to protect their own little home group. But just as they began to hope all risk was over, some carelessness brought the infection to the Vicarage. The two youngest children fell ill first, then the elder boys and Nesta. It was an anxious time, but the anxiety soon passed. The cases were declared to be mild ones, and in a few weeks all the children were not only out of danger, but apparently as well as ever.

But with the autumn and the winter the 'as well as ever' came to be qualified. Nesta grew too tall, for she grew thin, and she coughed, and for a while her merry voice and springing footsteps were heard less frequently. But the milder weather brought her rosy cheeks and high spirits back again. Life was growing more and more interesting, and it was not like her to be even a little ill. She was feeling herself a very big girl now—father had trusted her with a little class of her very own in the Sunday-school.

And the summer that followed was again a very bright and sunny one, for it was spent in Scotland, and Nesta seemed the strongest and the merriest, and the most full of life of all the merry party.

Winter came again, bringing its own pleasures. That Christmas the Vicarage was the meeting-ground of a large party of cousins and young friends, and as often happens when such is the case, a 'furor' for acting seized them all. An adaptation of one of the sweetest of the old fairy stories, that of the maiden who went to keep house for the seven little dwarfs, was chosen, and very successfully carried out. I think no one who saw the little drama will ever forget it, and of the several pretty scenes, perhaps the prettiest—certainly the most impressive and touching—was that which naturally returns the oftenest to our memories. It is that in which the heroine lies to all appearance dead on a bier, while her grotesque little masters bewail her. She is covered with ivy-leaves, and to the sound of solemn music the dwarfs strew snowdrops over their darling. Then comes the hero, the Prince of the fairy-tale, who alone has power to awake her from the enchanted sleep, and all is again joy and merriment.

Why did they choose our Nesta to act pretty Snowdrop's part? Was it a fore-cast of what had to be? A half instinctive shiver went through her mother's heart at the sight of the little figure lying there motionless.

'I hardly like it,' she whispered; and then when the bright living Nesta, led by the boy hero, came laughing to the front of the scene, a

thrill of thankfulness replaced the cold dread, and she chid herself for her weakness.

The holidays ended as they had begun, joyously. Wilfred and Cyril were at school again, Nesta at her home-lessons. The weather was cold, and the child seemed to feel it a little.

'You are coughing again, dear. I hear you early in the morning,' said her mother.

'But it doesn't hurt, mother dear. I'm sure it will soon be well.'

'Still, it is better to be careful. You must not be out late in the afternoon or in the evening.'

'Mustn't I, really?' Nesta replied. 'I feel quite well, mother. Any way, I hope my cough will be quite gone before Lent. I do so like going to church in the evening.'

There were plenty of pleasant things to do in the house, however, even when much going out was forbidden. Lessons themselves were great pleasures to Nesta. Seldom had she looked happier than the morning on which she had her first introduction to decimal fractions.

'It is so interesting—I really don't like leaving off,' she said merrily. But 'enough' is as good as, or rather much better than, a feast of even the most interesting lessons, and as it was a fine day, the attractions of sums were soon forgotten in a bright walk with the little ones, and in listening to her mother's organ practising in the church. Altogether that sunny late winter's day stands out as a strangely joyous one.

It was the last of her happy every-day child-life. Early, very early, the next morning, the little household was startled by Nesta's sudden illness. She had broken a small blood-vessel. But after the first shock and alarm had subsided, she did not seem to be seriously ill.

'I feel quite well again, mother,' she said. 'Do let me get up.'

But her mother told her it was best to keep quite quiet for the day. 'The doctor will come to-morrow, and we shall see what he says,' and with no very great misgiving, they waited for his visit.

He was kind and gentle; most doctors are so with children, I think. But his manner was peculiarly so with Nesta that day, though he said little.

'And what about her getting up?' asked the mother, as she followed him downstairs. 'Is it better to keep her in bed for a day or two?'

He hesitated—he turned to the window and looked out for a moment on to the garden where the snowdrops were already peeping out. And the mother's eyes followed his; somehow the pure white bells seemed associated with Nesta, lying there upstairs, peaceful and content, but with whiter face and intenter eyes than in her usual merry healthfulness. Still it was in all unconsciousness that the mother, a little surprised at the doctor's silence, repeated the question.

'Do as you like,' he said; 'or rather as she wishes. Let her stay

upstairs or come down. It—it can make little difference. Keep her quiet and untroubled, and nourish her well—it is all you can do—to have her with you a little longer. Many days it cannot be in any case.'

It did not seem *possible* that it could be true. Those who have gone through such trials, know the anguish of not being able to believe it and yet knowing it is so. It *cannot* be, yet it is. Nesta, the happy, merry little girl, so full of life, so eager to learn, so anxious to be of use—Nesta, going to die! And she must be told it: the mother in her unselfishness rose out of her own agony in the intensity of her desire to spare her child. *She* should be cheered and encouraged to the end—no shadows must fall on the sunny path of which but so few footsteps remained for Nesta to tread.

'We must be true to our own teaching,' thought the parents. 'We have taught her that death is but the door of true life. Let us show her that we believe it.'

But she was wiser than they knew: wise with the simplicity of one of God's own children, she made it easy for them to tell her, perhaps the pure, sweet spirit knew it already.

'I am not afraid, mother,' she whispered.

And the few days that followed were calm and peaceful as could scarcely have been hoped for. No noisy grief seemed possible in that gentle cheerful presence.

'I do love Nessie,' said little Cyril, as he 'kissed her good-night' for the last time.

And Nesta smiled back at him—did she know it was the very last time? Who can tell?

'He is such a dear little fellow,' she said, gently.

She realised it all to the full—not one of the simple little treasures she possessed did she forget to mark for one or other of her friends; pleasing herself in the thought of the pleasure they would give.

'And, mother,' she said, her mind perhaps reverting to the part she had acted in the Christmas play, 'please let there be snowdrops on my grave.'

She passed away in her sleep—we knew not the exact moment.

And as she wished, she was laid among the snowdrops.

Year after year, as the first sweet breath of spring returns, their pure tender blossoms will recall to many the happy child who loved them, and the sure and blessed hope in which, for a time, we parted with her.

NINE DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

I LEFT London by the Dover mail at half-past eight in the evening, reached Dover the next morning at half-past one, and arrived at Ostend the following morning, June 25th, 1815. As we went into the harbour we met several transports going to England with prisoners. About five o'clock I got a boat to take me to Sas, a mile and a half distant, where I found the barge by which I was to go to Bruges. These barges, which are drawn by horses at the rate of about four miles an hour, would, if not so slow, be the pleasantest of all public conveyances, whilst the cheapness of them is astonishing. I paid only one franc from Sas to Bruges, and half a franc for a plentiful breakfast of tea, bread, and fruit. As we drew near to Bruges I saw the tower of its Cathedral rising at the end of a vista of fine trees, which bordered the canal, along which we were carried with an almost imperceptible motion.

Ghent, like the other towns I saw in the Netherlands, looked clean, and as if it might be made comfortable; but it had a melancholy and deserted aspect. The houses are many of them large and many of them shut up, there is no bustle or life in the streets, and the immense old churches, the old walls and gates and the stagnant fosse which surrounds them, add to its gloom. I here got into a diligence, not being able to secure a *cabriolet*, went to Alost, where I slept, and reached Bruxelles about eight the next morning. The whole distance from Ostend to Bruxelles must be between sixty and seventy miles. The diligence was horrible, lined with green baize, driven by a coachman in a night-cap, with three horses, over ill-paved roads, and altogether twice as large, slow, jolting, and fusty as an English coach.

As I passed through the streets of Brussels I saw upon almost every door the word '*blessés*,' written in chalk; and the door of one of the churches, which had been converted into an army hospital, being open, I went in and saw its floor covered with wounded men lying on mattresses, and Belgian women attending them. I drove to the Hôtel de Wellington, and hired a bedroom at four francs a day, and a *laquais de place* at four more. The *laquais*, who was a Frenchman, gave me an account of his having assisted in laying out the body of Sir William Ponsonby, which was still in the house, and described, with a great deal of grimace, the three lance wounds which he had seen through his breast.

I then sought out my brother John, and was rejoiced to find his wound a slight one. On the night of the 15th he had been sitting up late at his quarters in the neighbourhood of Aspelaer, with Captain

Gubbins of the 13th Dragoons, who had dined with him. About one or two o'clock in the morning, the orders arrived for the cavalry to march, Captain Gubbins set off to join his regiment, and John never saw him again; he was killed on the 18th by a cannon ball, which struck him on the stomach.

The cavalry marched nearly fifty miles on the 16th, and on the night of the 17th bivouacked in the position at Waterloo under a deluge of rain. On the 18th, the 10th Dragoons (John's regiment) were posted on the left, in support of the infantry, and in the evening received a very heavy fire of grape and musketry. About six o'clock a ball struck my brother's horse in the head; it fell, but got up again, and carried him as well as before. About an hour later he himself was struck by a ball just below the ankle bone; as he was going to the rear a third ball struck his horse behind the shoulder, and it fell dead. His friend Captain Wallace of the 23rd Dragoons saw the accident, rode up and supplied him with another. I found him lodged in an upper storey of a large airy house looking over the Park, with three or four other wounded officers of his regiment in the same house; they all seemed to make light of their injuries, and to live with as much conviviality as the surgeons would let them.

I next called on C—.* He had a comfortable house in a quiet street, in which there was no thoroughfare, looking upon the Botanical Gardens, and close to the Royal Library, which is a very good one, and to which he had access. He is also near the Park, which is a square of about a quarter of a mile each way, filled with good trees, and laid out with hard sand walks; in summer it is an excellent place to lounge about in. I walked into it, and met General Alava, the Duke of Wellington's Spanish friend, and several of our wounded officers, amongst them Lord Fitzroy Somerset,† one of the Duke's aide-de-camps, walking slowly and feebly with his wife; this was only the eighth day after the amputation of his right arm.

The following morning I rode to the field of Waterloo with C—, who had been over it on the second day after the battle, with another of the Duke's aide-de-camps. On the road we met Captain Cuyler, aide-de-camp of General Cook, who commanded a Brigade of Guards, and also lost an arm in the battle.

About a mile from Brussels we entered the wood of Soignies. I don't know why, but I had taken it into my head that this could only be styled a forest by courtesy, like our Sherwood; but I found it in fact a thick substantial forest, from which I learnt that Brussels was chiefly supplied with fuel. We rode through it along a paved road for about twelve miles, and then reached the village of Waterloo. The trees close in again round Waterloo, and about half a mile further on there is another small hamlet, about a quarter of a mile in advance of which was the line of Lord Wellington's position.

* A family friend residing in Brussels.

† Afterwards Lord Raglan.

As we approached the village of Waterloo, we began to see every here and there an overturned and broken waggon, or a dead horse lying by the roadside. We met Colonel F. Ponsonby, borne in a small clean bed on the shoulders of six soldiers; there were no curtains to the bed, so that we saw him lying like a corpse, with a silk handkerchief tied loosely over his face, and

‘The body borne aloft in state,
Swung with the motion of its own dead weight.’

On the day of the battle, as he was lying on his face wounded, two French Lancers, as they rode past him, dug their lances into his back; hopes, however, were entertained of his recovery.

At one opening of the wood in a corn-field, 123 pieces of the cannon, which had been taken from the French, were drawn up. They were remarkably handsome, and new brass cannons, each marked with the Imperial crown and the letter N., each having its own name also. Some bore the words ‘Liberté,’ ‘Égalité.’ One was entitled ‘la Concorde,’ another ‘la Harmonie,’ ‘la Cornefleur,’ ‘le Docteur,’ etc.

The advantage of Lord Wellington’s position seems to have been that, with his back against the wood, he could easily secure his flanks and rear from annoyance, and in case of defeat he might have broken up his army into three or four columns and retreated along the *chaussées* through the wood, whilst his light infantry, thrown into the wood on each side of the roads, might have checked the pursuit. The ground was chiefly corn and clover fields, with very few hedges, full of undulations or risings, but with nothing deserving the name of hills. I imagine there cannot ever have been fought a battle upon so large a scale in which the fighting was more hand to hand. I was considerably surprised to find that the traces of the engagement were so slight: about a hundred or a hundred and fifty acres of corn and clover trampled or cut down, one farmhouse and outhouses burnt, the trees in its orchard and plantations torn with shot, the roof of another farmhouse pierced with shells; these were the principal marks of devastation that I saw. The trampling of the ground was much greater on the French side than on ours; this was partly to be accounted for from the circumstances of their having been the attacking party, and the most in motion; but it struck us that in addition to this, there was an appearance of everything having been on a larger scale on their side. We could trace very distinctly in several places amongst the standing corn, the paths of their columns, as they had advanced to the attack. About a mile to the rear, and on the right and in front of the right of the French, the ground rose considerably. Upon this high ground, directly behind the position of the French army, there was left standing a stage or scaffolding of wood, which I was told they had set up as an observatory of our position, and on the same ridge, a little to the front of their right, the lines of march by which some heavy Prussian columns had borne

down upon *Planchenoit* and *la belle Alliance*, were conspicuous at a great distance. It was singular to observe several spots of ground left untouched and insulated. Round about them thousands of men and horses had a few days before been moving, and showers of balls had been passing over them; but the corn was left standing on them amidst the general destruction, as quiet and undisturbed as if it had been growing in the vales of Westmoreland, and in the field next to the house of Hougoumont, the farmer was likely still to get a very good crop of clover.

It was the ninth day after the battle; great activity had been used in removing the dead; not one human corpse was left, and I did not count above seven or eight horses. They had been buried in circular pits, of which we saw a great number. The dresses, and all the wreck of the battle which could be turned to any account, had also been taken away; but it was easy to trace the spots where the stress of the engagement had been. All the caps of the soldiers which had been pierced with bullets had been left, and the paper memorandum book, of which every French soldier carried one in his pocket, had been rejected by those who took possession of the dresses. A profuse scattering of these relics, a more than usual quantity of fragments of bayonets, sheaths, and cartouche-boxes, scraps of blue or scarlet cloth, a few worsted epaulettes, and a great trampling of the ground, marked some spots distinctly. I counted a hundred French caps upon a space of about fifty yards square.

The quarter which above all others bore the marks of severe fighting, was the house and gardens of Hougoumont. It was something between a gentleman's residence and a farmhouse, with numerous large outhouses behind it, and a garden in front with a high brick wall, and round the house and garden there was an outer enclosure consisting of an orchard and plantation. This place formed the right of the Duke's centre, and was the strongest point in his line. He put some of the Guards into it, and the rest behind it, and I was told that he gave orders that it should be defended through all extremities. The French made their first attack upon this point, and they continued to attack it fiercely till two or three o'clock in the day; but they never got possession of it, though several times they penetrated into the orchard and courtyard. When I saw the place the roofs of the dwelling and outhouses were gone, and the walls were black with smoke; almost every tree was marked with shot, and upon the hole of one, which was not above five or six inches in diameter, I counted thirty musket or grape shot.

After having beheld the field of Waterloo little more than a week after the battle, and spent two days amongst the wounded, I confess my conceptions of the horrors of war were much less strong than they had been beforehand. It was to be recollected, however, that this engagement had taken place in summer, in a mild climate, a plentiful country, and the neighbourhood of a large rich city, and that the

wounded had been cared for with more than ordinary humanity; many shocking sights, too, I escaped beholding. For instance, I was told that several of the wounded French lay on the field till Friday, the fifth day after the battle, and even on that, the ninth day, some had not yet had their wounds dressed. There was a complaint that the medical attendance was scanty; still my friend C—, who rode over the field on the second day, declared there was not even then anything revolting in its appearance, and some of the suffering, disabled French lying on the ground, with whom he conversed, used no strong expressions of misery, only said quietly that they should be thankful for such assistance as could be given, after the Allies had been attended to.

All the accounts which I could collect agreed in stating that the firm valour of the British troops had been marvellous and unequalled; all, too, agreed in considering the issue of the day to have been very doubtful, especially towards its close. There seemed to be a difference of opinion as to the degree of assistance the Prussians had afforded; but I think it was only those who left the field early who denied the value of that assistance, they who stayed till six or seven in the evening seemed to doubt very much whether without the Prussians our army could have sustained the last attacks of the French.

On returning to Brussels, after my ride to Waterloo, I found Lord Uxbridge,* who had lost his leg above the knee, was already out sitting in the Park.

The next day, June 28th, I hired for forty francs a gig and horse, which carried me to Anvers pleasantly enough; on the 29th, I travelled on to Ghent in an open *voiture*. It was the *festin de St. Pierre*, and the day being fine, the boors were making merry, and the children dancing in booths all along the road. On the 30th, I crossed from Ostend to Dover, had a remarkably quick passage of eight hours and a half, and on Sunday night I slept in London, having been abroad just nine days.

G.

July, 1815.

* Afterwards Marquis of Anglesey.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME LETTERS FROM A YOUNG
SUBALTERN IN BURMAH.

Mandalay.

MY DEAREST —

I can hardly write, I am so excited. The Colonel has just sent for me, and asked me if I would go out to Yewoon in a few hours, to take command of fifty of our men, who are going out with a big column to attack some place; it is a splendid chance for me. . . . Thanietdaw we are to attack on Sunday at 12 o'clock. . . Here I am, back again all right; we have had two very hot fights, and some awfully narrow shaves. We went to Hman Aing, which is right at the foot of some hills, and enclosed by hills on three sides, which were all occupied by the enemy. I was commanding the advanced guard, fifty of our men; we were advancing in extended order through jungle so thick that you had to cut your way through it, when suddenly we received three tremendous volleys from the front, right, and left; one volley killed a man just in front of me, and wounded three more, the bullets ringing unpleasantly close to my head. I got my men under some sort of cover, and then we all blazed away for a quarter of an hour, during which time we all had some very narrow shaves, three ponies and some mules being killed, also some of the natives. We then got the guns up, and, as we thought, cleared them out for a bit, so the Doctor, myself, and a private went out to get the man's body who had been shot dead. As we were returning, a man fired at us from about thirty yards distance; the bullet somehow passed me, and hit the middle man in the back, wounding him so severely that he is not expected to live. Was not that an awful shave? We found, as we advanced, there had been three stockades hidden in the densest part of the jungle, from where they had fired at us. We advanced through a mile and a half of the jungle, driving the Dacoits before us, and at last reached the village; the Dacoits all took to the hills, where we couldn't follow them. The Major and myself were sitting in a hut, and a jingal bullet came buzzing through just at the side, so you can imagine what a time we had of it. We never had our clothes off for five days. I forgot to tell you that at Hman Aing there were any number of pits covered over with earth, with long spikes in them for you to fall on; but we had information of this. Most of us managed to escape them, though three of my men got stake wounds. There were also, under every shrub, small, pointed stakes sticking, out in the middle, so as to break off in your feet, which isn't very pleasant. How on earth any of us got

away from that place alive I can't imagine. I have been sleeping on a blanket for the last three weeks; but yesterday I got hold of a very narrow stretcher, and you can't think what a luxury it is. My clothes are in a dreadful state; my boots I should be ashamed to send down to be blacked at home. My men's clothes are also very dilapidated; one of them has five different patches in his khaki. The General, when he was here, burst out laughing at it!

I had a great chance yesterday. We charged down on a bunch of Dacoits. I singled out my man, but the poor beggar went down on his knees, and begged for quarter, so I hadn't the heart to run him through, although I felt most bloodthirsty, for the poor man, whose body we had with such difficulty got and buried, they had dug up and crucified! You can't think how exciting it is, surrounding a village with mounted infantry at the gallop; you go like fun, charging over, or through everything, and then, if they run off, you go after them into the jungle, and all over the shop.

The Bishop of Rangoon sent a lot of Christmas plum-puddings to the troops, and ours arrived the other day, and as you can imagine, was eaten with much relish. I am glad W. likes her brooch; it was one of King Theebaw's rupees, and is now a thing of the past. We are trying hard to get the people at a village called Ingau, about six miles from here, to bring us some vegetables, but without success, the consequence is, we get nothing but tinned vegetables, which are not extra nice. I wish you could see the sunrises and sunsets here, they are perfectly lovely; you see the sun rise over the Shan mountains. The moonlight nights, too, are awfully light, and one can march just as well as by day. We had a long march by night about a fortnight ago, only it is rather jumpy work, as everything is so still, the least noise makes you start. We went on an expedition last night, intending to go to a place called Kyoulé, but instead of that, our guide tried to play us a trick, and was taking us right into an ambush, only I happened to have been caught in that place once before, and warned S. in time; we then put a revolver to the guide's head, and told him if he did not tell us exactly where he was taking us, we would blow his brains out, which we would have done, but he confessed. When we got back to camp we gave him a fearful licking, and then sent him as a prisoner to the Civil Authorities.

I would give anything to be able to photograph the place we are living in now; it is a disused corn-store, mud-plastered walls, a roof that was once thatched, but off which all the thatch has fallen, and the roof looking as if it would like to follow the example of the afore-said thatch; but we are lucky to get even this. For the last month it has been very hot during the day, and cold at night; but of course we feel it cold, sleeping in a place where the wind can come in all round. We have a plague of flies in this store; I suppose they used to come here when there was corn, and have not evacuated it, they are simply swarming. The birds are also building nests all over

the roof, and make a fearful noise, to say nothing of dropping bits of straw all over our dinners.

We have again been on expeditions. Yesterday I formed the escort to the guns, and skirmished up a steep hill. We had a good deal of difficulty getting up on foot; but you should have seen the mules came up with the guns. I suppose you know that the guns are taken to pieces, and put on the mules' backs; it only takes about one minute to unload, put the guns together, and fire the first shell! You ask about the Dacoits, that is the proper name for the hill marauders; they and rebels are two different things, though I fancy they are pretty well tarred with the same brush.

KEBLE COLLEGE.

'A life well led this truth commends,
With quick and dead it never ends.'

So spake the old-world poet; musing, I
Would fain think further on this mystery,
The influence of a life—one holy life;
'It never ends'—beyond the Veil we know
It brightens to a never-dying glow,
But here, amid the turmoil and the strife
Of a hard-panting world, must it not fade—
The gentle impress by sweet memories made—
The fragrance fair be lost in mists of earth?
Not so; though names and faces be forgot,
Though the ship's path the waves remember not,
All is not lost—that lives which is most worth.

And thus methinks 'tis not the poet soul
(How high soe'er upon affection's roll
We place the Christian Year), 'tis not the gift
Of his five talents, nor his unsought fame
The mind recalls at sound of Keble's name,
Not these the thoughts that highest seem to lift
Our thoughts within these fair memorial walls;
Upon us here a deeper reverence falls—
The influence of a 'life well led.' There lies
A power in a pure and humble soul
That widens out beyond the mere control
Of passing time. The myriad memories
Of learning and renown old Oxford bears,
Are nothing to the sanctity which years
Of holiness lived here by holy men
Have left—a lingering fragrance, filling souls
With purer aims and longings. Thus while rolls
The Wheel of Time, being dead they speak again.

C. M. P.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it, or is it not, a good thing for the character to have the attention claimed by a great variety of interests?

Only one of Chelsea China's correspondents (*Arnaud*) recognises the fact that by the use of the word 'claimed' she meant to imply that the competing interests were more or less involuntary and external.

Taken in the sense of *cultivation* of interests, the consensus of opinion is strongly and almost unanimously in favour of the variety. *I. M. D.*, perhaps, states the other side most fully.

Chelsea China does not think that the overwhelming force of any deep interest, either of heart or head, and its irresistible claims on the whole self, have been stated with anything like sufficient force. It is sacrificing a great interest to let a variety of smaller ones compete with it in any way. Nor does she think that the writers have sufficiently considered how very difficult it is to be thorough, how much self-denial it costs to do any one thing very well, and how to many natures the temptation is on the side of taking up the surface of many interests.

It should, of course, be remembered—and this truth is more or less caught in some of the answers—that one *interest* may result in a great many different occupations. Many branches may spring from the same root.

The deeper an interest is and the more it pervades the whole being, the more this will be found to be the case; and perhaps, in carrying this idea to its highest possible point, the reconciliation of the two sides of the discussion may be found. But Chelsea China did not mean the debate to take so profound a turn. She was considering the effect on character of; when you are doing something, say, for Central Africa, appeals arrive by post from New Zealand, Madagascar, India, and Newfoundland. When you are an unhappy B. or C. in one begging alphabet, you are immediately entreated to be an F. or a D. in five others. When you have made up your mind to call on one person, to find that there are at least six others to whom you owe the attention; if you sit on an educational committee, to find it very hard to avoid two or three charitable ones as well; or when you have to decide between the committees and the calls—a missionary meeting and an afternoon tea. As this is the normal condition of many people at the present time, it seemed as if it might be interesting to see what type of character is likely to result from it.

Bog Oak.—A single heart, as the present Archbishop of Canterbury has shown, is essential to the true life of the soul. The advantage of a variety of interests consisting more in the widening and enlarging of the heart and character, than in giving depth, these interests are good only as far as they can go without losing singleness of heart. And the range of this differs with different natures. Very energetic people are apt to turn the interests into various forms of work; for a time one work rests mind and body from another, but by degrees the limit is reached, and first body, then mind is apt to be overstrained, and the interests either become shallow, or actually unreal, and the character deteriorates. The larger the heart, the more interests it can accommodate without losing depth. A very thoughtful remark was made about the late Bishop Wilberforce, who was accused of simulating interest in things and persons he knew but little of: 'Little minds could not comprehend the intense power of his great mind to grasp more interests than they could imagine.' But ordinary minds should realise how far they can go in the multiplicity of interests, without one effacing another, or all being but superficial. Because great minds can belong to twenty societies, master many sciences, and speak, like Solomon, on all subjects, it is not advisable for ordinary minds to attempt the same.

Perhaps, with regard to our friends, whether among persons, books, societies, or studies, the proverb holds good—'Many friends in general, one in particular.' The many interests and the single heart are thus combined.

On the other hand, there is always great loss to the character when no interest is felt in aught beyond its immediate surroundings. When working in one of our Colonial Churches, I remember some of us used to feel annoyed at the absolute indifference displayed by certain workers for all mission fields beyond our own. One day a great Bishop paid us a visit, and in simple and forcible words, told us the wonderful story of the martyrdom of Bishop Patteson. The details had only just come by mail steamer. When he ended, we were silent—what could one say? But the silence was broken by a voice observing, 'what remarkably fine pears those are!' Time has shown that speaker to have been a patient and persevering worker in her small way; but the mind which could take no interest beyond the meal of the moment, and the work at hand, must have lost grace itself, as well as helpfulness and sympathy.

The eye of youth is apt to be very single, not to say narrow, therefore children should be made, whether they like it or not, to learn thoroughly the beginnings of many subjects. Many of these will go no further; but it prevents the vacant unsympathetic stare in later life, when any subject is discussed beyond their immediate surroundings. Perhaps the power of sympathy this gives us with those far above our heads, as well as with our equals and inferiors in mind, is the most valuable result of a variety of interests. And some of us

need to be reminded that to this end, an interest in the small and passing topics that go to make up 'small talk,' is not without a value. Our characters may gain as much in one direction, by taking a comprehending interest in games, dress, or domestic worries, as in stretching up through magazine articles, public lectures, and entertainments to an interest in things above our range—the last thing on Solar Parallax, a complex problem in Theology or Politics, difficult classical music, or a philosophical argument.

Shall we not thus be truer Followers of Him, Who could deign to provide food for the multitude, or wine for the wedding guests, and could take an interest in the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, or the children playing in the market-place, without detriment to that Wisdom (Human as well as Divine), which speaks in the Sermon on the Mount and the Discourses?

‘Be thy heart a well of love, my child,
Flowing and free, and sure;
For a cistern of love though undefiled,
Keeps not the spirit pure.’

I. M. D.—As to the disadvantages, they are sometimes to be found when the interests arise from circumstances, and not from choice. The strain occasionally proves too great for the character, for it means the sacrifice of all individual taste. To have a leading idea, and to be utterly unable to pursue it with success, must be a sore trial.

Another disadvantage seems peculiar to the times in which we live. Plans, too hastily formed, are too hastily followed, with but little regard as to their ultimate influence for good or evil. A thing is the fashion and is followed blindly. Many of these plans or pursuits are the growth of a day, and they crowd each other out in rapid succession. When the first freshness has worn off, they are cast aside with less feeling than a child bestows upon a worn-out toy. If the character has not benefited by the pursuit of these evanescent interests, it must assuredly have deteriorated.*

In conclusion, we should say, let all have as many interests as they can not only entertain, but *sustain*, without detriment to body or mind, and we believe it will be for their good.

A Learner.—For the perfecting of character it is, I think, indispensable to keep the mind open to many interests. For the interest we take in a subject is, in fact, the mind's response to a call upon its sympathies. Faculties which do not respond are dead or dormant; the more active and powerful the mind, the wider and deeper would be its sympathies, and a perfect mind would respond to every call.

But, being imperfect and having only a certain amount of brain energy at our disposal, force spent in diffusion must be lost to concentration. Now, a certain amount of concentrated force is needful to

* This judgment is not intended to be harsh, as the evil seems to arise more from thoughtlessness than anything else.

make any work useful, any sympathy valuable. Concentration is, therefore, the first thing to learn. If we cannot learn it while occupied with many things, we must confine ourselves to one or two for a time. But this power of directing all the brain force to a subject whilst the mind is occupied with it, once gained, can one woman in twenty do enough to advance an art or science to justify the force put on nature, and the crushing of sympathies consequent on narrowing the mind's area? I think not.

To extend one's work and interests is surely the best protection from narrowness and grooviness; but it requires method, or it results in doing nothing properly.

Those who devote their whole souls and heart and might to one object alone are apt to injure it, partly by making it a bore to all around, partly by not seeing it in its proper proportion, or in its bearings, towards matters equally essential; while their own character is apt to become like the figure of the Hope of the Katzekopffs when he had been pulled through the keyhole! It is not safe to have but one idea, though that may be a good one.

‘One good custom may corrupt the world.’

But, on the other hand, Jack-of-all-trades is master of none. A primary object is different from an exclusive object. There is no reason against having more than one definite aim, and any amount of interest and sympathy. Only each real object must have its due, its regular time and place; and fresh undertakings, *trenching on these*, must be avoided, or else scatter-brained confusion sets in.

SPERMOLOGOS.

April, Elaine, Lux, Fanciful, Madame la Baronne, Bluebottle, Flittermouse, Dorothea, Gretchen, Arnaud, Thistle, Magpie, Puella, Titania, Popinjay, Petrea, Polly, Amyas Leigh, Janet, all send interesting papers. *Polly, Puella*, and *Petrea* especially so.

SUBJECT FOR MAY.

Is it desirable to emphasise, or to ignore, the barrier between different classes in philanthropic work?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher, before June 1st.

There is no other rule than this, and no subscription.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF ROME.

Questions for May.

17. What were the circumstances which induced the Tarentines to seek aid from Pyrrhus, King of Epirus?

18. Sketch briefly the campaigns of Pyrrhus in Italy. What is meant by 'a Pyrrhic victory'?

19. Explain, and illustrate, the following terms: Præfectura, Municipium, Colonia. What was 'the Latin Name'?

20. Give some account of the rise and progress of Carthage.

NOTICE.

We are glad to welcome two more of the National Society's beautiful coloured sacred prints in oils—the Blessing of the Children, and the Adoration of the Shepherds—endeavouring to the utmost to accomplish that difficult matter, the combination of correctness of detail, reverence, instructiveness, and beauty. In the words of the notice, 'The aim in this series is to offer greater attractiveness in design and colour, together with a rendering of the inner soul and sentiment of the Life of our Blessed Lord, more true and more deeply felt, and hence more impressive and convincing, than has yet, in general, been attained. For this purpose the attempt here made is to unite, so far as possible, the dignity and religious feeling of the earlier painters with an avoidance of the simply archaic features which perplex the English child of the present day; whilst in the landscape portions a closer fidelity to Oriental scenery has been aimed at than was possible to the mediæval artists.'

Notices to Correspondents.

Perplexed Parson.—M. W. H. and A. N. reply that the line is taken from 'A Spring Song,' in 'the Afterglow,' music by Ciro Pinsuti—to be found in No. 174 of Novello's Part Song Book.

'I sat beneath the Abele's shade,
The meads were shot with green and gold.'

Will some one kindly lend me a book on Flower Painting (Hulme). I will gladly pay the postage both ways.—Miss L., Eggington House, Leighton Buzzard.

The Brixham fishermen are very desirous to thank the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' who so generously replied to their appeal for a Church Ship for the North Sea. Through the 'Monthly Packet,' and by the reprinting of the appeal, nearly thirty pounds has been collected. A chaplain has volunteered, and sufficient funds have been provided to send out a trawler this year, and, it is hoped, to carry on 100*l.* towards the 700*l.* necessary for purchasing a permanent boat. Further contributions for this object will be very thankfully acknowledged by Mrs. Maxwell Hogg, Berry Head House, Brixham.

We are informed on good authority that it is the lack of funds, and of volunteers, which occasions the absence of clergymen in the excellent and admirable Deep Sea Mission. Also an eye-witness testifies that the Sunday services are reverent and devout, and free from the objectionable element of the Salvation Army performances.

Where can be obtained the little poem 'The Bell Bird,' beginning,

'Through the green isles of the forest, faintly pealing through the air?'

Who is the author of the lines—

'They are not tasting death, but taking rest
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When the day breaks and shadows flee away;'

and do they form *part* of a poem? Also I should be glad to know whence is derived the Collect of Farrant's Anthem—

'Lord, for Thy tender mercy sake,' etc.

SIGMA.

Kitten will be very much obliged to any one who can give her the remainder of a poem containing lines something like this—

'The place where the joy of the present
Is linked with the love of the past.'

A. B.—Source of quotation wanted.

‘What promise of morn is left unbroken,
What kind words to thy friends hast spoken,
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven,
How with thy faults and duty striven?’

Erratum.—Girls’ Home opened in 1884, not 1885. In the account of All Hallow’s Mission Home.

THE MISSION TO THE 500,000 BLIND OF CHINA.

In the little notice last month of that humble school at Peking, which we believe to be the acorn which is destined to develop into so mighty a tree, I omitted to mention one important detail, namely, the method by which it is hoped that the Mission will be rapidly extended. This is, that Mr. Murray may be enabled to train many teachers gifted with sight, either Europeans or first-class Chinese Converts, who may be employed by the various Missions in all parts of the Empire. One such sighted head-teacher in each district, could there found a Blind School and train Chinese Scripture Readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly expanded till it over-spreads the whole vast Empire like a network.

This New Mission will certainly appeal as no other has yet done, to two of the strongest characteristics of China’s millions, namely, *their reverence for pure benevolence, and their veneration for the power of reading.* To see foreigners undertaking such a work of love for the destitute blind, will go far towards dispelling prejudice against Christians and their MASTER, and will prepare the way for the workers of ALL Christian Missions.

We have heard a great deal this year about Jubilee Offerings, I NOW APPEAL TO THE GREAT READING PUBLIC (many of whom have kindly and cordially expressed the pleasure they have derived from my notes of travel in many lands), and I ASK THEM TO GLADDEN MY OWN JUBILEE BIRTHDAY (26 May, 1837 to 1887) BY MAKING ME THEIR ALMONER in thus sending Light to them that dwell in darkness.

All such donations for the Chinese Blind Mission will be gladly welcomed by—

MISS C. F. GORDON-CUMMING,
Glen Earn House, Crieff, Scotland.

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1887.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

SINGLE MISFORTUNES NEVER COME ALONE.

ON Sunday, Gillian's feet found their way to the top of the garden, where she paced meditatively up and down, hoping to see Kalliope, and just as she was giving up the expectation, the slender black figure appeared on the other side of the railings.

'Oh, Miss Gillian, how kind!'

'Kally, I am glad!'

Wherewith they got into talk at once, for Lady Merrifield's safe arrival and Sir Jasper's improvement had just been telegraphed, and there was much rejoicing over the good news. Gillian had nearly made up her mind to confute the enemy by asking why Captain White had left Rockquay; but somehow when it came to the point, she durst not make the venture, and they skimmed upon more surface subjects.

The one point of union between the parishes of Rockstone and Rockquay was a choral society, whereof Mr. Flight of St. Kenelm's was a distinguished light, and which gave periodical concerts in the Masonic Hall. It being musical, Miss Mohun had nothing to do with it except the feeling it needful to give her presence to the performances. One of these was to take place in the course of the week, and there were programmes in all the shops, 'Mr. Alexis White' being set down for more than one solo, and as a voice in the glees.

'Shall not you sing?' asked Gillian, remembering that her sisters had thought Kalliope had a good ear and a pretty voice.

'I? Oh no!'

'I thought you used to sing.'

'Yes; but I have no time to keep it up.'

'Not even in the choruses?'

'No, I cannot manage it'—and there was a little glow in the clear brown cheek.

'Does your designing take up so much time?'

'It is not that; but there is a great deal to do at home in after hours. My mother is not strong, and we cannot keep a really efficient servant.'

'Oh! but you must be terribly hard worked to have no time for relaxation.'

'Not quite that, but—it seems to me,' burst out poor Kalliope, 'that relaxation does nothing but bring a girl into difficulties—an unprotected girl, I mean.'

'What do you mean?' cried Gillian, quite excited; but Kalliope had caught herself up.

'Never mind, Miss Gillian, you have nothing to do with that kind of thing.'

'But do tell me, Kally; I do want to be your friend,' said Gillian, trying to put her hand through.

'There's nothing to tell,' said Kalliope, smiling and evidently touched, but still somewhat red; 'only you know when a girl has nobody to look after her, she has to look after herself.'

'Doesn't Alexis look after you?' said Gillian, not at all satisfied to be put off with this truism.

'Poor Alex. He is younger, you know, and he has quite enough to do, though. Oh, Miss Gillian, he is such a very dear good boy.'

'He has a most beautiful voice, Aunt Ada said.'

'Yes, poor fellow, though he almost wishes he had not. Oh dear! there's the little boy. Good-bye, Miss Merrifield, I must run, or Mrs. Smithson will be gone to church, and I shall be looked in.'

So Gillian was left to the enigma why Alexis should regret the beauty of his own voice, and what Kalliope could mean by the scrapes of unprotected girls. It did not occur to her that Miss White was her elder by five or six years, and possibly might not rely on her judgment and discretion as much as she might have done on those of Alethea.

Meantime the concert was coming on. It was not an amusement that Aunt Ada could attempt, but Miss Mohun took both her nieces, to the extreme pride and delight of Valetta, who had never been, as she said, 'to any evening thing but just stupid childish things, only trees and magic-lanterns; and would not quite believe Gillian, who assured her in a sage tone that she would find this far less entertaining than either, judging by the manner in which she was wont to vituperate her music lesson.

'Oh! but that's only scales, and everybody hates them! And I do love a German band.'

'Especially in the middle of lesson-time,' said Gillian.

However, Fergus was to spend the evening with Clement Varley; and Kitty was to go with her mother and sister, the latter of whom

was to be one of the performers; but it was decreed by the cruel authorities that the two bosom friends would have their tongues in better order if they were some chairs apart, and therefore, though the members of the two families at Beechcroft and the Tamarisks were consecutive, Valetta was quartered between her aunt and Gillian, with Mrs. Varley on the other side of Miss Mohun, and Major Dennis flanking Miss Merrifield. When he had duly enquired after Sir Jasper, and heard of Lady Merrifield's arrival, he had no more conversation for the young lady; and Valetta, having perceived by force of example that in this waiting-time it was not like being in Church, poured out her observations and enquiries on her sister.

'What a funny room. And oh! do look at the pictures! Why has that man got on a blue apron? Freemasons. What are Freemasons? Do they work in embroidered blue satin aprons because they are gentlemen? I'll tell Fergus that is what he ought to be; he is so fond of making things—only I am sure he would spoil his apron. What's that curtain for? Will they sing up there? Oh! there's Emma Norton just come in! That must be her father. That's Alice Gidding, she comes to our Sunday class; and do you know, she thought it was Joseph who was put into the den of lions. Has not her mother got a funny head?'

'Hush now, Val. Here they come,' as the whole chorus trooped in and began the 'Men of Harlech.'

Val was reduced to silence, but there was a long instrumental performance afterwards, during which bad examples of chattering emboldened her to whisper—

'Did you see Beatrice Varley? And Miss Berry, our singing mistress—and Alexis White? Maura says——'

Aunt Jane gave a touch and a frown which reduced Valetta to silence at this critical moment; and she sat still through a good deal, only giving a little jump when Alexis White, with various others, came to sing a glee.

Gillian could study the youth, who certainly was, as Aunt Ada said, remarkable for the cameo-like cutting of his profile, though perhaps no one without an eye for art would have remarked it, as he had the callow unformed air of a lad of seventeen or eighteen, and looked shy and grave; but his voice was certainly a fine one, and was heard to more advantage in the solos to a hunting song which shortly followed.

Valetta had been rather alarmed at the applause at first, but she soon found out what an opportunity it gave for conversation, and after a good deal of popping her head about, she took advantage of the encores to excuse herself by saying, 'I wanted to see if Maura White was there. She was to go if Mrs. Lee—that's the lodger—would take her. She says Kally won't go, or sing, or anything, because——'

How tantalising! the singers reappeared, and Valetta was reduced to silence. Nor could the subject be renewed in the interval between

the parts, for Major Dennis came and stood in front, and talked to Miss Mohun; and after that Valetta grew sleepy, and nothing was to be got out of her, till all was over, when she awoke into extra animation, and chattered so vehemently all the way home that her aunt advised Gillian to get her to bed as quietly as possible, or she would not sleep all night, and would be good for nothing the next day.

Gillian, however, being given to think for herself in all cases of counsel from Aunt Jane, thought it could do no harm to beguile the brushing of the child's hair by asking why Kalliope would not come to the concert.

'Oh, it's a great secret; but Maura told me in the cloak-room. It is because Mr. Frank wants to be her—to be her—her admirer,' said Valetta, cocking her head on one side, and adding to the already crimson colour of her cheeks.

'Nonsense, Val, what do you and Maura know of such things?'

'We aren't babies, Gill, and it is very unkind of you, when you told me I was to make friends with Maura White; and Kitty Varley is quite cross with me about it.'

'I told you to be kind to Maura, but not to talk about such foolish things.'

'I don't see why they should be foolish. It is what we all must come to. Grown-up people do, as Lois says. I heard Aunt Ada going on ever so long about Beatrice Varley and that gentleman.'

'It is just the disadvantage of that kind of school that girls talk that sort of undesirable stuff,' Gillian said to herself, but curiosity, or interest in the Whites, prompted her to add, 'What did she tell you?'

'If you are so cross, I shan't tell you. You hurt my head, I say.'

'Come, Val, I ought to know.'

'It's a secret.'

'Then you should not have told me so much.'

Val laughed triumphantly, and called her sister Mrs. Curiosity, and at that moment Aunt Jane knocked at the door, and said Val was not to talk.

Val made an impatient face and began to whisper, but Gillian had too much proper feeling to allow this flat disobedience, and would not listen, much as she longed to do so. She heard her little sister rolling and tossing about a good deal, but made herself hard-hearted on principle, and acted sleep. On her own judgment, she would not waken the child in the morning, and Aunt Jane said she was quite right, it would be better to let Val have her sleep out, than send her to school fretful and half alive. 'But you ought not to have let her talk last night.'

As usual, reproof was unpleasing, and silenced Gillian. She hoped to extract the rest of the story in the course of the day. But before breakfast was over, Valetta rushed in with her hat on, having

scrambled into her clothes in a hurry, and consuming her breakfast in great haste, for she had no notion either of losing her place in the class, or of missing the discussion of the entertainment with Kitty, from whom she had been so cruelly parted.

Tête-à-têtes were not so easy as might have been expected between two sisters occupying the same room, for Valetta went to bed and to sleep long before Gillian, and the morning toilette was a hurry; besides, Gillian had scruples, partly out of pride and partly out of conscientiousness, about encouraging Valetta in gossip or showing her curiosity about it. Could she make anything out from Kalliope herself? However, fortune favoured her, for she came out of her class only a few steps behind little Maura; and as some of Mr. Edgar's boys were about, the child naturally regarded her as a protector.

Maura was not so pretty as her elders, and had more of a southern look. Perhaps she was proportionably precocious, for she returned Gillian's greeting without embarrassment, and was quite ready to enter into conversation, and show her gratification at compliments upon her brother's voice.

'And does not Kalliope sing? I think she used to sing very nicely in the old times.'

'Oh! yes,' said Maura; 'but she doesn't now.'

'Why not? Has not she time?'

'That's not all,' said Maura, looking significant, and an interrogative sound sufficed to bring out—'It is because of Mr. Frank.'

'Mr. Frank Stebbing?'

'Yes. He was always after her there, and would walk home with her after the practices, though Alexis was always there. *I know* that was the reason, for I heard *la mamma mia* trying to persuade her to go on with the society, and she was determined, and would not. Alex said she was quite right, and it is very tiresome of him, for now she never walks with us on Sunday, and he used to come and give us bonbons and crackers.'

'Then she does not like him?'

'She says it is not right or fitting, because Mr. and Mrs. Stebbing would be against it; but mamma said he would get over them, if she would not be so stupid; and he could make her quite a lady, like an officer's daughter, as we are. Is it not a pity she won't, Miss Gillian?'

'I do not know. I think she is very good,' said Gillian.

'Oh! but if she would, we might all be well off again,' said little worldly-minded Maura; 'and I should not have to help her make the beds, and darn, and iron, and all sorts of horrid things, but we could live properly, like ladies.'

'I think it is more ladylike to act uprightly,' said Gillian.

Wherewith having made the discovery, and escorted Maura beyond the reach of her enemies, she parted with the child, and turned homewards. Gillian was at the stage in which sensible maidens

have a certain repugnance and contempt for the idea of love and lovers as an interruption to the higher aims of life, and destruction to family joys. Romance in her eyes was the exaltation of woman out of reach, and Maura's communications inclined her to glorify Kalliope as a heroine, molested by a very inconvenient person, 'Spighted by a fool, spighted and angered both,' as she quoted Imogen to herself.

It would be a grand history to tell Alethea of her friend, when she should have learnt a little more about it, as she intended to do on Sunday from Kalliope herself, who surely would be grateful for some sympathy and friendship. Withal she recollected that it was Indian mail day, and hurried home to see whether the midday post had brought any letters. Her two aunts were talking eagerly, but suddenly broke off as she opened the door.

'Well, Gillian——' began Aunt Ada.

'No, no; let her see for herself,' said Aunt Jane.

'Oh! I hope nothing is the matter?' she exclaimed, seeing a letter to herself on the table.

'No; rather the reverse.'

A horrible suspicion, as she afterwards called it, came over Gillian as she tore open the letter. There were two small notes. The first was—

'DEAR LITTLE GILL,

'I am going to give you a new brother. Mother will tell you all.

'Your loving sister,

'P. E. M.'

She gasped, and looked at the other.

'DEAREST GILLIAN,

'After all you have heard about Frank, perhaps you will know that I am very happy. You cannot guess how happy, and it is so delightful that mamma is charmed with him. He has got two medals and three clasps. There are so many to write to, I can only give my poor darling this little word. She will find it is only having another to be as fond of her as her old Alley.'

Gillian looked up in a bewildered state, and gasped 'Both!'

Aunt Jane could not help smiling a little, and saying, 'Yes, both at one fell swoop.'

'It's dreadful,' said Gillian.

'My dear, if you want to keep your sisters to yourself, you should not let them go to India,' said Aunt Ada.

'They said they wouldn't! They were quite angry at the notion of being so commonplace,' said Gillian.

'Oh, no one knows till her time comes!' said Aunt Jane.

Gillian now applied herself to her mother's letter, which was also short.

‘MY DEAREST GILLYFLOWER,

‘I know this will be a great blow to you, as indeed it was to me; but we must not be selfish, and must remember that the sisters' happiness and welfare is the great point. I wish I could write to you more at length; but time will not let me, scattered as are all my poor flock at home. So I must leave you to learn the bare *public* facts from Aunt Jane, and only say my especial private words to you. You are used to being brevet eldest daughter to me, now you will have to be so to papa, who is mending fast; but, I think, will come home with me. Isn't that news?

‘Your loving mother.’

‘They have told you all about it, Aunt Jane?’ said Gillian.

‘Yes; have they been so cruel as not even to tell you the names of these robbers? Well, I dare say you had rather read my letter than hear it.’

‘Thank you very much, Aunt Jane! May I take it upstairs with me?’

Consent was readily given, and Gillian had just time for her first cursory reading before luncheon.

‘DEAREST JENNY,

‘Fancy what burst upon me only the day after my coming—though really we ought to be very thankful. You might perhaps have divined what was brewing from the letters. Jasper knew of one and suspected the other before the accident, and he says it prevented him from telegraphing to stop me, for he was sure one or both the girls would want their mother. Phyllis began it. Hers is a young merchant just taken into the great Underwood firm. Bernard Underwood, a very nice fellow, brother to the husband of one of Harry May's sisters—very much liked and respected, and, by-the-way, an uncommonly handsome man. That was imminent before Jasper's accident, and the letter to prepare me must be reposing in Harry's care. Mr. Underwood came down with Claude to meet me when I landed, and I scented danger in his eye. But it is all right, only his income is entirely professional, and they will have to live out here for some time to come.

‘The other only spoke yesterday, having abstained from worrying his General. He is Lord Francis Somerville, son to Lord Liddesdale, and a captain in the Glen Lorn Highlanders, who have not above a couple of years to stay in these parts. He was with the riding party when Jasper fell, and was the first to lift him; indeed, he held him all the time of waiting, for poor Claude trembled too much. He was an immense help through the nursing, and they came to know and

depend on him as nothing else would have done ; and how sincerely right-minded and good he is. There is some connection with the Underwoods, though I have not quite fathomed it. There is no fear about home consent, for it seems that he is given to outpourings to his mother, and had heard that if he thought of Sir Jasper Merrifield's daughter his parents would welcome her, knowing what Sir J. is. There's for you ! considering that we have next to nothing to give the child, and Frank has not much fortune ; but Alethea is trained to the soldierly life, and they will be better off than Jasper and I were.

'The worst of it is, leaving them behind ; and as neither of the gentlemen can afford a journey, we mean to have the double wedding before Lent. As to outfit, the native tailors must be chiefly trusted to, or the stores at Calcutta, and I must send out the rest when I come home. Only please send by post my wedding veil (Gillian knows where it is), together with another as like it as may be. Any slight lace decorations to make us respectable which suggest themselves to you and her might come ; I can't recollect or mention them now. I wish Reginald could come and tell you all, but the poor fellow has to go home full pelt about these Irish. Jasper is writing to William, and you must get business particulars from him, and let Gillian and the little ones hear, for there is hardly any time to write. Phyllis, being used to the idea, is very quiet and matter-of-fact about it. She hoped, indeed, that I guessed nothing till I was satisfied about papa, and had had time to rest. Alethea is in a much more April condition, and I am glad Frank waited till I was here on her account and on her father's. He is going on well, but must keep still. He declares that being nursed by two pair of lovers is highly amusing. However, such homes being found for two of the tribe is a great relief to his mind. I suppose it is to one's rational mind, though it is a terrible tug at one's heart-strings. You shall hear again by the next mail. A brown creature waits to take this to be posted.

' Your loving sister,
' L. M.'

Gillian came down to dinner quite pale, and to Aunt Ada's kind 'Well, Gillian ?' she could only repeat, 'It is horrid.'

'It is hard to lose all the pretty double wedding,' said Aunt Ada.

'Gillian does not mean that,' hastily put in Miss Mohun.

'Oh, no,' said Gillian ; 'that would be worse than anything.'

'So you think,' said Aunt Jane ; 'but believe those who have gone through it all, my dear ; when the wrench is over, one feels the benefit.'

Gillian shook her head, and drank water. Her aunts went on talking, for they thought it better that she should get accustomed to the idea ; and, moreover, they were so much excited that they could hardly have spoken of anything else. Aunt Jane wondered if

Phyllis's betrothed were a brother of Mr. Underwood of St. Wulston's with whom she had corresponded about the consumptive home; and Aunt Ada regretted the not having called on Lady Liddesdale when she had spent some weeks at Rockstone, and consoled herself by recollecting that Lord Rotherwood would know all about the family. She had already looked it out in the Peerage, and discovered that Lord Francis Cunningham Somerville was the only younger son, that his age was twenty-nine, and that he had three sisters, all married, as well as his elder brother, who had children enough to make it improbable that Alethea would ever be Lady Liddesdale. She would have shown Gillian the record, but received the ungracious answer, 'I hate swells.'

'Let her alone, Ada,' said Aunt Jane; 'it is a very sore business. She will be better by-and-by.'

There ensued a little discussion how the veil at Silverfold was to be hunted up, or if Gillian and her aunt must go to do so.

'Can you direct Miss Vincent?' asked Miss Mohun.

'No, I don't think I could; besides, I don't like to set any one to poke and meddle in mamma's drawers.'

'And she could hardly judge what could be available,' added Miss Ada.

'Gillian must go to find it,' said Aunt Jane; 'and let me see, when have I a day? Saturday is never free, and Monday—— I could ask Mrs. Hablot to take the cutting out, and then I could look up Lily's Brussels——'

There she caught a sight of Gillian's face. Perhaps one cause of the alienation the girl felt for her aunt was that there was a certain kindred likeness between them which enabled each to divine the other's enquiring disposition, though it had different effects on the elder and younger character. Jane Mohun suspected that she had on her ferret look, and guessed that Gillian's disgusted air meant that the idea of her turning over Lady Merrifield's drawers was almost as distasteful as that of the governess's doing it.

'Suppose Gillian goes down on Monday with Fanny,' she said. 'She could manage very well, I am sure.'

Gillian cleared up a little. There is much consolation in being of a little importance, and she liked the notion of a day at home, a quiet day, as she hoped in her present mood, of speaking to nobody. Her aunt let her have her own way, and only sent a card to Macrae to provide for meeting and for food, not even letting Miss Vincent know that she was coming. That feeling of not being able to talk about it or be congratulated would wear off, Aunt Jane said, if she was not worried or argued with, in which case it might become perverse affectation.

It certainly was not shared by the children. Sisters unseen for three years could hardly be very prominent in their minds. Fergus hoped that they would ride to the wedding upon elephants, and

Valetta thought it very hard to miss the being a bridesmaid, when Kitty Varley had already enjoyed the honour. However, she soon began to glorify herself on the beauty of Alethea's future title.

'What will Kitty Varley and all say?' was her cry.

'Nothing, unless they are snobs; as girls always are,' said Fergus.

'It is not a nice word,' said Miss Adeline.

'But there's nothing else that expresses it, Aunt Ada,' returned Gillian.

'I agree to a certain degree,' said Miss Mohun; 'but still I am not sure what it does express.'

'Just what girls of that sort are,' said Gillian. 'Mere worshippers of any sort of handle to one's name.'

'Gillian, Gillian, you are not going in for levelling,' cried Aunt Adeline.

'No,' said Gillian; 'but I call it snobbish to make more fuss about Alethea's concern than Phyllis's—just because he calls himself Lord——'

'That is to a certain degree true,' said Miss Mohun. 'The worth of the individual man stands first of all, and nothing can be sillier or in worse taste than to parade one's grand relations.'

'To parade, yes,' said Aunt Adeline; 'but there is no doubt that good connections are a great advantage.'

'Assuredly,' said Miss Mohun. 'Good birth, and an ancestry above shame are really a blessing, though it has come to be the fashion to sneer at them. I do not mean merely in the eyes of the world, though it is something to have a name that answers for your relations being respectable. But there are such things as hereditary qualities, and thus testimony to the existence of a distinguished forefather is worth having.'

'Lily's dear old Sir Maurice de Mohun to wit,' said Miss Adeline. 'You know she used to tease Florence by saying the Barons of Beechcroft had a better pedigree than the Devereuxes.'

'I'd rather belong to the man who made himself,' said Gillian.

'Well done, Gill! But though your father won his own spurs, you can't get rid of his respectable Merrifield ancestry wherewith he started in life.'

'I don't want to. I had rather have them than horrid robber Borderers, such as no doubt these Liddesdale people were.'

There was a little laughing at this, but Gillian was saying in her own mind that it was a fine thing to be one's own Rodolf of Hapsburg, and in that light she held Captain White, who in her present state of mind she held to have been a superior being to all the Somervilles—perhaps to all the Devereuxes who ever existed.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVI.

HORNBRIDGE had settled back again into its old condition of sleepiness, after the excitement of the disclosure of Bessie's story, and the death of Dr. Enderby. Miss Enderby and Staley had gone home; the visit of the old lady had perhaps not been an unmixed evil, as Dr. Enderby, after the visit of the two doctors, had gratified her by asking her to tell all her acquaintances that Mrs. Maynard, hearing of the reports about her insanity, had by his advice undergone an examination from the cleverest mad-doctor in London, who reported that there was not, and never had been, anything the matter with her. The White House was to be let furnished, and Mrs. Maynard or Mallard had vanished—few people in Hornbridge knew whither. She had left no address, and any business letters which came for her were to be sent to her lawyer. Archer was gone with her mistress, the other servants had been dismissed.

There were two people in Hornbridge, however, to whom the remembrance of Bessie Mallard brought uncomfortable recollections. One was Mrs. Bruton, whose husband did not allow her to forget, as he expressed it, what a hole she had put him into; and the other was Alda Hughes. Just about the time of Dr. Enderby's death, Alda had paid a visit to London, and had stayed away from Hornbridge for some weeks. When she came back, Hornbridge seemed to her unusually dreary. She had some literary work of the kind she liked best to do; she was owned to be a success in her own special line, and her books now began to bring her in a comfortable little addition to her income. But, nevertheless, she felt, as she had never felt before, the loneliness of middle life falling upon her. She missed Elys and her violin; she missed the atmosphere of culture which Dr. Enderby and Mrs. Maynard had diffused in the society of the Green; she missed, perhaps, the excitement of the watch she had kept up so long to discover poor Bessie's secrets. All was flat, stale, and unprofitable. The one thing to which she found herself looking forward in life was Russell Verney's return. Now that Bessie had taken herself out of the way, with a discredited name, was it not possible that Russell might feel their old cousinly friendship drifting unconsciously and naturally into love? They were neither of them young people; but Russell would be making a fresh start in English

life, and would naturally marry, if only Bessie Mallard could be driven out of his mind. Whatever Alda's solitary cogitations began with, they always returned to this as the ultimate problem of her life.

Bessie had left Hornbridge, but after she left she had written to Alda, giving her address, in case she should ever hear news of Elys, for which, poor woman, she still hungered in vain. It would have been strange to her in former days, when Elys's affection for Alda had roused her jealousy, to think that a time would come when this affection would be her best hope for hearing tidings of her darling; and she wrote, imploring Alda to send her on any letter, or even any report that might reach her, about the child, and promising to keep her informed of her own address. Alda had written on a post-card, 'I will do as you wish should I hear anything;' she did not want to begin anything like a correspondence with Bessie, and hoped that this might stop it. Bessie had little suspicion how much annoyance she gave Alda by her simple request. It would have been so much more convenient to have known nothing about Bessie's movements. 'But in any case,' she said to herself, 'there is no reason why Russell should learn anything about her from me. It will be odd if I can't keep my secret.'

That Bessie's address *was* a secret to be kept from Russell, Alda had no doubt. She knew him well enough to feel that his first impulse would probably be to rush off at once in chivalrous assistance of his old love, if he were not debarred from doing so by the impossibility of finding her; and Alda had persuaded herself now that it was her duty to Russell to save him from any alliance which *must* injure his social prospects.

Whereas, if he first stayed at Hornbridge, and took his first new impressions of home comfort and cheeriness from Alda's pleasant little house—if she could show him the position she had won in the world, and make him feel the cleverness which would be such a help to him in the career which might now be open before him—might not that day-dream come true, which half unconfessed to herself had been the guiding motive of her life?

Clever as Alda undoubtedly was, she was deceiving herself, and knew it; but she was not single-hearted enough for the moral effort of undeceiving herself. When the day came on which Russell—now Colonel Verney—was to be expected home, she had not made up her mind exactly what she should say about Bessie, further than that she should not give him her address. She had invited a couple of her literary acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, to stay with her for a few days. She had an undefined fancy that possibly the presence of strangers might prevent his entering into the subject until he had had time to be attracted by the fascinations which she could exercise. The sweetest June weather seemed to favour her plans; and when Russell came in the afternoon, and was brought out upon the green

velvet lawn with its flecks of shade and globes of golden sunlight gleaming through the beeches, to Alda's tea-table surrounded by luxurious garden chairs, she felt a glow of pride at her heart that he was seeing her at her best. Her health had improved in these years, and her appearance with it. A very slight lameness was all that now remained of the deformity which had been once so visible, and in her rich dress, with the ease of intellectual power which had now become habitual to her, Alda, in spite of her short stature, was not a person to be overlooked in a crowd. Her visitor was far less improved in looks. The last attack of jungle fever had told upon him sadly; he was sallow and hollow-eyed, and had lost the look of strength and vigour which had characterised him in old days. When Alda greeted him, her first words were, 'Well, Russell, and how long can you give us before the cares of state carry you off to G.?'

'The cares of state don't carry me off at all,' he said; 'the jungle fever has looked after that. Dr. Bedwell declares it is as much as my life is worth to go to any tropical climate for the next twenty years, so I have had to resign it. Here I am, a stranded fellow, on your hands.'

'And what are you going to do next?' said Alda, after the general chorus of sympathetic disappointment had subsided.

'I don't know; there will be plenty of time to settle that. Tell me some English news. Many changes at Hornbridge since I have been away, besides——' he stopped.

'Poor Dr. Enderby's death is the chief one. He is very much missed,' said Alda.

'Is he gone? I am very sorry,' said Russell in a tone of genuine concern. 'He was not like everybody else; but he struck me as the best fellow I ever came across, and I was looking forward to seeing more of him.'

'But,' said Mrs. Rowland, who was a brilliant talker, and avoided the discussion of anything tragic on principle, 'they have had quite a romance here, Colonel Verney. Haven't you heard of it? The resuscitation of a dead lady, who had given herself out for drowned years and years ago.'

'Mrs. Maynard,' he said, in a tone which seemed to say that the subject was a familiar one. 'I want you to tell me all the details of that by-and-by, Alda. Where is she now?'

Alda did not profess ignorance, but she lifted her flexible eyebrows and shook her head, as if Bessie's address were an insoluble mystery to her.

'You knew her?' said Mrs. Rowland.

'Yes,' Alda answered for him, anything but grateful to her guest for her choice of a subject; 'my cousin knew her very well. We won't discuss poor Mrs. Maynard now.'

He was as grateful to his cousin for shielding his feelings—perhaps even more so than she could have wished. But in the evening,

when Mrs. Rowland was gone up to bed, and Mr. Rowland had strolled out on the lawn with a cigar, he said to Alda, 'Can you give me a few minutes alone?' and Alda and he went back to the lamplit drawing-room. Alda felt nervous but determined. On her skilfulness now she felt depended all the future course of her own life and Russell's.

'Tell me all about poor Bessie,' he said.

'I have so little to tell,' said Alda. 'She never confided in me, you know, Russell. I think I told you all I knew in that letter.'

'But you did not say much there,' said Russell, 'except that you had hinted your discovery to her, and that that led to her confession to Enderby.' Alda accordingly repeated her version of the facts; but as soon as she stopped, he went on, 'I was so very glad to hear she had taken such a man as Enderby into her confidence. I must tell you that I don't believe a word of your theory of insanity, or of any discreditable motive for her disappearance. I am quite convinced that she was as sane as I am four years ago; and as for anything else—the notion is preposterous. Bessie Mallard—good heavens! High-spirited she always was, and impulsive; but if I were forced to believe that she had done anything disgraceful, I—I would never believe in any woman again.'

'But, Russell,' said Alda, more gently than she usually spoke, 'I am afraid that at least is incontrovertible. She certainly kidnapped her brother's child. That was in her confession to Dr. Enderby, whatever else might have been left out.'

'And what an awful thing for her to part from the child!' said Russell, walking up and down the room. 'She was wrapped up in that child—she could not bear her to be out of her sight. What she must have gone through in giving her up!'

'I don't think things were quite the same between them later on,' said Alda. 'In fact, I should say that for the last year or two Elys gave me more of her confidence than she did to Mrs. Maynard. Mrs. Maynard was evidently jealous of me, and did not always behave as she should about the child; and I fancy she found Elys more trouble than pleasure. There were a good many little episodes that made me think so.' A sudden recollection of Bessie's white yearning face that time when she had met Alda and asked for news of Elys gave Alda a prick of conscience here.

'Poor thing! to have sacrificed her life and her credit to the child, and then to have been disappointed in her!' said Russell.

He *would* only look at all Alda's intelligence in the light of his compassion for Bessie. Alda began to feel impatient.

'What did you do,' he said, 'when you had arrived at the truth about her? I should have thought hints were out of the question between two women who were neighbours and friends. Would it not have been better to go straight to her and tell her that you knew all?'

‘I did not know all. I don’t know all now. You must remember, Russell, that we were never really intimate. I don’t think she ever was intimate with any one but Dr. Enderby—and I believe her influence over him, in his last illness, was such that he simply did anything she suggested.’

‘You are wrong, Alda,’ said Russell, briefly. ‘Bessie never cared to influence any one. It was not her temptation.’

Alda had always cared very much to influence people, and was proud of it; she did not like to hear Russell call it a temptation, and a sense of defeat seemed to come into her mind as all her shafts fell blunted upon the mail of his loyal love and manly will. But she only said, ‘Well, I wish I could tell you more about her; but at present you seem to me to know more about her from your inner consciousness than I do from my poor ordinary observation of facts.’

‘I wish you had her address,’ said Russell. ‘Can’t you think of any means to trace her? I suppose the Ellises would know where she was.’

‘I doubt it,’ said Alda, a little hurriedly; ‘I imagine that her object is to lose herself from them and every one else; and I suppose we may consider she has succeeded.’

‘It is most unlucky,’ said Russell, looking very much discomposed.

‘But meanwhile,’ said Alda, ‘I hope you will stay here and make yourself as happy as you can. You and I are both rather lonely in the world, Russell.’

‘That is true, Alda,’ he said, softening; ‘you are the only woman in the world who stands to me in the place of a sister. You must not think I am not grateful for your hospitality, or that I can ever think without intense gratitude of your care of my dear mother in her illness. If I had not had you as a sort of home point to look forward to, my return to England would not have been much of a pleasure.’

And with this Alda was forced to be contented. It was not quite satisfactory, but it might have been worse.

He stayed on with Alda for the next week, but did not revert to the subject of Bessie Mallard with her. He tried, however, to hear as much as he could about her from others, in hope of finding some clue to her present whereabouts. Now that she was gone, a gentler feeling seemed to be growing up towards Bessie at Hornbridge. Possibly her kindness to Dr. Enderby, in his last illness, had had some effect; perhaps the loneliness of the forlorn woman as she stood with Denzil at her only friend’s grave had touched their hearts. The Brutons were away for a few days, and he did not hear their views at first hand. At last some one to whom he happened to speak about Bessie, mentioned that her business letters were sent on to her lawyer through the post-office; and he lost no time in obtaining that lawyer’s address, and in writing at once to ask where a letter could reach Mrs. Mallard. The day, when the letters came, just as breakfast was

over, Russell received a large blue letter with a London post-mark. He opened it, saw that the signature was from Hawkins and Dobbs, solicitors, and that there were one or two enclosures; and with beating heart, he slipped out into the garden to read it unobserved. The note from the lawyers ran as follows—

‘DEAR SIR,

‘We have been instructed by the late Dr. Enderby to remit to you as soon as possible on your return to England the enclosed letter, and to state that any information we can give you on its subject is at your disposal. The letter was delivered to us sealed by Dr. Enderby on his death-bed, and we are entirely ignorant of its contents. In answer to your inquiry, Mrs. Mallard is at present staying at Trenisco, Lizard, Cornwall.

‘HAWKINS AND DOBBS.’

With some curiosity, Russell opened the letter and read—

‘DEAR VERNEY,

‘I am impelled to do a thing which perhaps some men might think officious; but if you think it so when you have read it, all you have to do is to put it into the fire, and to consider what I have said the fatuity of a dying man.

‘My reason for writing is that I am deeply interested in the happiness of my dear friend, Mrs. Mallard; and as I have ground to believe that you have, or at least have had, a warmer feeling for her than ordinary friendship, I should like to give you my version of her history. Rumours have got about since her story was known, some of them affecting her sanity, and some her character; and I wish to state to you my fixed conviction, grounded on a closer intimacy with her than any one in this country possesses, that these rumours are entirely unfounded.

‘You probably know by this time the history of her disappearance; but in case it has been told you by unfriendly reporters, I give it to you as she described it to me.’ (Here followed an account of Bessie’s relations with her brother, Elys’s illness, and the loss of the *Hibernia*, and its effect upon Bessie.) ‘She then went to America and lived very quietly for some time with the little girl; the Mallard diamonds (which were her own) happened to be in her possession, she parted with them, invested the money, and lived upon the interest they produced. After a while she became homesick and fancied that she could keep her secret as well in some secluded place in England where she was not known; but succeeded in hitting upon this place where you turned up in the following year. It was a great pleasure and also a great pain to her to see you again; she told me once that the only two things which prevented her from making herself known to you were the certainty that you would condemn and despise her

conduct, and that you would make her give up Elys. I do not know whether it was this episode which made her conscience begin to sting her on the subject of the unlawful possession of the child; but the feeling that the right course was to restore the child to her parents had gone on increasing in intensity for some time, when she came across Elys's mother mourning for the loss of another child; and this gave fresh fervour to her remorse. At last she came and confessed it all to me, and most bravely determined to make restitution, though to part with Elys was like tearing the heart out of her body. She did this at the cost of intense suffering to herself, purely for conscience' sake; and though I can well understand that she will have all her life to suffer for her past action at the bar of public opinion, I must say at the same time that I think through the discipline of suffering she has grown into one of the noblest, sweetest, and truest women it has ever been my lot to know, and that to share whatever obloquy she may have to undergo would be a slight price to be paid by any man whom she would honour by choosing for her husband.

'You will excuse, I know, anything in this that may seem like intrusion into your private matters; but it seems to me so likely that you may hear an inaccurate or unfriendly account of poor Bessie's troubles, that I feel it only right to put before you the true story. My lawyers are authorised to give you her address if you desire it. It would be a great relief to my mind if I knew that she had a true friend who would stand by her in the tangled maze of circumstance which her efforts at righting her own past wrong have woven about her.

'Believe me, yours most sincerely,

'RICHARD ENDERBY.'

Colonel Verney read this letter twice through, then rose and paced up and down the shady strip of lawn under the beech-tree, unheeding even when he trod upon his beloved briar-root pipe and broke it. There was a light in his eyes and a strength about his square shoulders which had not been there before. Then he put the letter in his pocket and walked towards the house. As he turned towards the front door he ran against Mr. Bruton just coming out. The Rector greeted him genially.

'Changes, Colonel Verney—many changes since you were here before. Poor Enderby gone! a great loss to us all. And Mrs. Maynard—have you heard of the great excitement about Mrs. Maynard?'

'Yes, I have heard of it,' said Russell. 'You know the details well?'

'Very well—very well, indeed. Poor Enderby sent for me, and asked me as a personal favour to go round and mention the circumstances, which she had just confessed to him. Some of our friends

think that she reserved a few of the circumstances, which might not have told so well for her.'

'I have every reason, both from personal knowledge of the lady, and from having received a full account of the circumstances, to know that is untrue,' said Colonel Verney. 'Would you kindly tell me who it is who has these—most unfounded impressions?'

The Rector shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, your little hostess here—a very acute little woman—she is one of the disbelievers in Mrs. Maynard. And as she evidently knew a good deal about her previous history, I was always inclined to believe she had some grounds for her views. She was the first person I came to primed with Dr. Enderby's explanations.'

'She knew what Dr. Enderby's view of Mrs. Maynard was, then?'

'Quite. I told her myself. But between ourselves, poor Enderby, though one of the best men who ever lived, was full of fads of one sort or the other. Mystical, you know—not exactly orthodox on some points. Miss Hughes took his account with reservations. By the bye, I shall be late for church unless I hurry; Wednesday litany, you know.'

'Alda,' said Russell, entering the drawing-room, and speaking in a tone of authority she had not often heard from him, 'can I have a few words with you?'

'Certainly,' said Alda; but her heart beat faster as she spoke.

'I have heard from Hawkins and Dobbs, who enclose for me a letter from poor Enderby. He gives me the true history of Bessie Mallard. I need hardly say that it disposes entirely of many of the fabrications you have'—invented, he was going to say, but ended his sentence, 'allowed yourself to be deceived by.' He paused a moment, and then said, 'Alda, it cannot be true that you had positively heard Dr. Enderby's version of the facts, when you sent me that garbled invention?'

'I always told you I did not believe in Dr. Enderby's version,' said Alda. 'I mentioned that fact in my letter.' But the painful hot blush of middle age was burning on her cheeks.

'Dr. Enderby's version, as you call it, is the one that every one who knew Bessie Mallard would adopt, from the slightest knowledge of her character. Alda, you have strange misconceptions about her; I want you to be undeceived.'

'How?' said Alda, fixing her keen eyes on his face. In old days he might have been disconcerted by Alda's eyes; now he met them with suppressed indignation shining in his own, before which hers fell.

'First of all,' he said, gravely, 'it is fair to tell you that I am going to find Mrs. Mallard, and to ask her, if she will, to be my wife.'

'Loyal still?' said Alda, who had rallied her forces, though the hot blush had faded into colourlessness; she had faced the possibility of this, and had settled upon the line she meant to take. 'Well, you

are a staunch lover, Russell, I will say that for you,' she went on lightly. 'How many years is it?'

'Twenty,' he said, and then paused, looking at her.

'And you want me to be undeceived about her? How am I deceived? I thought I had always done her more justice than any one else. We were quite friends on the whole, and I am sure I put myself to great inconvenience to help her when she was at Sandwater with the children and had to go away on pressing business, just when the Ellises were coming——'

'Alda, there is more than that. Why have you been so unwilling to believe Enderby's account? Why have you given the impression that you, from private sources of your own, knew worse of her than you chose to say? What made you think ill of her? I know there was no ground for it, but I want to know what made you think it—and say it?'

'Knowledge of the world,' said Alda, trying to answer lightly. 'I have lived in the world for these twenty years, Russell, and you have lived out of it. Of course I am very sorry if I have said anything that has hurt you.'

'Hurt me?' he said, with a half laugh; 'what I was speaking of was your saying what might hurt her.'

'Well,' said Alda, 'if people will do such extraordinary things, they must expect to have extraordinary motives attributed to them. I don't think she has any right to complain of anything I said, under the circumstances.'

'And yet you call yourself her friend!' said Russell. Then after a pause, 'Alda, I should like to get to the bottom of this. I want to know what you really do think about her.'

For once Alda's penetration was at fault. She fancied that Russell was really slightly staggered in his belief in Bessie, and that it lay with her to intensify or confirm the doubt. She changed her tone entirely.

'If you really and honestly wish to know,' she said.

'I do.'

'Then I do *not* think Bessie Mallard is fit to be your wife. Either she is slightly off her head, or else she is too much the creature of her own impulses to be trusted. I told you I was not intimate with her. I mentioned the reports about her merely as *on dits* I was inclined to believe. And now that you know her address'—Alda was white as a sheet, but she saw that there was only one retreat out of the *cul-de-sac* she had put herself into—'I will tell you that I had hers all along; but it was given me in confidence, and I thought I ought not to betray it.'

'You had hers all the time? Alda, I should not have thought you capable of such contemptible sophistry. You knew she was forlorn and friendless—you knew all I wanted was to be her friend and help her—and you made me believe you knew nothing of where she was?'

‘I did not know all you wanted was to be her friend,’ said Alda. ‘I thought you wanted—as you say you do—to throw away all your social prospects by becoming her husband.’

‘I have no reason to think she would accept me if I asked her. She refused me before,’ said Colonel Verney, a little discomfited.

‘Yes; when she was afraid of all the story coming out,’ said Alda.

‘Pish!’ said the Colonel, somewhat mollified by Alda’s evident conviction that the game was in his own hands.

‘Well, I beg and pray you then, Russell, for your own sake, to do nothing hastily or on impulse. I know you are doing it out of generosity—but think what people will say! Everybody has always talked about you as if you were a sort of Bayard.’ (‘Pish!’—again remarked Colonel Verney.) ‘And now they will say you are marrying a woman whose credit is injured, for the sake of her fortune.’

‘Then,’ said Russell, looking taller than usual in his wrath, ‘if they do you may tell them this, Alda; that I don’t care a straw what people will say when it is a question between me and the woman I love! Once when I was young and foolish I made a mistake in thinking what people would say; now they may say what they like!’ Then after a pause, during which even Alda was reduced to tremulous silence: ‘But you have always been one of my kindest friends, and I’ll tell you more than this. It’s possible that her fortune might have been a pill to swallow, but the thought that she is alone and in trouble makes me forget all that—forget everything but that she is Bessie Mallard whom I have loved for twenty years! And if it will make her any happier to have me to stand by her and shield her from the scorn of the world, by heaven I will!’ he added.

There was that in his look and the suppressed fervour of his tone which brought conviction to Alda’s heart, and showed her how mistaken she had been. But anger supplied the place of conviction, and she ceased even to think of what was politic to say.

‘After all the falsehoods she has told?’ she said, contemptuously.

‘Are you sure it is for you to cast a stone at her for that?’ said Russell, gravely, and for once Alda had nothing to say. The light went out of her eyes and the hope out of her heart, and she stood before him defeated, crestfallen, convicted. Something in her expression touched him, and he said, ‘Alda, I had rather have cut off my hand than have had to say such a thing to you—you, who have always been so kind to me—who have made a home for me in all my visits here. But you see, don’t you, how mistaken you have been? I must go—whether Bessie will have me or not. I don’t think it will be well for either of us for me to come back here at present. Only, Alda, you have been my sister so long—promise me you won’t let any—any personal feeling—lead you into this sort of thing again.’

She could hardly speak as he took her limp hand, and when she did it was to say—

‘What train are you going by?’

‘The first that will take me into Cornwall,’ he replied. ‘I will send directions about my luggage, if you will keep it for a bit.’

They parted, and Alda crept up to her own room, looking ten years older than she had done in the morning, and feeling, as she had never done before, what humiliation for a woman lies in the righteous condemnation of the man she respects most in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE June weather that made Alda’s lawn look so charming made itself felt in time on the storm-swept moorland above the Atlantic cliffs, where Bessie was now trying to recover strength and tone after her long strain. While Denzil was upon her hands to tend and comfort she had kept up pretty well; but when he had to go back to school, she broke down with what took the shape of a neuralgic cold, but was really a nervous collapse. She was ordered perfect rest, quiet, and sea air; and in pursuance of her doctor’s injunctions she took lodgings in a little farmhouse in the Lizard district, where she spent as much of her time, as climate and strength would allow, in the open air, and tried to look at her life and see how its tangled threads could be put straight.

There was much to be thought of, though the thoughts did not often raise poor Bessie’s spirits. Besides the uncertainty of the future, and dread of the coming conflict with Wyndham about the property, there were less material troubles also. New and higher conceptions of life had opened upon her mind as she had come better to understand Dr. Enderby and his ways of thinking; her spiritual range had grown wider, and she had become sensitive to influences which formerly had not affected her at all. Sometimes shame and repentance for the past overpowered her so much that she felt that all her present misery and loneliness had been deserved, and she could only wonder that any alleviation had been left her; sometimes the sense of suffering was so acute that her heart rose up in blind impatient rebellion, followed by fresh humiliation and repentance; sometimes the yearning for Elys was so intense that it seemed to fill her whole horizon. There were times when it needed all her force of will to enable her to keep the promise she had given to Dr. Enderby, and not let herself regret that she had given up Elys. She tried to paint Elys’s bright child’s face on the retina of her mental vision, and saw it faint and misty, from that singular fatality which prevents so many people from seeing clear mental pictures where their affections are deeply engaged; she tried to recall the gleeful tones of the child’s voice when she was happy, and feel her sudden hugs in the rare moments when she was impelled to show her affection; and heart-hunger for her darling seemed to starve all spirit out of her. And yet Bessie was fair-minded enough to say to herself, how could she repine that she had to give up what

she never ought to have taken? How could she ever have helped Elys to come to any good when by keeping her she was transgressing the Divine laws of the universe—not merely the social laws of the country? No; it was right that she should give up her child, therefore it must be best for Elys and best for herself. But the conflict was hard, and she was very lonely and desolate, and often when she fancied she had won the victory the battle would have to be renewed at some unexpected point, so that her very victories felt to her like utter defeats.

She had had an unusually bad time for two or three days, during which the sea-fog that had wrapped the cliffs in a blanket of mist, and hidden sea and sky, had been only an emblem of the blank darkness and limitation which had settled on her soul; when at last the wind shifted, the fog lifted, and the luminous Cornish sun shone out, transfiguring everything.

It was a most lovely day. The cloudless sunshine lay golden upon the soft short grass, where everything that grew seemed to be of a gentle and humble nature which yielded to the wind that swept the downs, and was content to blossom upon stalks of imperceptible length. Burnet roses, and ox-eye daisies smiled up at you from the grassy turf, growing so low that no storm-wind could break them—scarcely ruffle their petals; countless stars of pink, white, and blue—tiny pimpernels, saxifrage, and squills—grew lower down still, hardly affording you fingerhold to pick them, but laughing up in the face of the sun that drew them up to him. All kinds of aromatic sweetness were in the breeze, and the air seemed to bathe Bessie's face with a sort of cool liquid purity, unsullied by any human contact. Cuckoos and larks were singing, though there was no tree in sight, not even a gorse-bush more than five inches high; and the gulls on the rocks below laughed musically in the intervals of the singing of the other birds. Bessie went on and on, soothed in spite of herself by the sweet influences around, and at last sat down on the top of a precipitous cliff, where the sea lay green over the sand and purple over the rocks almost below her feet, and grey rocks, incrustated with yellow lichen, were strewn like Cyclopic masonry all round her.

It was not the sea nor the rocks, however, that had a message for Bessie's heart that afternoon, but the tiny flowers that grew by her side. How lovely they were; how dependent their loveliness was upon their submitting to the circumstances around them, and modifying themselves to suit the life that was ordered for them. This little ox-eye, for instance, with its short sturdy stalk, if it had insisted on growing up into lofty height like its brother in the meadows, it would be hanging its head, drooping and broken; while as it was, it was smiling up into the sun like a miniature sun itself—Isis producing the likeness of Osiris, as in the old Egyptian myth. Bessie felt that she had all her life been trying to fashion her own life as she had fancied best for herself; while the real ideal was so to

submit to the unalterable modifications of your life—the circumstances among which your life is set—as to produce, in those circumstances, the fullest blossom and the richest perfume possible. ‘One can always produce the likeness of the Sun,’ she said to herself, ‘out of the material which His warmth and light moulds.’

Bessie felt so peaceful that she did not care to read, and after a time grew drowsy in the sunshine, and fell fast asleep against a rock. She had had a restless night, and was more weary than perhaps she had realised; and she slept on and on for nearly two hours, while the sun grew lower in the sky, and the little flowers shut up their stars. When she awoke it was with a startled feeling of surprise; the scene had changed so much. Instead of the sunny repose of the golden sunshine and green and purple sea, she seemed to awake in a land of magic. The sun was still some way above the horizon, but he shone with a strange misty light, which seemed to transform the jagged rocks of the headland below into fretted gold; the sea at her feet had become so deep a blue as to look not blue but black; and as she turned round to look at the bare cliff which rose behind her, which in the ordinary light of day had looked nothing especially remarkable, she saw it gleaming with a metallic lustre of emerald and silver in the sunset light. The birds had sunk to silence; the gulls’ weird laughter was the only sound to be heard; and an eerie sense of solitude came upon Bessie, which made even the magic beauty of the scene more like pain than pleasure. She said to herself that it was silly, and that she would not let herself go away from so wonderful a sight, where no danger could possibly come near her, for any sentimental nervousness of this kind; and she sat on watching it, though not with the absolutely calm delight of the afternoon. Her pulses beat a little fast in spite of herself, and she thought, ‘I should hardly be surprised at anything that might happen in a place like this. One could believe in fairies, or kobolds, or anything else præternatural. I wonder if the sun goes to sleep at six, and only shines upon us in his sleep for the rest of the time that he is above the horizon. It would be a time to see ghosts—far more than the midnight where ghost stories put them. I wonder what ghosts I should see if I believed in them—would they be phantoms of the past or of the future? If the future, I hope—I do trust that whether happy or not they would be very unlike the past. Yes, the phantom of the past would show a woman clutching madly after happiness, and finding it always slip out of her grasp; please God, the phantom of the future shall not show that. If I may spend half the energy and sacrifice in sweetening the lives of others that I have done so vainly to try to sweeten my own’—and then Bessie thought of how Dr. Enderby had repeated to her those lines of Blake’s—

‘He that bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he that kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity’s sunrise.’

For a moment, in the vividness of the memory of her friend, she forgot the scene she was looking at; then she came to the present, and turned for one look at the green and silver of the cliff. Then she perceived for the first time that solitude was no longer hers. Between her and the cliff came the vision of a man, whose walk and aspect made her heart beat. 'That is what comes of thinking about phantoms of the past,' she said to herself; but the familiar aspect of the figure still grew upon her as he strode across the tufts of gorse towards her. She could see his face now—it looked like—no, it could not be—yes, it was—Russell Verney; and in another moment he was standing before her, holding both her hands in his, with the one word 'Bessie!'

She hardly knew if she were dead or alive, sleeping or waking. 'I—I thought you were in India still,' she stammered.

'No—I came back—I—' he said, incoherently; and then, still grasping her hands, 'Bessie, I have loved you for twenty years!'

What came next Bessie never could have told any one. She turned dizzy with the tumult of feeling, and felt herself drawn, with a delicious sense of love and protection, to a seat on a low rock, while Colonel Verney sat on the grass at her feet, and spoke from time to time. But when she recovered herself sufficiently to speak, she said, drawing her hand away from his clasp, 'Oh, don't! Think of yourself! I have been selfish all my life, and this would do you so much harm.'

'Why?' he said.

'Because I am a laughing-stock to everybody. Don't you know? They tried to prove I was out of my mind even!'

'My poor darling!' he said, and drew her closer to him. 'Why didn't you tell me about the whole business last time we met, and save yourself all this?'

'I was ashamed,' said Bessie. 'I thought you would despise me if you knew; and I knew you would say I ought to give up Elys. But I have given her up now—you know that?'

'I know,' he said; 'and what it must have cost you.'

The involuntary little shiver told him more than words would have done. 'My poor darling,' he said again.

'Oh, don't!' she said, 'don't pity me; it is all I can do to bear it without that. I did it for her good, I felt that what was wrong in itself must be harming her; but sometimes I feel as if it would kill me. They won't let me see her or write to her. I promised Dr. Enderby I would not repent—I try not—I try to give cheerfully; but to give up a child—and she was just like my own.'

'I'll see you have her back, if that's all,' said Russell.

'You don't know Wyndham. He wants to punish me,' said Bessie, sadly. Then, recalling the present suddenly, 'Besides, I can't let you sacrifice yourself to me.'

'My dear,' he replied, 'don't you trouble about that. I assure you

that if it had not been that I knew you were alone and unhappy, I should have thought several times before I asked you to sacrifice yourself to me—a poor man, with my constitution broken down with jungle fever. I can assure you the world will only say I have feathered my nest well.'

'Are you really ill?' said Bessie, startled, and seeing clearly for the first time how much thinner his face was, and how hollow the rings round his eyes.

'Not now; but this is the first month I have been free for a year, and the doctors told me if I accepted the Governorship of G. it would be suicide; so I gave it up, and I suppose my career has come to a stop for good. Will you sacrifice yourself to me, Bessie, if you won't let me sacrifice myself to you? I am more selfish than you, you see'—and his eyes shone with the old smile she remembered so well—'having loved you all these years, I have no scruple in asking you to make my life happy.'

'If you think I can—' said Bessie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE is not much more of this story to tell; Russell and Bessie were married very quietly, and he took upon himself all the arrangements with Sir Wyndham which Bessie had dreaded so much, not omitting the question of Elys. The nine days' wonder about Bessie's history revived for a while when it was known that she was about to be married to the distinguished Indian officer, Colonel Verney, late Governor of Parandabad; and of course there were some people who said that Mallard had proved so great an attraction that he was willing to take its owner thrown in. But even the world's gossip allows some weight to character, and few things in the long run could have told better for Bessie, and silenced the rumours against her so decidedly as the fact that Colonel Verney had married her as soon as possible after his return to England, and had prevailed on Sir Wyndham to let Elys return to the charge of her aunt for the greater part of every year. It was rumoured that Sir Wyndham was to have a handsome allowance out of the revenues of Mallard, and those who knew him, well guessed pretty accurately that nothing but a question of money would have made him drop a feud he had once taken up; but the exact amount with which Colonel Verney bought back Elys for his wife was never publicly made known.

Their lives, though happy, were chequered as most lives are. The jungle fever pursued Colonel Verney to Mallard, and Bessie had many opportunities of exhibiting her talents for nursing; but even this, perhaps, brought its compensation with it. It made more plain to Bessie, than otherwise might have been the case, that Russell had not merely married her out of generosity, but that she was as

necessary to him as he was to her; and he, on his part, accustomed to endure his enemy's attacks with no other attendance than that of a native servant, assured her that she made illness so pleasant that if she did not look out she would find him malingering in order to be waited on by her. Then Elys—or as they all now agreed to call her, Queenie—proved a great interest to Russell as well as to Bessie, whom she still called 'mother' in private. She had learnt to value what once she had fretted over, and the change from Sir Wyndham's despotism to Colonel Verney's paternal friendliness was very good for her. Denzil spent his holidays with Bessie as his father had wished, and though no one could ever supply that place to him, he came year by year to take Colonel Verney more and more as the experienced adviser and friend so invaluable to a lad just entering life.

They lived very quietly at Mallard. Colonel Verney had thought at one time of entering Parliament; but his health prevented the carrying out of the project, and the occupations and interests connected with the place gradually drove the idea from his mind. He was unconventional in his ideas of the duties of property, and opened his wife's eyes to various views which no Mallards had entertained before on the subject, with practical results, which made his neighbours leave off calling him a 'mere doctrinaire.' The Verneys did not restrict their benevolence to their own property, but were always among those who subscribed most largely, and helped forward most energetically any scheme for good in the great neighbouring factory town of Three-Forges. This was not done, however, without considerable self-denial on their part; they lived only in part of the great house at Mallard, scarcely entertained at all, and kept much the same kind of establishment as a well-to-do country clergyman, in order to keep down expenses, and their county neighbours put them down as socialist and eccentric, not knowing how much of their income was swallowed up by the allowance made to Sir Wyndham. But one form of entertainment they never failed to give. Twice a week throughout the summer, the park was thrown open to the neighbourhood, and the factory lads and lasses of Three-Forges had the free run of the lovely glades and dells which it contained.

Two or three years after their marriage they happened to be staying by the sea, within a couple of hours journey by train from Hornbridge, and Elys and Denzil were seized with a great desire to spend a day there, and explore their old haunts. Alda Hughes had let her house and gone abroad, and the Brutons had moved to another living; so the Verneys decided to go to lunch at the hotel, as Bessie thought it was only right that Denzil should visit his father's grave.

'The children won't find it quite so paradisal as they expect,' she said to Russell, with a little smile, half-sad, half-humorous; 'but we may as well give them their desire.'

‘Won’t it be too much for you?’ said her husband.

‘Not if I go there with *you*,’ she answered. ‘It might be more than I could have stood by myself.’

They went to the White House, and got leave for Elys and Denzil to explore their old haunts, both there and in the garden of the Limes; and meanwhile they themselves walked round and round the Green. As one scene of past misery after another rose up before Bessie’s thoughts, she suddenly grasped Russell’s arm with both hers.

‘It is like a bad dream. I wonder I did not die of it. I should have if it had not been for Dr. Enderby. Oh, Russell! I never dreamed that there was such happiness in store for me, when it cost me so much to give up Elys!’

‘We both had to wait for what we wanted,’ said Russell, as he put his other hand over hers. And they walked on in silence, Bessie’s heart almost too full to speak. ‘It is strange being here without poor Alda,’ said Russell. They were passing just by the entrance of the Red House.

‘When does she come back? Shall we inquire?’ said Bessie.

‘Agnes said not before the end of September. No; I don’t think it is worth while to ask. There will be only strange servants there who won’t know.’ Russell had the true masculine dislike to applying for information about anything.

But Alda was not so far off as they thought. Her sister’s intelligence had been mistaken, and she had got rid of her tenants at the half term in August, and had returned for a week before going away on another visit. It so happened that she was standing in her bedroom, which overlooked the Green, as Russell and Bessie went by. They looked up at the house, and Russell said something to Bessie, Alda could not hear what, and Bessie responded with a smile. Then they went on, perfectly content and perfectly happy together, and Alda felt a rush of hate and misery pass through her, as it seemed to her that they had deliberately cut her acquaintance, and that Bessie’s wedding cards were the last communication she was ever to have with Russell Verney.

If she had wronged Bessie in time past, Bessie, had she known it, was fully avenged now. If Alda had only been satisfied with Russell’s pleasant brotherly friendship, without endeavouring by illegitimate means to make it more than brotherly, she would have still remained his sister-cousin, and Bessie’s neighbourly friend; no intercourse between them would have been suspended, and her life would have been brightened by a relationship that had come to her naturally and unforced. Whereas now they could actually come to Hornbridge and pass her door deliberately! No doubt Bessie had influenced him to give her up, if he told her how Alda had denied having her address; and of course he had! Did not husbands always tell their wives everything? She did not think, she who had laughed at Russell for his Quixotic chivalry—that this same chivalry

had hindered his ever speaking to Bessie of the cause which had estranged him from Alda.

She walked down the garden and sat under the same beech-tree where Russell had received Dr. Enderby's letter about Bessie. She felt giddy and weak, and there was a humming in her ears, and a mist before her eyes which made her unconscious of the August sunshine and the chirping of the birds. All at once a young familiar voice fell on her ears.

'May we *just* go down the garden? I shouldn't feel as if we had seen all our old haunts without coming here; would you, Denzil?'

And a tall bright-faced girl, with a plait of fair hair hanging down her back, came with a springing step down the garden walk followed by a slight dark-eyed lad. She did not see Alda at first, but suddenly she caught sight of her.

'Why, there is Miss Hughes herself, after all!' And Alda felt herself hugged and kissed by enthusiastic young arms and lips, capable of far more demonstration of affection than if Elys had never known what it was to live apart from those who loved her best.

'Uncle Russell and mother thought you were abroad,' she explained. 'Denzil, go and tell them we have found her.'

Alda was powerless, and even when Russell and Bessie came in she had not recovered her usual serenity and aplomb. Whatever they had against her, however, there was nothing but pleasure and friendliness in the manner of either. They carried her off to lunch with them at the Red Lion; and afterwards, when Denzil and Bessie went off to visit Dr. Enderby's grave, Russell and Elys sat in the garden with Alda, chatting over old times, and bringing up their knowledge of each other's movements to date.

Before they went away Alda took Bessie up into her room to attire herself for the homeward journey. It was a different Alda from the Alda Bessie had known—this haggard, elderly, tremulous woman who said, with a sort of gasp, as if the words would come in spite of herself, 'It has been so unexpected. I did not think you and Russell would ever have forgiven me.'

'Forgive you!' said Bessie, with bewildered eyes. 'Why, we neither of us have any thing but kindness to remember from you.'

'Is it possible Russell never told you of our last parting?' said Alda, in an unsteady voice. 'He was very angry with me then—on your behalf, and he had cause. Ask him, and tell him I have lived to repent—when I found I had made myself quite lonely in the world, and felt what it was.'

'I certainly shall not ask him, since he has not told me,' said Bessie. 'No, it is not the least bit generous. If you had gone through as much as I have, and come like me into harbour, you would value peace too much to want to rake up any old grievance, known or unknown.'

Alda did not cry easily, but the tears stood in her eyes. Bessie kissed her tenderly, and said—

‘Whatever it is, you see it has done me no harm. I won’t say, don’t think any more about it; for no one but ourselves can tell when we ought to let things we repent drop out of our minds. But as far as Russell or I am concerned, don’t think of us in connection with it. You are Russell’s oldest friend, you know, and I might say Elys’s too.’

So they parted, and neither of them said any more; but Alda stood looking after them feeling as if there were something gentler and sweeter in life than she had known for years, and realising with a sense of humility, wholly new to her, that she owed it to the generous spirit of the woman whom once she had looked upon as an adversary to be checkmated.

There was a short path to the station through the churchyard, and Bessie and Russell lingered for a few moments by Dr. Enderby’s grave, which Russell had not seen. It had been put up according to his own orders—a slab of granite laid level with the ground, with a cross in relief, and underneath simply, ‘Richard Enderby,’ with the date of birth and death. Bessie looked at it and said—

‘That is just like him; he never liked gravestone mottoes. He said they made people think more of the human remains, and feel as if they had more connection with the departed spirit, than was at all true. But I should like to put up a memorial brass to him in the church, there would not be the same objection to that, and I would put on it the last words he said to me—“All these things shall be added unto you.” I am sure they were fulfilled to him,’ she ended, softly.

‘Yes,’ said Russell; ‘but you must let me help in giving it, Bessie. I always feel that I owe you partly to him.’

‘I like you to join in anything I care for,’ said Bessie, putting her hand on his; ‘but after all, I owe him most, for I owe you to him, and myself too.’

(Concluded.)

JUBILEE THOUGHTS.

‘We are saved by Hope.’

THE word ‘Jubilee,’ just now in every mouth, in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of ‘a good Queen’s’ accession to the throne, has been variously derived from a word meaning ‘a ram,’ ‘a ram’s horn,’ and ‘the sound produced by the blowing of a ram’s horn’; a word meaning ‘to liberate’; and from a word meaning ‘to flow impetuously,’ as a loud sound does.

With us it has come to be used for the fiftieth anniversary of any joyful event, whether heralded by the blowing of trumpets, and marked, as now in India, by the release of criminals and debtors, or not; but a thought of its original significance carries us back at once in imagination to Palestine.

For the Jubilee was in its origin a Hebrew institution appointed by God Himself as a time of redemption and restitution (Lev. xxv.).

From the beginning, the seventh *day* in each week had been set apart as a day of rest; and when the Hebrews were settled in the Promised Land, they were directed to keep every seventh *year* as a ‘year of release,’ or Sabbath, during which the soil was not to be tilled and crops were not to be gathered, but left in the field for the benefit of all alike, the poor, the stranger, and the wild animals. Debtors were to be released from their debts (Deut. xv. 1–18), and slaves of Hebrew blood were to be set free, unless they chose to remain in servitude (Ex. xxi. 1–11; Jer. xxxiv. 14; Deut. xxxi. 10–13).

Towards the close of the seventh Sabbatical year, that is, every fiftieth year, the year of Jubilee began, on the evening of the Great Day of Atonement, which was the tenth day of the New Year (Civil).^{*} At this time, all lands and houses in unwalled, or Levites’ houses even in walled towns, were restored, free of all debt and mortgage, to the heirs of the original owners under Joshua’s allotment; all Hebrew bondmen were released, especially those who had sold themselves and their families, with or without their land, or had been seized for debt. Josephus says that all debts were remitted at this time; but there is no mention of this in the law in connection with the Jubilee, probably because debts would already have been wiped out in the Sabbatical year (Deut. xv. 2).

‘The Jubilee year ended just before the commencement of the uncertain and often long-protracted seed-time of Palestine. Thus

^{*} Tenth day of the seventh month of the Ecclesiastical year, which began with the Passover month.

the Hebrews were ever reminded that the land was God's, and they but His tenants—"The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is Mine: for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me": oppression was checked and pauperism limited; the accumulation of land in a few hands was prevented, and the integrity of the tribes and their allotments assured; while the necessity of proving tribesmanship and heirship at intervals of half a century, tended to ensure the accuracy and preservation of the family genealogies, by which the descent of the Promised Seed of the woman and the fulfilment of the promises to David by the coming of the Redeemer (Messiah) must be recognised in the fulness of time.*

As to the precise way in which the directions given concerning the year of Jubilee were to be carried out, we have no detailed account in the law of Moses. This was left to the discretion and arrangement of the elders; but tradition says that every Israelite blew nine blasts on the cornet or ram's horn, thus literally making it 'sound throughout all the land' (Lev. xxv. 9); and that from the Feast of Trumpets (New Year's Day of the Civil year), until the Day of Atonement, the slaves ceased to be used as slaves, though they were not sent home till ten days later, but ate, drank, rejoiced, and wore garlands, in their masters' houses, in anticipation of their coming release. When the Day of Atonement came, and its other solemn rites had been duly observed, the judges gave the signal for their return by the blowing of horns.

A horn is still blown in all the synagogues at the present day, but it does but announce the conclusion of the fast, and not the beginning of a joyful festival, though some may be reminded by it of the day yet in store, when the work of atonement and reconciliation shall have been effected, and 'the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem' (Is. xxvii. 13).

There has been some question whether the Jubilee was ever actually observed, since there is no historical account of it; but Jewish tradition is unanimous in declaring that it was. Ancient traditions preserved in the Talmud say that, as it took seven years to conquer the land of Canaan and seven more to divide it, the first Sabbatical year was kept in the 21st, and the first Jubilee in the 64th year after the crossing of Jordan, and that the observance of the latter was continued uninterruptedly until the captivity of the two and a half tribes, and was again kept during the reign of Josiah, when Jeremiah gathered and brought back some of the exiles.

However this may be, it is quite clear from 2 Chron. xxxvi. 21, that during a considerable time the observance of the Sabbatical year was neglected, for the captivity was to last seventy years, 'until the

* 'Aids to the Student of the Holy Bible.'

land had enjoyed her sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate she kept sabbath.'

After the captivity, Josephus speaks of it as having been permanently observed; heathen writers make reference to the fact that the Jews could not sell their patrimony; and there are distinct records of the strict observance of the law concerning the redemption of houses to a very late period. Julius Cæsar remitted the taxes in the Sabbatical year, and more than once after the final destruction of the Temple, we find the Jews suffering from famine as a consequence of having left their land untilled. They had ceased then to be the 'Chosen People,' and had no claim to the blessings promised to their forefathers as the reward of obedience.

Every fiftieth year, when the Jubilee followed immediately on the Sabbatical year, the land would have rest for two years together, and hence the promise: 'I will command My blessing upon you in the sixth year, and it shall bring forth fruit for three years.' But such fruit as the earth would bring forth of herself would not be inconsiderable, and it was not to be wasted. It is said in Albania, one sowing will produce three successive crops; and when Palestine was 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and the 'eyes of the Lord' were 'always upon it from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year,' no doubt its spontaneous crops were abundant.

These were, however, public property, not to be stored up, but used by all, natives and strangers, for their immediate wants, and would, therefore, be a boon to the poor. There was thought, too, for animals, for they, whether wild or domestic, were not to be excluded from the fields.

Such is a short summary of all that is known concerning the year of Jubilee, and scanty though it is, it gives us an outline, which we can fill up for ourselves to some extent. We can at least picture the hope and eagerness with which those who had fallen into bondage—more especially those who were in bondage to strangers, and had found none to redeem them (Lev. xxv. 47–50)—would look forward to their release, to their return to their families and possessions, and how eagerly they would be waited for, how joyfully they would be welcomed by their friends and kindred.

But the Jubilee pointed not only back to the past, to the deliverance from Egypt, but onward to the greater deliverance yet to come, to the time of the 'restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets, since the world began,' when the whole creation shall be delivered from the bondage into which it was brought by man's sin, the Prince of this world shall be cast out, and his tyranny cease for ever, and He shall come, 'whose right it is,' the true 'Heir of all things,' who shall reclaim His inheritance and 'take to Himself His great power and reign.'

God,* who redeemed His people from Egypt, appears again in the

* Herzog and Hamburger.

Jubilee year, as their Redeemer, by giving liberty to the slave and providing for the poor. To bring about such a year, sins and debts had to be forgiven, and in fact its observance was practicable only where men were willing to sacrifice their own selfish interests; therefore it was proclaimed on the evening of the Great Day of Atonement, when God's forgiveness of their sins against Him had been declared, and the covenant with Him had been renewed; and, its proclamation being followed on the fifth day by the Feast of Tabernacles, it was considered to prefigure the time of the Messiah, that glad Jubilee, the 'year of His redeemed,'* when wars and conflicts should cease, when all discords should be resolved into harmony, when the beasts of the field should no longer bite and devour, and 'even the old serpent should be rendered harmless'; when the people of God should enter upon the 'rest,' or keeping of a Sabbath, 'that remaineth'; when God, looking upon His creation, should once again declare it to be 'all very good,' and should 'rejoice in His works'; when His Tabernacle should be with men, and He Himself should dwell with them.

This expectation was of course inseparably connected with the hope of the coming of the Messiah, the Redeemer, who should gather Israel from all the lands of their captivity, and bring them again to the land promised to their fathers, which they for their sins had been allowed to possess for such 'a little while.'

And to the hope of His coming the Jews have clung through all the dark centuries, during which Jerusalem has been 'trodden down of the Gentiles'; and each year as they have eaten the Passover in the land of the stranger, they have said: 'This year in exile; next year in Jerusalem.'

'When Israel is diminished and few in number,' says Rabbi Jochanan, 'then hope for *Him*, for it is written, "Thou wilt succour the afflicted people" (2 Sam. xxii. 28). "When a time of much sorrow comes upon Israel like a flood, then wait for *Him*" (Is. lix. 19, 20).

And Rabbi Akiba even draws comfort from the sight of the ruined Temple, saying, 'If then the prophecy of its destruction has been fulfilled, so surely will that of its rebuilding and redemption be certainly fulfilled also.'

The three great Feasts of the Jews all had reference to the gathering in of the harvest, and are therefore in their very nature unsuited for observance in lands in which the climate differs from that of Palestine.

The Passover-supper was eaten on the fourteenth day of the first month of the Sacred year, which was fixed by the ripening of the first corn—barley. Two days before the Passover, the first few ripe ears were tied together in bundles, but left standing in the field until after sunset of the fifteenth day, when they were cut, brought into the

* Isaiah lxiii. 4; lxi. 1-4.

court of the Temple, threshed, ripened over the fire, ground, sifted, dried in the wind, mixed with oil and frankincense, and on the morning of the sixteenth, presented or 'waved before the Lord' (Lev. ii. 14; xxiii. 10).

After this followed the barley harvest.

Fifty days later came the Feast of Pentecost, when two loaves, made of the first-ripe wheat, were offered (Lev. xxiii. 16, 17); then followed the wheat harvest, and later on the gathering of grapes, figs, and other fruits; and on the fifteenth of the seventh month, when the harvest in its three divisions had been gathered in, began the Feast of Tabernacles, the great national festival, 'the Harvest Home and final thanksgiving for the year's crops,' five days before which the Jubilee was proclaimed.

These observances were peculiarly appropriate in the children of Israel, whose inheritance in the Promised Land is a part of God's covenant with them; but they would be quite out of place in the Christian Church, whose inheritance is in Heaven.

But still Israel after the flesh is a type of the Church, the true Circumcision, as truly as the Promised Land is a type of the 'inheritance that fadeth not away'; and the kingdom which God has promised to Israel over all the earth, when they shall be a nation of kings and priests,* is in like manner a figure of the heavenly kingdom, to which we are called that we may reign with Christ as 'kings and priests unto God and the Father'; and knowing this, we may see that not only the dealings of God with Israel in their past history, but also the feasts and observances commemorative of these are likewise typical of His dealings with the Church (1 Cor. x. 1-11).

It was the day after the Passover had been eaten to commemorate the deliverance out of Egypt, that the true Paschal Lamb was slain to effect a greater deliverance; on the evening of that same day the first ears of barley were no doubt gathered and prepared as usual, and on the morrow, while His Body still rested in the grave and His Spirit abode in Hades, it was waved 'before the Lord.'

But ere another day had dawned He had 'risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept'—first-fruits of the great harvest. But the Jews offered a second first-fruits, and in the Revelation, we find 144,000 standing with the Lamb upon Mount Zion, of whom it is said: "these were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb"; and we are reminded of St. Paul's words: 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits: afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming.'

And the Feast of Tabernacles? Taken in this connection, does it not point to that first Resurrection in the end of this age or dispensation, when the trumpet of Jubilee shall have been sounded, the

* Ex. xix. 5, 6; Rom. xi. 29: 'the gifts and callings of God are without repentance.'

dead raised, the living changed, and both caught up to meet the Lord in the air; when the whole harvest shall have been gathered to Him, and all shall have been clothed with glorious bodies like unto His glorious body—'like Him, for they shall see Him as He is,' and abide with Him for ever.

The Hebrew Jubilee must have been indeed a time of joy, a time of glad return and re-union; but the joy could not be perfect. Here and there at least must have been sad hearts, saying, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,' for though the masters gave up their slaves, Death and Hades kept fast hold of theirs and would not let them go.

There must have been tears which the Jubilee could not wipe away, many crooked things which it could not make straight, wrongs which it could not right, griefs to which it brought no comfort. It was earthly, not heavenly; it did not break the chains of those who were 'tied and bound' by their sins.

And then, even though earthly matters were put right as far as might be, possessions were restored and their owners might make a fresh start, still things would not remain right, and a few years after the Jubilee was come and gone, there would be more difficulty and debt, loss of property and consequent bondage; there would be the same looking forward to the year of redemption, and 'hope deferred' would make 'the heart sick,' lest it should come too late for some.

The Jubilee for which we look is fuller and brighter, for when it comes *all* tears shall be wiped away; and it cannot come too late, for the departed will share in it as well as those who remain, since the great Deliverer and Redeemer is He who has 'the keys of Death and of Hades.' 'The captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered,' and His Redemption will be final—'affliction shall not rise up the second time.'

Now, in the present state of things, we are surrounded by trouble, sorrow, and perplexity on all sides; the gloom seems to deepen year by year, and if there is not among us much lifting up of the head with joy, must it not be because we have lost something of our hope in the drawing nigh of our redemption?

The very idea of joy is strange to many of us. Children, we think, may 'shout for joy,' in their ignorance and thoughtlessness, but only because they are ignorant and thoughtless; and it is hard for the weary and heavy-laden, oppressed by the misery of the world and their own suffering and sinfulness, to realise that a time is coming, *really* coming, when they, too, His 'servants shall sing for joy of heart, when 'His saints shall shout aloud for joy,' when 'those who sleep in Him shall God bring with Him,' and when—what in our selfishness we are so apt to overlook—He who has waited so long 'for the joy set before Him,' 'shall see of the travail of His Soul and be satisfied.'

This hope, like a golden thread, runs through the whole Bible

from beginning to end ; and we profess not only to believe 'but to *' look for the resurrection of the dead.'*

But if we dwelt more on the promises, should we not have a firmer hold of the hope? and having more hope, should we not have more joy, even now?

And being 'joyful through hope,' should we not be stronger to endure, stronger to keep 'the word of His patience,' for—'the joy of the Lord is' our 'strength.'

'Surely the night of weeping,
The dreary night is past;
The shadows are departing,
The day has dawned at last!

Thou knowest all our sorrows,
Our conflict, and our pain;
And Thou alone canst number
The hours that yet remain.

By Thy fresh oil of gladness
Help us to watch and pray,
And look for Thine appearing,
Lord Jesu, day by day.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXLIII.

1660-1662.

RESTORATION AND RETRIBUTION.

THE Psalm chosen for the Thanksgiving for the Restoration begins, 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Israel, then were we like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy.' Nothing could better express the feelings of the lovers of Church and Crown who had been faithfully waiting for eleven years of utter depression, and enduring on the one side the scoffs and temptations of the Roman Catholics, and on the other, of the non-episcopal Protestants, who both held that the *Via Media* of the Anglican Church had been proved to be a mere delusion which must ere long die out.

Some had fallen away, and others were unsettled at heart; though the English Church by her endurance had shown her substantial existence, and was about to prove how much she had been purified by her trials. By an Act passed at once, all the surviving clergy who had been ousted from their benefices were permitted at once to resume them. In the cases where the incumbent was dead, the holder of the living was left alone for further consideration.

The fleet, under Admiral Montague, was despatched to the Hague to fetch the King, who travelled from Breda with his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and his sister Mary, Princess of Orange. He entered the city in a beautiful yacht, which he admired so much as to declare that he should have one exactly like it built in England, whereupon the burgomasters of Amsterdam presented him with its fellow, which had just been completed, being glad to do something to efface the memory of their having once banished him.

On landing at Delftshaven, he was met by the deputies of the States-General, and by his young nephew, the little Prince of Orange, who sat on the knee of one of his uncles, as they drove through the streets followed by a suite of seventy-two coaches.

Presentations went on all day, while the cannon seemed never tired of firing salutes. There was a State dinner, with tables arranged in a triangle, at the apex of which the King sat, with his sister on one side, and his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, on the other; and Dutch, English, and German grandees alternated.

There was always on a Sunday the Dutch service first in the

chief church, and it was afterwards lent to the English exiles. When Charles went thither, to the dismay of the throngs of English, the Dutch congregation all sat fast, for the sake of looking at his Majesty, and though their minister remounted the pulpit and exhorted them to give way, nothing would move them! The Princess Royal was obliged to invite the English who were elbowed out and to carry off as many as she could to hear the service in her own house. Afterwards there were a whole throng of persons, some from distant parts of Germany, waiting to be touched for the King's Evil, for the sake of the healing power supposed to be inherent in the sovereigns of England and of France.

The States-General sought out, bought and presented to Charles all the Crown jewels which had been pawned in Holland, and they also gave him a magnificent bed worth 20,000 livres, and furniture therewith, including a choice collection of pictures by the great Dutch artists.

Thus his time passed agreeably during the week he was detained at the Hague by the weather; and when at last he set forth to meet the fleet in Scheveling Bay, the whole country seemed to have sent its inhabitants to throng windows, roofs, walls and dykes along the whole distance. The smoke of the salutes made the fleet invisible; and a splendid barge was sent to convey the King and royal family on board the flag-ship.

No sooner was the king's foot on a British plank, than the sailors set up deafening cheers, guns were fired, and the welcome was overwhelming; while the moment he had reached the deck of the flag-ship, the Royal Charles, the admiral knelt to receive him, and the royal standard was unfurled from the mast-head.

There was a tearful parting with the faithful Mary, and then the vessel set sail. They arrived at Dover amid the most fervent acclamations; and Lady Fanshaw declares that all the road to London was so crowded with people that it was like driving through the streets of a city.

In consequence of the delay at the Hague, the King's arrival was so timed that he could enter London on his birthday, the 29th of May; and the story of his adventure in the oak having spread, the boughs and oak-apples, in all their early summer glory, were adopted as the badge of loyalty. The arrival at Blackheath is best described in Dr. J. M. Neale's spirited verses:

Look to the dust on Shooter's Hill,
And hearken to the drum,
And see the pursuivant-at-arms—
The royal exiles come!

Right goodly are the trained bands,
That glitter in their gold;
The Mayor and all the Aldermen
Are goodly to behold.

The plumes are fluttering on the heath,
The standard waving high;
The craft upon the river
Have each their flag mast-high.

Hark to the murmur on the heath,
That loud and louder runs—
Hark to the deep-toned city bells,
And the distant Tower guns!

The barge is up from Westminster,
To wait the turn of tide;
The Lions and the Fleurs-de-Lys
Are trailing o'er the side.

And Greenwich streets and Greenwich Hill
Are thronged as thronged can be;
One sea of heads from Charlton Church,
As far as Deptford Quay.

The cavalcade is on Blackheath—
Hark to the cheer and cry!
Strike drums! Down knees, up caps and hats,
The King is going by!

How gallantly he checks his steed,
That chafes and foams the while;
How gallantly he bows to thank
Bright eye or brighter smile.

Muskets and cannons royally
Times one-and-twenty roar,
And kettledrums and trumpets bray
Around, behind, before.

They strew the way with flowers and silk;
The Mayor is on his knees;
The Sheriffs and the Aldermen
Are giving up the keys.

God bless the King! Old England
Shall be merry England yet!
God bless the Duke of Albemarle!
The nation's in his debt.

Mark how he takes the Bible now,
And clasps it to his breast,
And promiseth to make it still
His hope, his stay, his rest.

'And by our royal word,' he saith,
'The fault hath lain on us,
Who came no sooner to a land
That gives its welcome thus.'

All this was literally true. No one understood better than Charles II. the art of winning affection and pleasing all who came in contact with him. In fact, he had more in common with his grandfather, Henri IV., than with any one else, though he was utterly lacking in the energy, public spirit and genuine patriotism which were the redeeming points in the character of the Béarnese. He was now thirty years old, very dark complexioned, and with features of that grotesque ugliness that lends itself to animation, and were lighted

by merry eyes and an arch smile, and his form and figure were perfect both for dignity and for activity, so that he could outwalk any man in his court, ride and leap. His brother James, Duke of York, was not more handsome, and more heavy looking; and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, more resembled his father. He was said to be wittier than even Charles; but the only saying of his that is preserved was that Lord Clarendon's daughter, Lady Anne Hyde, with whom his brother James was known to be deeply in love, always put him in mind of her father's green bag.

The Queen mother was not yet come, being busy in arranging a marriage between her youngest daughter, Henrietta, and the brother of Louis XIV., now Duke of Orleans, and termed universally 'Monsieur.'

Charles brought with him as his council, the faithful friend of the Crown, Edward Hyde, created Earl of Clarendon and appointed Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Culpepper, and Secretary Nicholas, all adherents in his exile, and to these he necessarily added Albemarle, who was still Lord-General; and to these were added the survivors of his father's former councils. There was practically an inner council, or committee for foreign affairs, consisting of Clarendon, Ormond, Southampton, Albemarle, his friend Morice, and Nicholas. The Parliament was passionately royalist. Nothing seemed at that moment too much to evince their loyalty to Church and King, and their hatred for what had passed during the last twenty years; but things were in a condition in which the most conscientious of men would have found absolute justice almost impossible. How were the faithful to be rewarded without injury to many innocent persons? How were the dangerous elements to be repressed without terrible offence? Were the well-meaning, but mistaken, to be punished, or would their pardon be a future peril?

And if Charles II. was no conscientious sovereign, he was no cruel tyrant; he was simply an easy-going, kindly-tempered man, unscrupulous as to right or wrong, but chiefly determined, as he said, never to have to go on his travels again. As to rewards, it was quite true, as he said, that if he had ennobled every gentleman who deserved it, the House of Lords would have had to meet on Salisbury Plain.

There could not but be disappointment in those who thought they had merited at least compensation for their losses, and found their petition against rebels in possession of their lands treated with a carelessness that had something diplomatic in it; and for the most part these matters of sequestration were left to settle themselves, often to the advantage of the Puritan in possession.

At Breda, Charles had promised an amnesty, with such exceptions as the Parliament might make. It was not he, but the two Houses of Parliament who were determined to except from that general pardon the fifty-one persons implicated in the King's execution, also Sir Harry Vane, General Lambert, Oliver St. John, Colonel Hutchinson, and Speaker Lenthall.

Nineteen of the regicides were already in custody. Five-and-twenty were dead, and others had escaped to Holland or to America. The Dutch surrendered three of these; but others reached Switzerland in safety. Altogether twenty-nine were arrested, or already in custody, among them John Milton. Prynne wished to include among them Richard Cromwell; but no one would hear of this; and about twenty more persons were declared incapable of holding any office, civil or military; but no one was to suffer death without a special Act of Parliament.

There were at that time only four judges on the bench, and to these were added thirty more commissioners, including that staunch Presbyterian, the Earl of Manchester, with Lord Say and Denzil Holles, men who certainly had not shown any preference for royalty. The prisoners were to be tried by gaol delivery from Newgate; they were made over to the Sheriffs of London by the Lieutenant of the Tower, and all arraigned at once in Westminster Hall, where, eleven years before, they had refused to hear their King challenge their proceedings.

Sir Geoffrey Palmer and Sir Heneage Finch, as the King's Attorney and Solicitor-General, conducted the prosecution.

The first on the list, Sir Hardress Waller, pleaded guilty, and expressed his sorrow, thus obtaining mercy; but when General Harrison, the Baptist, who stood second on the list, appeared, there was no quailing about him. He was a sincere fanatic, and he spoke with calmness and dignity: 'Maybe I was a little mistaken,' he said, 'but I did it all after the best of my understanding, desiring to take the revealed Will of God in Holy Scripture as a guide to me.' He further pleaded, that all was done in the name of the Commons of England and by their authority; but this, of course, could not be admitted, and he received the sentence of death, taking it with the utmost calmness, and as he walked away declaring that he was not ashamed of his cause.

Colonel Carew took the same line, and argued for the validity of the Court that had sentenced the King, and he, too, was condemned.

Henry Marten, the man who had so often insulted the Cavaliers with his buffoonery, pleaded the Act of Indemnity, but was told he was excepted from it by name. Demanding to see it, he declared that his name was not Henry, but Harry; a plea that was not allowed. He pleaded 'not guilty,' and defended himself with much spirit. When his unseemly merriment at the King's trial was mentioned in evidence, he declared that it proved that he did not act in malice; and again, that Charles was no king when sentenced, but, no longer in office, a mere prisoner.

He was sentenced, and so were Axtell and Hacker, who had commanded the guard; also Garland, who was accused (but denied it) of insulting the King; John Coke, the prosecuting lawyer, and Hugh Peters, the fanatic, scurrilous preacher, who had done as much

mischief as any one in England. It was declared on his trial that he had specially denounced the L. L. L., or, as he called them, the one hundred-and-fifty lords, Levites, and lawyers, and had declared the office of a king to be dangerous, useless, and expensive. His plea was that he had not begun the war, that he had acted according to his conscience, and had interfered in the cause of mercy to the Royalists; which was true, for he showed a letter from the Marchioness of Worcester, and a token from the Earl of Norwich (Goring), as acknowledgments of his kindness, and he had interceded for Charles being permitted to be attended by Juxon. However, he was condemned. Altogether ten were selected as victims—Harrison, Scot, Carew, Jones, Clements, and Scroop; among those who had signed the warrant, Coke as the prosecutor, Axtell and Hacker as the commanders of the soldiery, and Peters for having stirred up the people. A vindictive spirit would not have been contented with ten out of fifty-one, and the most serious and merciful of the Royalists viewed their execution as necessary, not only for example's sake, but for that of expiation, that the innocent blood of their King should not cry out without blood being shed for it. Whether this was or was not a right spirit, the execution of the King's murderers was universally held as a duty owed by justice; nor was there any breach of promise, as Charles had always made his amnesty subject to the consent of Parliament, and, in fact, the two Houses were far more bent on the condemnation than he was.

The 13th of October, 1660, was the day of execution. Harrison was the first. He bore himself gallantly as a soldier, and, in his own eyes, a martyr. 'Where is your good old cause?' cried some base fellow in the crowd. 'Here it is,' said Harrison, laying his hand on his heart. 'I am going to seal it with my blood.'

The others followed on the subsequent days. Peters, on his way seeing a man he knew in the crowd, bent up a coin of gold, and bade him carry it to his daughter with a message that he was full of comfort. It was the horrible old form of execution for high treason, and the spectators became so horrified and disgusted that, as had happened before in the time of Elizabeth, it was felt to be imprudent to display any more such sights. Nor were there further executions. Henry Marten was pardoned on the intercession of the Lords, and the other attainted persons were released, though they still had to endure much from suspicion, and from fines whenever any flaw could be detected in their conduct. As a supposed act of justice, horrible to our feelings, but less repugnant to those of the day, the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton were taken from their graves in Westminster Abbey, hung up at Tyburn, and in the evening the skulls were set up on poles before Westminster Hall, the bodies flung into a pit. The corpses of Oliver's mother, of his daughter, Mrs. Claypole, and of Admiral Blake, were also removed from the Abbey to

the churchyard. Blake was one who, if he had served under the English flag at any other time of her history, would never have been thought an intruder among the tombs of the great; and these outrages are much to be regretted. Already the joy of the royal family in their restoration had been damped by the death of young Henry, Duke of Gloucester, from the small-pox. It was the first thing that his sister Mary, Princess of Orange, heard when she set foot on board the ship in which Admiral Montague had come to convey her to share the general triumph, and she spent the whole voyage in such bitter weeping that she never seemed to notice how rough and bad her passage was, though the pilot himself was alarmed, and the vessel ran aground six times on the coast of Kent. At last, on the 23rd of September, she landed at Margate, where the Duke of York was waiting for her; and the King hurried to her as soon as he learnt her arrival.

The Duke of York was in trouble. He had secretly married Anne Hyde, and the expected birth of a child brought all to light, the lady asseverating that he was the father, and her lawful husband. The certificate was produced before the Privy Council, and there was great anger on all sides, especially on the part of the Princess Mary and her mother, Queen Henrietta, who no doubt were doubly angry with the King for being more placable than they were, and after about six weeks' delay, consenting to acknowledge the lady as Duchess of York. She was not very handsome, but was witty and lively. Charles was a man of expediency, and always avoided the entanglements of his more straightforward brother, giving no such hold to Lucy Waters, the mother of his son, but casting her off on his higher fortunes. The anger of the family was not lessened by the royal state at once assumed by the young Duchess, and ugly reports were current against her and others and believed by Mary of Orange; and when the Duke, as Lord High Admiral, went with a splendid escort of ships of the line to meet his mother and young sister at Calais, he was received with sharp reproaches, but obtained a sort of pardon by talking of having been displeased.

Père Gamache, Henrietta's confessor, was greatly astonished at the English fleet. 'The masts,' he says, 'were like a forest, the flags hung as thick as leaves on the trees, and as each ship saluted in turn the thunder of the cannon lasted half an hour. The sea was so absolutely calm that all these great ships had to wait a day and night before it was possible to reach Dover.' Fortunately, there was plenty of food on board; but it was the Vigil of All Saints, a fast-day, and a little sturgeon was the only fish provided, for which the Duke politely apologised to the Father.

King Charles and his sister Mary received the travellers at Dover, amid great acclamations; and the whole royal family, together with Prince Rupert, supped in public, the citizens of Dover being admitted to behold them.

The royal chaplain said grace in English; but Père Gamache thought it necessary to follow this up with a Latin benediction and great sign of the cross, rejoicing in the discomfiture he thought he saw in the faces of the Protestants of Dover, including what he called *Trembleurs*, i.e. Quakers. He said High Mass the next morning in the chapel of the Castle of Dover. No doubt he felt it right bravely to put forward what he viewed as the only true faith; but it renewed all the old suspicion and dislike to the Queen; and when she arrived in London, on the 2nd of November, there were only three bonfires lighted in her honour, and the mourning for the Duke of Gloucester prevented there being much gaiety at Whitehall.

Indeed, there was much sorrow and perplexity at court. Henrietta was overcome by the old associations of the palace, and shut herself up in her rooms, calling herself *la reine malheureuse*. Anne Hyde gave birth to a son; but her husband, listening to slanders against her, did not come near her, and fell sick himself with perplexity, while she lay between life and death; and in the midst the Princess of Orange was smitten with the small-pox.

Her mother, anxious to save her darling Henrietta from death or disfigurement, hurried from Whitehall to St. James's. Mary was profusely bled, and sank rapidly, though in full possession of her understanding, and she is said to have professed her sorrow for having made mischief between her brother James and his wife. She died on Christmas Eve, 1660, and was extremely lamented by her brothers and all the Cavaliers, whose mainstay she had been.

Her message, however, brought James back to his wife, and Charles strove hard to obtain their forgiveness from his mother. Henrietta's first answer was, 'If that woman enters Whitehall by one door, I shall leave it by the other.'

However, between the Abbé Montague and the report of poor Mary's remorse, the Queen yielded at last; and on New Year's Day consented to let her son bring his wife to her, kissed her, and admitted her to the royal table. In fact, a *mésalliance* publicly acknowledged was far more alien to the French mind than to the English. The English royal family had often married commoners, who had been raised to the same rank; but in France, when such marriages took place, they were kept secret to the last.

As soon as the Queen had obtained from Parliament a marriage portion for her daughter Henrietta, she hurried away, lest the fatal small-pox should attack this favourite child, the betrothed of the Duke of Orleans, with whom the marriage took place immediately after Easter, 1661.

The Convention Parliament, as was called the old fragment of the Long one, recruited by fresh elections, was finally and legally dissolved on the 29th of December, 1661, and a new one, almost entirely Royalist, was elected.

The army, amounting to 60,000 men, was also disbanded, excepting

Monk's own regiment, the Coldstream Guards, and one regiment of Dragoons. The desire of the country was to return to the old custom of keeping no force in arms, merely a militia ready to be called out, and these two regiments were looked on with dislike and suspicion as the nucleus of a standing army, a possible implement of tyranny and aggression, and a certain expense; but it remained to be proved whether in the state of Europe, where all other nations had regular troops, it would be safe to exist without them. Meanwhile the arrears of pay were promised; but the debts of the Crown were immense, its resources crippled, and though grants were made by Parliament they were insufficient, and lack of money was the great difficulty, and often the great snare, of Charles II.

The Church was restored with the throne. The Presbyterians hoped to make terms for themselves; but they found that they had not strength enough in England to enforce their claims to consideration. The King, however, had promised liberty of conscience, and that a conference should be held to endeavour to reconcile the Non-conformists with the Church; but liberty of conscience in those days merely meant freedom from persecution, not equality of power, and before the Convention Parliament broke up, it had passed the Corporation Act, requiring all municipal officers in towns to renounce the Covenant and communicate according to the rites of the English Church. Little objection was made, for the country was weary of the vagaries of the Sectarians, and, besides, an accommodation was expected from the promised conferences.

The dispossessed clergy had been restored to their livings by an Act passed at the time of the Restoration. There could be no doubt about their rights; but only some thousand of these had survived these seventeen years of expulsion, poverty and persecution.

What was to be done with those benefices where a Presbyterian or Sectarian minister had been presented by the patron? This question was left to stand over till the conferences should have taken place, and there should be some terms of possible reconciliation agreed upon.

Meantime the surviving Bishops were reinstated in their sees, and the vacant dioceses were filled up. Never yet had the bench of Bishops been of so fine a character as were these who had come through the fire of persecution.

To Canterbury was appointed William Juxon, aged and feeble now, but felt to have the first claim, on account of his attendance on the King at the scaffold. Matthew Wren, of Ely, who had been twenty years in the Tower, returned to his see; Pierce, who had also been imprisoned, was also restored; Frewen was promoted to York, and five more had lived to be restored.

Of the new Bishops, Morley was a friend of Hyde's, a good man, who did his best to restore his cathedral at Worcester out of its

ruins; Sanderson, a distinguished scholar; Cosin, deeply learned in liturgies, and the stay of the exiles in Paris. Bryan Walton, who had spent his time in preparing a polyglot Bible. Sheldon, who with Hammond had watched over the English Churchmen at home, became Bishop of London on Juxon's promotion; and Gauden, who had written some books in defence of the Church, and had edited the *Eikon Basilike*, went to Chichester. He allowed it to be reported that the *Eikon* was his own composition, and Charles II., who had been out of reach at the time, laughed instead of contradicting him; but no one believed him except those who wished to throw discredit on the Royal Martyr; and in after years his wife averred that on his deathbed he showed repentance for never having disclaimed the authorship.

Besides these, Lord Albemarle's brother received a bishopric; and sees were offered to three distinguished Puritans,—Reynolds, Calamy and Baxter,—the first of whom accepted, but the other two refused.

In Ireland, Henry Cromwell had quietly resigned at the same time as his brother; and the Marquess of Ormond could not fail to be made Lord-Deputy. The Church was restored, eight Bishops being still alive, and of these, the excellent Bramhall was promoted from Derry to the primacy at Armagh. Jeremy Taylor, the special glory of the Irish Church for his holiness and eloquence, who had been labouring among the scattered Church folk in the north, received the see of Down and Connor, and the other dioceses were filled up.

The affairs of the Church of Scotland were left to stand over till the conference. The High Commissioner sent to Scotland was Lord Middleton, once a Covenanter, but now a Royalist. Politically the old constitution of the kingdom had been restored, and, as in England, an Act of Indemnity passed, with a few marked exceptions, Argyle, Warriston and Guthrie, as the men who had been most mischievous.

Argyle, who held almost royal power over half the Highlands and Isles, and was confident in his formidable strength, came to London to congratulate the King, but was at once imprisoned in the Tower. Charles refused to see him, and sent him back to Scotland to be tried by his countrymen, with orders, however, that the indictment should include nothing previous to 1651, when he himself had granted an amnesty for past doings. It was held that Charles should have remembered that Argyle had once crowned him King of Scotland; but he could hardly have been expected to feel much gratitude for the life he had led there, and there was no doubt of Argyle's treason to the Crown. The record of his trial is not extant, and it is only known that he was sentenced to die in two days' time. He begged for ten days' respite, that the King's pleasure might be known; but Lord Middleton, the King's Commissioner, would not grant this. He was beheaded at the Market Cross at Edinburgh on 27th of May, 1661, ten years from the time when Montrose had so

suffered. Though no soldier, he showed on the scaffold piety, firmness, and dignity, and indeed he had been always more a warped and mistaken than a wicked man.

Sir Andrew Johnstone of Warriston, the mainspring of the Covenant, was also excepted. He fled to the Continent, but was seized in France, brought home and tried. He was broken in health and spirit, and showed himself pitifully deficient in nerve at his trial; but the sentence of death seemed to restore his manhood, and he received it with prayers for the King, the Parliament, and nation, and died bravely.

Guthrie, one of the ministers who had been foremost in resistance, was chosen as an example of retribution. He defended himself at his trial, and went to his execution in the spirit of a martyr; and as such his countrymen viewed him, treasuring every word that fell from his lips on his way to the scaffold, and rushing to dip their kerchiefs in his blood. When reproved for following a Roman Catholic example in thus treasuring relics, they answered that such was not their intention, but they meant to hold up these napkins that the innocent blood might plead before Heaven. These executions were intended as punishment for political offences, not as religious persecution; but the whole rebellion in Scotland had been so entirely on religious grounds, that they produced the effect of persecutions on people's minds.

There still remained some of the regicides in the Tower, and a bill for their execution was read in Parliament; but the King would have no more executions.

'I am weary of hanging,' he said to Clarendon, 'except for new offences. Let the bill settle in the Parliament, that it may not come to me; for you know I cannot pardon them.'

So these persons were released, but degraded from any titles of honour that they had possessed; and on the 30th of January, 1661, Sir Henry Mildmay, Lord Monson, and Robert Wallop, were drawn to the foot of the gallows at Tyburn, with halters round their necks, upon hurdles, and back again, after which they were liberated. It was popularly believed that no regicide would die in his bed, and to contradict this idea, Sir Henry Mildmay arranged that a picture should be taken of himself when dying.

The remaining exceptions to the amnesty were Sir Harry Vane and General Lambert, who had neither of them signed the decree of execution; but Vane had deeply offended by stealing the documents of the Privy Council from his father's desk in order to ruin Strafford; and Lambert had been the last leader who had been in arms against the present King. The Convention Parliament had recommended them to mercy in case of conviction, and the King had by no means objected. They had both been kept in remote prisons,—Vane in the Scilly Islands,—but the Commons insisted on their being brought to trial, and actually sent up three petitions to the King to that effect.

The civilian showed himself bolder before the court of justice than the soldier, and defended himself ably, as having acted against the King under the authority of Parliament. So well did he argue, that Chief Justice Foster is said to have muttered, 'Though we know not what to say to him, we know what to do with him'; but his argument, that the Long Parliament had by its own act become equal to the sovereign, appeared to Charles so perilous that he wrote to Clarendon: 'You have had a true account of all, and if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certainly he is too dangerous a man to be let live.'

Both were condemned, and Vane, a sincerely religious man, though fanatical, went to the scaffold with the utmost cheerfulness. He tried to make a speech describing the conduct of the judges; but his voice was drowned by drums and trumpets, while the note-books of those who had tried to record his words were torn up. Charles had interfered to cause his death to be not by hanging but beheading, and he died on the same spot where Strafford had been executed, after nineteen years. He, again, was a man of unspotted life and vehement zeal, but of self-willed, mistaken doctrine.

Lambert was kept a prisoner for the rest of his life, first in Guernsey and then at St. Nicholas Island, in Plymouth Harbour, where he died. Of the other regicides, several lived in Switzerland, where after some years, Lisle was murdered, probably by some of those fanatical Cavaliers who took private vengeance. Ludlow reproaches the King with instigating the crime; but this is most improbable. Charles had no thirst for vengeance, and the executions were far more due to the Cavaliers in Parliament than to himself, men who deemed that a stern expiation was due for their years of warfare, the murdered King, and the usurped power.

Where the lines between justice and vengeance should be drawn is a question none can decide. Magnanimous pardon would have been nobler; but Charles was capable of nothing higher than kindly good-nature, and his subjects were firmly persuaded that blood must expiate blood.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXVII.

RECONCILIATION.

Susan. Is our service for the visitation of the sick really old, though Unction has been given up?

Aunt Anne. Thoroughly old almost all, say Origines Liturgicæ; the directions and prayers are found in the ancient manuals of Salisbury and York, and some of them may be traced to the primitive ages.

S. That is what one likes to know. Venerable Bede, and King Alfred, and St. Margaret would have had nearly if not quite the same blessings as ourselves.

A. Your two first go back rather beyond the Use of Sarum; but no doubt that was taken from the older form.

S. And we hope for the like.

A. 'Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command
And my last hour is nigh,
Oh, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be
Or kindred standing by,
Choice blessing, which I leave to Thee,
To give me or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My mother's smile recline,
My name in sickness and in death
Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the cross beside my bed
In its meet emblems rest,
And may the absolving words be said
To ease a labouring breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie canst aid;
But He who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.'

S. Do many people avail themselves of the service?

A. No doubt the use of it in its fulness entirely depends upon the habit of mind and condition of the patient as well as the way of the priest; and, besides, it is meant as a pattern and guide, not as a positive rule. Now let us go through the service. I should tell you that the old forms began by the Priest chanting the Penitential Psalms on his way to the house.

S. Do I know which are the Penitential Psalms?

A. You can always find them out by referring to the Ash Wednesday services. They are the 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, 143rd, the four first being from David's 'fount of holy tears,' after his great sin, and during Absalom's rebellion; and the other three the cries of devout Jews in the time of their captivity and distress.

S. Then the beautiful salutation with which our service begins is by our Lord's own command, Luke x. 5. The next sentence is from the Litany.

A. I believe it served as an antiphon to the Penitential Psalms above.

S. And the lesser Litany follows, and the saying the Lord's Prayer, and then those versicles and responses that we have in most of the Occasional Services. I was going to ask you about them in the Marriage Service, but we went on to something else.

A. The first pair are from Ps. lxxxvi. 16, the second from xx. 2, changing Sion into Sanctuary, the third is from lxi. 3, the last from cii. 1.

S. I see. They all adapt themselves to our needs of joy or sorrow.

A. The Sarum Use then had nine collects, I suppose to be chosen from, or rehearsed throughout according to the state of the sick person; but only two were translated by the Reformers, and the last was put first, probably because it is a general prayer, applicable in any case. The old Latin one, however, used to insert the individual's name, and add, 'Bless him even as Thou didst vouchsafe to bless Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.'

S. The second is a prayer in case of his recovery.

A. Yes; and in that again there used to be pleaded, down to 1552, the healing of St. Peter's mother-in-law and of the Captain's servant, for so the centurion was rendered. Also the protection of the angel to Tobias and Sara.

S. Are the exhortations old?

A. There is one from which they are expanded in the Sarum missal in Latin, I suppose the Priest would translate it; and here (in Blunt's 'Annotated Common Prayer') is a mediæval English one much to the same effect. All quote the saying of Solomon, expanded by St. Paul, showing that chastisement is the token and proof of fatherly care and love; and our present first one adds that the sickness may be sent 'to try your patience for the example of others, and that your faith may be found in the day of the Lord, laudable, glorious, and honourable.'

S. I see the old English one says: 'Also sickness of body maketh soul-heal; and soul-heal is nought but of God; therefore despise not God's scourge, but when God punisheth thee, thank Him and love Him that He amendeth thee, and undernemiah thee, and nameth thee, and punish thee, not in His wrath nor in His wodnes, but in his great mercy.' I do not understand those words.

A. Think of the German *nehmen*, to take, undertaketh thee, and *wuth*, rage. As you know, *wud* is still a Scotch word.

S. Then the Priest is to examine the sick person on his faith.

A. Partly in case he should be in some grave error affecting his hopes of salvation, and partly to give him the opportunity of once more solemnly confessing the faith in which he was baptized, has lived, and may be about to die. The old office prescribed that he should be examined in the fourteen articles of faith, whereof seven related to the Mystery of the Holy Trinity, and seven to the Humanity and Redemption of our blessed Lord; but in 1549, the Apostle's Creed, as at baptism, and the assent of the faithful Christian is framed in the words of the original vow.

S. 'All this I steadfastly believe.' I suppose this would be the time for the minister to find out if the sick person has doubts or difficulties?

A. Yes. Remember that the exact words are not prescribed as in church, so that there is a full opening for a statement of difficulties and conversation upon them. The Sarum office gave a model form of exhortation on charity, and on reconciliation with enemies, restitution to injured persons, and the like; but our Prayer-book leaves the manner of such admonition to the discretion of the Priest.

S. And he is to advise the making of a will, if it have not already been done.

A. It is a duty to do justice to one's heirs and likewise to prevent as far as may be, struggles and heartburnings over an inheritance by being explicit; but then, setting aside secular things, is to come that examination of the conscience which is to aid in relieving the soul from the load of sin, by confession and by the authoritative promise of pardon.

S. The Absolution. There is that other of the three last Sacraments of the Roman Church. But how is it a Sacrament? Where is the outward form?

A. I believe the outward gesture was that the Priest laid his hand on the head of the penitent, in olden times, when absolving him; but I do not think this is continued now. The conveyance of Divine forgiveness through the human instrument is Sacramental.

S. It applies to all our three Absolutions?

A. In Mr. Keble's words —

'Each morn and eve, the Golden Keys
Are lifted in the sacred hand,
To show the sinner 'on his knees
Where Heaven's bright doors wide open stand.

On the dread Altar duly laid
The Golden Keys their witness bear,
That not in vain the Church hath pray'd
That He, the Life of Souls, is there.

Full of the past, all shuddering thought
Man waits his hour with upward eye,
The Golden Keys in love are brought
That he may hold by them and die.'

S. But this one is by far the most distinct.

A. Yes, for there the penitent has made absolute confession of his own individual sins, and the Priest can apply the promise of forgiveness to him. It is actual delivery of the seal of pardon instead of the proclamation of an amnesty under certain conditions.

S. And this same form is used in private confessions.

A. For the same reason, because there is more evident need of the comfort of the distinct assurance and more evidence of true repentance.

S. Would you wish people in general to come to private confession?

A. I think it ought to be left as it was for a thousand years and more, to people's own sense of need. There are those—especially in our own reserved nation—who feel more reality in a direct confession to their Maker Himself than in speaking them to Him indeed, but before a human creature; and there are also those to whom the pleasure of talking of themselves is such that they had rather accuse themselves than not speak at all.

S. But those are silly girls.

A. Generally girls and women. As a rule I should say, it was dangerous for a person to be brought to actual confession before, or unless, there was a sense of burdened conscience, such as would make it a reality.

S. But when people are really in a bad way, they are just the last to have that sense.

A. Quite true; but would a perfunctory confession do them any good? I was struck by seeing that in the time of her repentance, poor Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, exclaimed that all her confessions and communions had been vain. I have thought about the subject now for a great many years, and experience seems to show that compulsory, or universally customary confession goes little deeper, if at all, than our own system. The best part of it is that, in the hands of a good man, it gives opportunities for stirring the conscience and speaking privately, and also that it removes the shyness which stands in many people's way; but then that very shyness, with us, makes the coming such an effort as to be in most cases a great test of the earnestness of repentance.

S. What is it that you would advise then?

A. What the Prayer-book does—remembering, however, that there is a difference between coming for counsel and for absolution. If there is a sense that one is all wrong, a general unsatisfactory feeling that our devotion and whole behaviour is unsound, it is much the best way to seek advice and help from 'a discreet and learned minister'—not necessarily our own parish priest, who might not be

willing, nor possibly qualified, or who might be too much mixed-up with our difficulties for it to be possible to unfold them to him. Sometimes such a consultation would be as part of the Confession, sometimes it would lead to it, since there would almost certainly be a strongly awakened sense of individual sins and a longing for distinct assurance of pardon for them.

S. Yes; one would be more sure of having repented and been pardoned for those sins.

A. Then, for those characters who feel the outward utterance of their faults a great aid to repentance and the absolution for them an infinite relief, and as it were a step to Heaven, there can be a regular habit of confession. There are clergymen, known to be willing to receive such confessions, and experienced enough to know how to deal with souls, and it is well, when possible, for those who feel the need not to deprive themselves of such a help and blessing; but our Church allows full liberty to remember our own sins and trust them to the pardon promised in the General Absolution as to lay them before the human ambassador of Christ. The form of absolution here used was drawn up in the eleventh and twelfth century and was introduced in our Sarum rite. The beautiful collect that follows came from the Sacramentary of Gelasius.

S. The material that St. Gregory the Great worked with, and that came to England with St. Augustine?

A. Yes. It was the old form of reconciliation of the dying—the same no doubt that was read at the last to Bede and Hilda and Alfred—entreating that all that has been decayed through the fraud and malice of the devil may be repaired, repentance accepted, and the soul received through the Infinite Merits.

S. Who would not wish ‘even thus to die?’

READING AS AN ART.

BY GRACE LATHAM.

‘Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.’

CHAPTER VI.

WE now come to dramatic reading, the most difficult of all, because it goes deeper into the spring of human nature, requiring greater power in and knowledge of the Art, as well as greater breadth and finish in its practical working; indeed of things dramatic we cannot make too close or too complete a study. The reason of this is, that in other kinds of literature we are nearly always either looking at our subject from the colder point of view of a spectator, meditating on an abstract question, or telling of what is past and gone, while in drama we *are* for the moment the person who is speaking, and he or she is supposed to be experiencing joy, grief, rage, etc., at that very instant; and this must lend an intensity and reality to every intonation utterly foreign to the interpretation of any other sort of literature. Furthermore, in a novel the everyday unexciting occurrences are combined with the exceptional ones; but it is the essence of the drama to deal with the exceptional only, on account of the small compass into which the plot of a play must be compressed, owing to the limited time allowed for its representation; and this again requires a strength and vividness of conception and execution that would be out of place anywhere else.

Another most important difference between the drama and other literature is that we drop our own personality. We become for the time Juliet, Desdemona, Hamlet, or Lear; and therefore it is of no use saying, ‘I should speak in such a manner in such a situation.’ The question is how would a girl brought up like Juliet, placed in her circumstances, and with her nature, speak; and we must throw ourselves aside, and enter into the part so as to think, feel, and speak as the strongly emotional Juliet would have done. Indeed we have not merely to make the meaning of lovely poetry or fine prose clear to our listeners, but we have to interpret character also; every little word said of, to, or by one of the dramatis personæ throughout the course of a play must be noted, compared, and thought out, until we have not only formed a definite idea of his or her character, but until we have, in imagination, fitted it to a body capable of interpreting it, and can, as far as voice goes, reproduce it, before we can hope to be able to give even one of the scenes in which it appears with any degree of artistic finish or coherence.

Such of us as were present at the great revival of 'Much Ado About Nothing' at the Lyceum may remember the masterly manner in which the usually ungrateful part of Claudio was treated by Mr. Forbes Robertson. Every little touch which could show his naturally jealous disposition was taken up, and made the most of; as, for instance, his method of rendering the scene in which Beatrice says he is: 'Civil as a sour orange, and something of that jealous complexion'; so that when we came to his accusation and desertion of Hero, we accepted it as the way in which a man of his character must have acted, when his mind had been poisoned as Claudio's was; we pitied as much as we blamed him, and the great scene in the church was no longer forced and unnatural, as it seems when we first read the play.

Treated in this manner dramatic reading becomes a most fascinating study, in which all our knowledge of human nature is brought into play.

Good dramatic reading calls upon all our resources of voice and breath; the subject-matter was written to be spoken with the greatest possible expression; and far more has been left for the interpreter to divine and bring to light than even in the works of our greatest undramatic poets. Plays are written 'to hold, as 'twere, a mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;' and if we would not nullify this purpose, we must speak as though we ourselves were suffering or rejoicing in the place of the characters. This is especially the case if we are reading with other people, each one of whom sustains a different character; for then, in some sort, the play is acted by the very fact of the characters being allotted, and to read then with calm literary appreciation is as out of place as it would be to declaim a 'Times' article.

Just as we have to bring out the construction and framework of a poem, so a play must be read as a great whole, in which each scene does its part towards building up the edifice, the crown of which is the dénouement; each scene must also be made complete in itself, its climax prepared and worked up to, its general character shown and contrasted with the rest. This is most important; for otherwise some scenes will lose their significance, and, not being particularly interesting in themselves, will drag and fall flat; and the little company of readers will part, feeling they have had a dull afternoon, and saying: 'Oh, yes! fine play! but it doesn't read well,' while really the fault lies, not in the play, but in their own want of study and organization.

Each reader should think out not merely his part, but its bearing on the play as a whole, and how he may arrange with the other interpreters to work out the dramatic effect. Indeed to read any play, much more one of Shakspeare's, without the most careful preparation, both privately and in concert, is the same as if a company

of singers were to expect to achieve a musical success by singing the 'Elijah' at sight and without a conductor. We have said that in reading dramatic literature, the rendering cannot be too strong, so long as it is appropriate to the character and scene we are undertaking; but if, like Mr. Brandram, we *recite* a whole play, then we must carefully seek for those points in it where the emotion is intensest, necessitating the strongest expression of it, and keep all the rest of the drama quieter; not only for the sake of contrast, but lest, arriving at the great scene, we should find that we had exhausted all our resources of voice, and, being unable to surpass what we had already done, the climax should fall short of the effect it ought to produce. Similarly in characterisation, if we use up all our powers and energies for Emilia and Cassio, what are we to do for Othello?

If we stand to recite a drama, the same amount of gesture and facial play may be used as in recitation, only it should not be directed at the audience; we must also bear in mind that, being the only interpreter of a work, written to be carried out by many, we must avoid any movements that will remind the audience that we are alone. Thus if we rush violently to the fray, the lookers-on, seeing no adversary, feel it a little absurd; it would be better therefore to indicate the movement by a quick turn of the body, as though we were going to advance on our enemy, leaving the imagination of the beholders to fill up the rest.

For the same reason let nothing be exaggerated, but at the same time let nothing be vague. If we point gracefully only upward to the skies, we merely convey to the audience that we wish to show how well we can move, and that it is somewhat ridiculous to point to the heavens, when you are in a drawing-room with a ceiling over you, and where we are not in the habit of using such gestures. But if the motion be true to nature, both in the manner of its movement and the spirit which animates it, and if it be in the right place dramatically, then no matter how inappropriate your surroundings may be, you will communicate the thought you desire to your listeners, and they will see nothing ridiculous in the case.

When a play is read by many people in concert, the chief work falls on the voice; facial expression can be but very slight, and action is almost inadmissible. It is well to look at the people you are addressing, changing your face according to the sentiments you are uttering, but there can be no connected by-play; the fact that eyes and hands are engaged with the book prevent it. We must depend on speech for all our effects, and, in fact, we may call this kind of reading, voice-acting. To give a detailed criticism of a whole play from a reader's point of view would far exceed the limits of this paper, if done with sufficient thoroughness to be of use to a student; we will therefore take one scene only from Murphy's 'Three Weeks After Marriage,' and try to show how it should be studied and

interpreted. First we must get some idea of the two characters engaged, their nature and circumstances, both from this scene and the rest of the piece.

Sir Charles Rackett, the husband, is a foolish man of fashion ; he has been already described as gay and good-humoured, but not able to bear the least contradiction, and of a temper that once roused makes every one around him miserable. Late at night, after a fashionable card party, he has brought his wife down from London to her father's house, a little way out of it, to be present at her sister's marriage ; this, and the fact that he is mighty civil to his father-in-law not to be left out of his will, shows that he possesses some diplomacy and a good deal of selfishness. He married for money, but has lived happily with his wife for three weeks, and is probably a little fond of her, and certainly would not intend to quarrel with her in her own home, but he has all the nervous excitability of a man who leads an unhealthy life—habitually sitting up late in hot rooms, gambling, taking no exercise ; and, as we shall see, he flies into a great passion about nothing, reproaches his wife for her low origin, and even casts it up against her father himself, and talks so wildly that every one thinks he is making the most serious accusations against her. Lady Rackett is the daughter of a retired tradesman, who has made a large fortune in his business ; his chief ambition is to marry his children into the aristocracy, and his great delight is in his garden ; he will have nothing in it that looks what it is, and ornaments it with the Dragon of Wantley in box, Adam and Eve in juniper, and the serpent in ground ivy. He has chosen a country house, which is situated close by the high road, whence, though smothered in dust, he can see all that passes. The mother has the same love of grand connections as the father, but is an honest, kindly woman, very fond of her husband, and experienced in getting her own way with him while apparently submissive. Lady Rackett is just the honest, bouncing creature to be expected with such parents ; uneducated and vulgar, she is not at ease in the fashionable, dissipated company into which she is now thrown ; but though often much puzzled by the ways of her new world, she has native shrewdness enough to be mightily amused by its peculiarities, and sufficient cleverness to hold her own there. She is not in love with Sir Charles, but is greatly flattered by his attentions, and receives them with the romping, hoydenish coquetry that she would have bestowed on a young butcher or linen-draper had her father presented him to her as her husband. For the rest she is charmed to be Lady Rackett, and on excellent terms with herself. Sir Charles is already on the stage when she enters.

'Lady Rac. O la!—I'm quite fatigued—I can hardly move—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir Cha. There ; take my arm. "Was ever thing so pretty made to walk!"

Lady Rac. But I won't be laughed at—I don't love you.

Sir Cha. Don't you?

Lady Rac. No. Dear me! this glove! Why don't you help me off with my glove! psha!—you awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me—reach me a chair—you have no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down. Why do you drag me to routs?—you know I hate 'em.

Sir Cha. Oh! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady Rac. But I'm out of humour, I lost all my money.

Sir Cha. How much?

Lady Rac. Three hundred.

Sir Cha. Never fret for that—— I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady Rac. Don't you? Not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir Cha. You know I don't.

Lady Rac. Ah! you fond fool! But I hate gaming—it almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury.—Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night.—I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir Cha. Had ye?

Lady Rac. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips—and then I was crammed up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind 'em?

Sir Cha. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady Rac. There was that strange unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade—she behaved so strangely to her husband, a poor, in-offensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man. But she so teased him,—“How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin.—You're a numskull, you know you are. Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he's about; you know you don't—— Ah, fie! I am ashamed of you!”

Sir Cha. She has served to divert you, I see.

Lady Rac. And then, to crown all—there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, tune, and place.—In the very midst of the game she begins,—“Oh, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your La'ship—my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world—a spade led!—there's the knave.—I was fetching a walk, M'em, the other morning in the park—a fine frosty morning it was.—I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick—and so, M'em, little Pompey—and if your La'ship was to see the dear creature pinch'd with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play. And so, M'em, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey—your La'-ship knows Captain Flimsey—nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—and so, M'em, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once? And so Pompey barked for assistance; the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation. Pray, what's trumps?”

Sir Cha. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady Rac. Well, now, let's go to rest—but Sir Charles, how

shockingly you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir Cha. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady Rac. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

Sir Cha. Po! Nonsense! You don't understand it.

Lady Rac. I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir Cha. All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

Lady Rac. No such thing, Sir Charles; the diamond was the play.

Sir Cha. Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

Lady Rac. Oh! no, no, no; I say it was the diamond.

Sir Cha. Madam, I say it was the club.

Lady Rac. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir Cha. Death and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more the club was the judgment of it.

Lady Rac. May be so—have it your own way. [*Walks about and sings.*]

Sir Cha. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived; there's no conversing with you.—Look ye here, my Lady Rackett—'tis the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady Rac. Well, sir! Ha! ha! ha! [*With a sneering laugh.*]

Sir Cha. I had four cards left—a trump has led—they were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine—then, you know—the beauty of the play was to——

Lady Rac. Well, now, 'tis amazing to me that you can't see it.—Give me leave, Sir Charles. Your left-hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finessed the club and roughed the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond——

Sir Cha. Madam! but we played for the odd trick.

Lady Rac. And sure the play for the odd trick——

Sir Cha. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady Rac. Go on, sir.

Sir Cha. Hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

Lady Rac. I never heard the like in my life. [*Hums a tune and walks about fretfully.*]

Sir Cha. Why then you're enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic. [*Looks at her, and she walks about and laughs uneasily.*] Very well, madam! You know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house—you know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady Rac. Ha! ha! ha! [*Takes out a glass and settles her hair.*]

Sir Cha. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady Rac. As you please, sir.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be as I please.—I'll order my chariot this moment—[*going*—I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you—[*going*—and when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards, whole estates, my Lady Rackett—[*she hums a tune, and he looks at her*—Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you—good, bad, or indifferent.—Look ye, my Lady Rackett—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business——

Lady Rac. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir Cha. Confound it! I've done with you for ever; and so you may tell your father. [*Exit.*]

Lady Rac. What a passion the gentleman's in. Ha! ha! [*Laughs in a peevish manner.*] I promise him I'll not give up my judgment. [*Enter Sir Charles.*]

Sir Cha. My Lady Rackett, look ye, Ma'am—once more, out of pure good nature——

Lady Rac. Sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

Sir Cha. That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady Rac. Well, be it so—I have no objection.

Sir Cha. 'Tis the clearest point in the world—we were nine, and——

Lady Rac. And for that very reason.—You know the club was the best in the house.

Sir Cha. There's no such thing as talking to you. You're a base woman—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant. [*Stops at door.*] The club was not the best in the house.

Lady Rac. How calm you are! Well—I'll go to bed; will you?—you had better—poor Sir Charles! [*Looks and laughs. Then exit.*]

Sir Cha. That ease is provoking. [*Crosses to opposite door where she went out.*] I tell you the diamond was not the play; and here I take my final leave of you. [*Walks back as fast as he can.*] I am resolved upon it; and I know the club was not the best in the house. [*Exit.*]

My Lady must have the broad articulation and intonation, the energetic and somewhat loud speech peculiar to her nature and origin, for her general characteristics. Sir Charles on the contrary is ultra refined, but ready to find amusement in everything that passes.

Her first words have all the outspokenness which women of the lower classes give to personal details. 'O la!' she exclaims, with a great sigh of relief at having at last got home, and the pause may be filled up with a sounding yawn; and then with loud emphasis she cries: 'I'm quite fatigued.' Another pause which may be occupied with a groan, and in a tone of self-commiseration: 'I can hardly move.' She glances at her husband, and feeling that she is not playing the fine lady rightly, she adds in an affected drawl: 'Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?'

The contrast between the two styles of her talk must be made very obvious, for in this kind of reading contrasts are intended either to rouse the attention of the audience, or to convey some special fact to them, and cannot merely be indicated and left to be perceived or not as chance wills. In the present instance it shows that Lady Rackett tries to play her part of a grand lady.

Sir Charles feels the necessity of comforting his wife, but he is much amused by her assumption of the woman of fashion, and is, perhaps, rather jarred by her vulgarity. There is a touch of sarcasm in his soothing reply: 'There, take my arm;' then looking

at her with affected admiration: 'Was ever thing so pretty made to walk?' She does not recognise the quotation or understand him in the least, and replies pouting, continuing more sharply: 'I don't love you.' 'Don't you?' he returns, with amused indifference; he is tired and not inclined to humour her. She expected another kind of answer; her 'No' has pique in it, and she turns to vent her temper on her glove, and in scolding him for not helping her off with it, neither pique nor temper having refinement in them; again remembering her tiredness, she cries out for a chair. Sir Charles's instinct of politeness prevails, he brings one, and she sinks into it again with a loud sigh of relief. 'I *am* so glad to sit down.' A pause, in which she looks up at him crossly. 'Why do you drag me to routs—you *know* I hate 'em.'

Notice the constant change, which keeps the attention of the listeners alive, and at every line adds another stroke to the delineation of the character.

Sir Charles answers quietly, he is only laying down what seems to him an obvious truth. During this part of the scene his quiet indifference contrasts with her genuine earnestness.

She continues, crossly, with an inclination to whimper, which may be shown in the pettish tone of 'humour,' of which the syllables are prolonged, and then jerks out the confession: 'I lost all my money.' Here is the cause of her ill-temper; accustomed to see money highly regarded, she dreaded the effect of this disclosure on her husband, and she glances at him out of the corner of her eye to see how he takes it. He merely remarks calmly: 'How much?' She, not knowing what to make of him, says, frightened and penitent: 'Three hundred.' In dramatic reading, articulation gives us a new method of expression; for by modifying the vowels, not changing their sound, but widening or narrowing it; by slightly accentuating or slurring over the consonants, we can alter the force, and almost the meaning of a word. In the present instance we want to show that my Lady feels she has lost an enormous sum, and is afraid to confess it; we therefore say *th-r-ee*, rather prolonging the vowels and making them as broad as possible, which will give the effect of hesitation, and will make 'three' sound doubly important. 'Hun! dred!' is said very quickly and lightly, the final 'd' being scarcely sounded, as though she were hurrying out her confession.

Sir Charles belongs to the class which thought that to lose money with indifference was the mark of a gentleman; he answers calmly: 'Never fret for that,' and as she looks at him, astonished, adds: 'I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.' Amazed, she says: 'Don't you?' The first 'o' will convey the effect of extreme wonder, if made very open; she stares at him through the pause, and goes on as if unable to take in his marvellous statement: 'Not—value—three—*hundred*—pounds—to please me!' Each word is emphatic and separated from the rest, the underlined vowels being

made very broad, and the last 'd' in hundred very clear, and then quickly, with a flattered smile: 'To please me.'

Sir Charles replies with a little sentiment; he does not dislike his wife. She, immensely relieved, but at heart disdainful of his unbusinesslike carelessness, goes on lightly, and half contemptuously:

Ah, you fond fool.' Then with sudden earnestness: 'But I hate gaming'—'I' to be accentuated and prolonged, 'hate' staccato; and with the gravity of a good woman who has received a moral shock, and with a little hesitation, for she is again making a confession, she tells how she had a huge oath on the very tip of her tongue. He, well accustomed to hear fine ladies swear—it was a very common practice in the last century—is rather diverted by her scruples; she, pleased to have told everything and to have escaped a scolding, runs on lightly; he sits looking at her, quietly amused with her clever criticisms, as she knows full well, and her two long speeches are really bits of acting, to gain his admiration. She begins in a tone of reprobation, for she is really shocked at the behaviour of Mrs. Nightshade; the description of Mr. Nightshade must be rapid, light, and indifferent, as if, though pitying him, she held him very cheap for not asserting himself; but each word must have its character strongly marked—thus, 'poor' must have a pitying tone, and its vowels rather drawn out; 'inoffensive,' here meaning insignificant, should be very lightly and indifferently said; 'good-natured,' as though qualifying the former epithet; then very quickly, and in an explanatory tone: 'good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man.' Her spirits rise, and sparkling with fun and amusement, she exclaims, with a little laugh at the dash '—But she so teased him.' Then completely altering her tone and manner to one of sharpness and acidity, she mimics Mrs. Nightshade scolding her husband, apologizing for him in an exaggeratedly sweet but injured tone, and suddenly cutting herself short, to snap at him again.

The next speech must be broken up in the same manner. She begins eagerly. 'And then'—a little pause, during which the listeners wonder what causes her excitement—she continues with a round, brilliant tone, 'to crown all——' another pause, before the curiosity of the audience is satisfied 'there was my Lady Clackit'; the name especially must be clearly and rather slowly enunciated, that the hearers may have time to take it in. It is as it were the title of the picture. The description of the lady should be very rapid; it gives a kind of an example of her; first comes a pause, that what has gone before may be kept distinct from the rest of the speech, and in the tone in which we say 'Would you believe it?' she goes on: 'In the very midst of the game she begins.' Again a pause, the object of which is to keep Lady Rackett's acting separated from her natural manner; here she takes a tone with very few inflections; as a rule rapid talkers do not vary their voices much, and only accentuate a word here and there; she should speak affectedly,

for Lady Clackit minces her words, calling ma'am, m'em ; Ladyship, La'ship, and this peculiarity may be a little exaggerated to give the effect that it is not natural talk, but an imitation of it. The pauses must be very carefully kept, or from the rapid pace of the speech the whole will become unintelligible ; and each interruption, when Lady Clackit suddenly becomes conscious that it is her turn to play, must be given in a different manner, or she will become monotonous. Much of poor Lady Rackett's ill-fortune that evening may be attributed to having had such a partner. At the first break in her long story, she may seem not to know what is going on ; ask vaguely : ' a spade led ; ' hesitate, as though recalling her mind to the game, finish quickly with ' there's the knave,' and return with renewed zest to her tale of the dog. The second should be a mere hasty aside ; the third she looks up for with a puzzled, rather injured air : ' I vow I don't know what to play ' ; evidently her partner felt injured too, and remonstrated, for Lady Clackit cries, defending herself : ' Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it,' but still, as before, in a hurry to finish the history of Pompey's adventures, for she goes on, quite eagerly : ' and so, etc., etc.,' and chatters about him all through the pause for dealing, for the last we hear of her is saying in a great hurry : ' Pray, what's trumps ? ' This finishes another division in the scene ; the quarrel is now about to begin. Lady Rackett says carelessly : ' Well, now, let's go to rest,' and then, as an afterthought, criticises her husband's play in his last rubber ; he is too much astonished to say much in reply. In her next speech the first half is the emphatic one : ' No ! indeed ! my dear ! you played it wrong,' the marks of admiration indicating the staccato pronunciation used ; ' my dear ' should have a little asperity in it. Sir Charles perceives this, and sets her down like an ignorant school-girl. She is offended, and he answers with insulting indifference : ' All conceit, my dear ; I was perfectly right.' This angers her ; she uses his title, begins her speech staccato, and ends with sharp emphasis : ' No ! such ! thing ! Sir Charles ! the diamond was the play ! ' The sharpness should be got on the consonants, for if we pinch the vowels we shall lose the breadth of speech characteristic of her and her class. Now he gets hotter, though still keeping his calm manner ; she flies into a passion, takes him up very quickly, her ' No, no, no ' must be a rapid crescendo, and he at last bursts into a rage. His two next speeches must be treated like one ; hers being edged into a break in his.

The rate at which speeches succeed each other is always significant ; here they have done so more and more rapidly since the beginning of the quarrel ; now comes a pause, his fury has calmed her ; she answers leisurely, with a very good assumption of his indifference, throwing her voice upwards on the ' have '—' May be so—have it your own way.' Her singing should be more than humming ; it is an affectation of carelessness intended to provoke ; she is not the woman to retire first from a battle-field. Her manner

quiets him, it is new to him, and he is puzzled; there is a certain hesitation in his way of pausing between his speeches, and he begins to explain: 'Look ye, my Lady Rackett.' Her sneering laugh upsets him again, he is quite unaccustomed to such treatment, and does not know how to meet it. Notice she must sneer broadly and coarsely, not like a lady; being angry, her veneer of polish drops off. Sir Charles begins deliberately, gets nervous and confused as to the number of tricks taken, and his 'No, no, no' should have a peevish sound; he recovers himself, and is going on talking when his wife interrupts him. The person reading Lady Rackett must not wait for Sir Charles to finish the words set down for him, but should begin to speak as he says 'was to'; for the effect here depends on the sharpness with which she breaks in on his talk. Her 'Well, now,' is an exclamation; so indeed is the rest of her first sentence; and she then falls into a very determined explanatory tone, the pauses marking the emphasis. Sir Charles, whom this again lashes into fury, interrupts her in his turn; she answers loudly; he once more interrupts her, and the sentences succeed each other as rapidly as possible, to 'I never heard the like in my life,' when there is another pause in the action. Her humming a tune should now have an uncertain tone in it; she is frightened by his violence; he continues rather more quietly, till her first laugh makes him burst out again, perhaps because he guesses from its uneasy tone that she is nervous, and thinking to bully her. Now the ungenerous nature of the man shows itself; he taunts her with her low birth, with her father's occupation; but we must be careful not to let his violence border on the tragic; it must be comic, and for this reason the emphasis must fall on, 'My ancestors, my ancestors, madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards, whole estates, my Lady Rackett.' His anger too must increase more and more to his exit; her next speech being defiant, yet showing that though she has kept outwardly calm her nerves are a good deal shaken. The moment's respite however enables her to collect her wits, and when Sir Charles comes back, obstinate, but not quite ready to separate from his wife, she receives him with a wonderfully good assumption of fine ladyhood and cool sarcasm; but she is too angry to support it, and interrupts him with 'And for that very reason.—You know the club was the best in the house.' Again his anger lights up; and we must be careful that this time it surpasses what went before; he raves; there is no argument or sarcasm, nothing but assertion and abuse, the sentences having no connection with each other; the last words must be the most rapid. She remains perfectly calm, and exit laughing, the climax of the scene being reached by his standing at the door, and screaming defiance and contradiction after her.

If we look through this scene, we shall see that to begin with it is in her hands; she has to seize and keep the interest of the audience by her fun and charm, for though vulgar, she must not be offensively

so ; this is the first division of the scene. The next, comprising the beginning of the quarrel, down to 'I never heard the like in my life,' is between the two ; each has as much to do to support the play. Sir Charles has then the prominent part to his exit ; through this bit he must take up her speeches quickly, almost breaking in on her ; she being cool, replies more slowly ; from that time the conduct of the scene falls as much on the shoulders of one as the other, and the whole must work rapidly to a climax. In this fashion we should read, working up each division of a scene, making one personage after another prominent each in its turn, and seizing on and exhibiting every touch that can build up character.

To do all this naturally, takes much thought and care, independent of mechanical training of voice and ear ; but 'whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well,' for then we have not only the satisfaction of achievement, but the delight of finding that new realms of thought or knowledge which are opening before us. Thus we shall learn to discover new beauties in literature, new forms and developments of character, and a great fresh interest will come into our lives through the Art of Reading.

(Concluded.)

OLD NANDEL'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE first time I saw Nandel she was standing on a bridge formed of a single plank, which connected the strip of turf before her cottage in the Felsenthal, with the footpath leading up the glen beside the stream. She was a very old woman, bent nearly double with the weight of years and rheumatism, but still strong, as the peasants in those healthy uplands are, and with eyes which gleamed brightly out of her knotty wrinkled old face. Her rough stone cottage faced the rushing mountain stream, and behind it rose a great granite crag, on the summit of which the red stems of a few pines stood out against the steep green mountain-side. Beside the cot a goat was tethered, whose milk in various forms made, with black bread, the staple food of its owner.

'Good-day, Nandel; what news?' cried my companion, young Countess Hedwig Wildan, and on hearing the voice the old dame stopped and called out in harsh but cheery tones—

'Letters waiting for you at the Schloss, my dear young lady; letters and parcels, one, two, three.'

'That's right! Nandel never forgets me. We will go and see what is in them. Good-bye,' said Countess Hedwig, and smiling and nodding to the old woman, she pursued her way beside me down the rocky glen towards the 'Schloss,' whose steep shingle roof and square turret we saw peeping out between the beeches and larches below us.

'That is our old post-woman,' she continued; 'she is a regular institution here; but one, I am sorry to say, about to pass away. There is no regular post up the Felsenthal, so my father has employed Nandel ever since I can remember to fetch and carry our letters to and from the nearest post-office. For several years he has been anxious to pension her off, but she has always begged on again, she enjoys the sense of importance which her semi-official position gives her, and I fear will sadly miss the daily occupation and change which her visit to the village affords; but she is really getting too old for the long walk, and papa insists on her retiring at the end of this month.'

'Does she live quite alone in that lonely little hut?'

'Yes; her husband, who was one of our wood-cutters, has been dead some time, and her only son, who I can just remember when I was a tiny child as a great stalwart fellow going by the name of Nandel's Emmerich, went for a soldier, was in the war with Prussia in '66, and has never been heard of since.'

A week or two after this meeting I started one morning with

Count Wildau and his daughter from the Felsenthal on a visit to a famous Cistercian monastery, whose church, cloisters, and gardens were celebrated, and which my kind host was anxious to show me. It was one of the most perfect mornings for starting on a pleasure trip that could be imagined. August was already far spent, and in those high lands a shade of autumnal freshness gave a delicious crispness to the air.

All at once we recognised a bent figure, which was toiling up the road before us.

'Why, there is old Nandel!' cried Countess Hedwig. 'Where can the old woman be going?'

'Stop!' cried the good-natured Count to the coachman; 'we will give her a lift as far as she goes our way.'

But when questioned Nandel refused the proffered lift, though she thanked the 'Herrschaften' with all her heart, she was going to turn off the road directly and take a path across the mountain.

'And whither away, Nandel?' asked the Count.

'To Maria Zell,' answered she.

'On a pilgrimage!' said the Count. 'It is a hard journey for you, Nandel; there are many steep mountains to be traversed betwixt here and Maria Zell.'

'I do not fear it,' said the old woman. 'I am used to long days journeying.'

'And what is the object of your pilgrimage, Nandel?' asked Countess Hedwig.

'To pray for the return of my boy, my son Emmerich,' said the old woman. 'Now that my business is gone I miss him, and it is time he came home to his old mother and settled down in the old cottage where he was born. I cannot send him word, for I do not know where he may be, but I am going to the holy shrine to pray that he may have the good thought of coming back to me again.'

Count Wildau and his daughter smiled compassionately, and the former was about to say something to dissuade the old creature from undertaking so toilsome an enterprise, to recover a person who was probably long since dead, but Countess Hedwig with greater tact stopped him.

'Do not destroy the hope which is the only joy her life retains; she has ever looked for the return of her son, and does not realise the many years which have elapsed since his disappearance. Her faith is so simple and whole that she will return from her pilgrimage convinced that he must return, and the conviction will cheer her last years.'

We drove on.

'If her faith is so great as you say she may resuscitate her Emmerich after all,' said the Count, in a half-jesting, half-serious tone.

'Are we not told that perfect faith can work miracles?'

I did not wait for Countess Hedwig to answer her father, for my curiosity was aroused.

‘What is Maria Zell, and where is it situated?’ I asked.

‘Maria Zell is a celebrated shrine about two or three days’ journey from here across the Styrian frontier. It is very ancient, and thousands of pilgrims flock to it during the summer months. You should not leave this part of the country without visiting it, so after having seen the monastery at Lilienfeld, we will go on there; it will interest you, I am sure.’

I was very much pleased with the project, and we drove briskly on. At first the scenery through which we passed was not grand, but had that delightful park-like charm which is characteristic of this part of Lower Austria. Verdant meadows stretch upwards on either side of the road till they meet the pine forests clothing the higher hills, and groups of fine old oaks and beeches dot the bright green sward, kept ever fresh and soft by a network of meandering brooks. Here and there in the quiet valleys lie masses of granite, flung there by some convulsion of nature in pre-historic times, and the dark foliage and red stems of the rugged pines clinging to their bare sides, contrast with the fresh verdure around. Nestled in clumps of trees under the shelter of the steep hillsides, stand the peasants’ houses, their high-pitched roofs and timbered fronts adding a homelike charm to the scene.

Above these quiet homesteads on out-lying spurs of the hills, stand the ruins of many an old feudal castle, once inhabited by those robber knights who were the terror of peaceful burghers and travellers. All these old strongholds are now dismantled and in ruin, and their wild owners long since passed away, so we tranquilly pursued our way till we reached the halting-place at which we were to pass the night. This was Lilienfeld, and before us we saw the great monastery, which, unlike the feudal castles, is in excellent repair, and stands in proud prosperity, making a sharp contrast by its stately buildings and well-tilled grounds to the lonely forests and precipitous mountains which hem it in on all sides.

The exquisite marbles and precious carved oak of the beautiful church, the long lines of cloisters with their slender columns and delicate tracery, seem the more wonderful from their juxtaposition to the rugged hillsides around. The monks have brought most of the valley which belongs to the monastery under cultivation, and the rows of granges, stables, saw-mills, cow-houses, and poultry yards, give a favourable opinion of the success of their farming operations. Among the farm-buildings move the figures of the white-frocked brethren, giving an air of strangeness and romance to these otherwise homely surroundings.

On a slope facing south is the garden, in which the monks have acclimatised a prodigious number of foreign shrubs and plants, besides having a perfect collection of the Austrian flora, which is all grouped and labelled in such a manner as to make a walk through the garden quite a useful botanical lesson. We were allowed to ramble where we

would, and in our wanderings we came across the Superior of this vast establishment. He greeted us with great urbanity, but I could not divest myself of a feeling of awe in his presence, for never before, except in the pages of Walter Scott, had I met a mitred abbot, and he seemed to me a very august sort of person.

We spent that night at a little inn near the gates of the monastery, and the next day were off betimes on our way to Maria Zell. As we went on the scenery gradually changed its character—the hills grew more precipitous, the pine woods descended lower on their sides, and we seemed to be getting into the region of the higher mountains. Presently we entered a narrow gorge; between its steep craggy sides there was but room for the road and a tiny brook which dashed and bubbled over its rocky bed beside us. Above, the black pine forest seemed almost to meet over our heads, and our gaiety was hushed as we passed through this solemn defile, where even at noonday the sunlight hardly penetrated. Suddenly the valley widened, and right before us rose the steep mountain-side, up which the road wound in zig-zags, tapering up higher and higher till it reached a church perched far away on the summit. This was the Annaberg, the first really stiff bit of road we had met with. We had to get out of the carriages and make the ascent on foot, and leaving them to toil up the zig-zag road, we took a footpath which boldly attacked the mountain-side, and scrambled up, now clinging to bushes and trunks of trees, now slipping and sliding on the smooth short grass. We were spurred on to gallant achievements by the pangs of hunger, for we had breakfasted early, ere leaving Lilienfeld, and dinner was to be our reward on reaching the top of the Annaberg. On our way we fell in with a Benedictine monk, black-frocked, staff in hand, lustily breasting the mountain; we exchanged greetings, and he informed us that he hailed from the great monastery of M^olk on the Danube, and was bound on a pilgrimage to Maria Zell. Then he left us and went ahead with the long swinging stride of the mountaineer, which carries him so smoothly and easily away from less practised walkers. We struggled on after him, and at last reached the top, where we found a queer old inn with a cavernous archway, under which we passed and entered a low room with smoke-begrimed rafters, in which several parties of travellers were already seated. All were bound for Maria Zell—this seemed a regular pilgrim's road—and among them our Benedictine was already half through a flagon of beer and a huge sausage roll. We were ravenous and called for back-händeln, a national dish consisting of broiled fowl, which has the double merit of being quickly cooked and delicious when done. To-day, however, it was tardy in making its appearance, and I strolled into the yard, where I was whiling away the time by watching the landlady pursuing a fat hen round and round, as it flew with outstretched neck before her. Suddenly a horrid thought suggested itself.

'For whose dinner is that hen destined?' I asked.

‘For yours,’ was the breathless reply.

And I returned to the famishing party in the ‘Speise-Saal,’ with the sad news that our dinner was still flying madly round the yard.

There was nothing for it but patience, as we did not care to dine off ‘Wurst’ like the monk, and at last dinner came, and presently we again started on our way. We now passed the boundary into Styria, and the great Ötscher reared its inaccessible crags far above the other mountains before us. When we stopped for the night it was at the most primitive little inn we had yet seen, and our experiences were rather amusing. After supper we were shown up a ladder to an upper storey, where we found a large, bare, clean bedroom, in which were ranged four little beds with red gingham coverlets. These were offered for our accommodation, and great was the surprise of the good woman when she found we objected to all occupying the same room. It appeared that the pilgrims who were the only guests this simple hostelry knew were not wont to be so fastidious.

I woke very early next morning, and not feeling inclined to waste my time in bed, I rose, and dressing in semi-darkness, I descended to the little plateau of turf before the inn door, just as the sun was rising. I stood spell-bound by the beauty of the scene. Before me lay the huge round-shouldered Ötscher, and as I watched, from a mass of formless shadow, its outline came out clearer and sharper, and on its sides cliffs and crags and pine forests formed themselves out of the misty lights and shades. Gently the grey of early dawn began to give place to the colours of the day, sounds were heard, goat bells tinkled, then the lowing of cattle broke the stillness, and from the little church hard by the call to early prayer rang out; then the old priest hurried by, buttoning his cassock as he went, and in a moment more the glorious sun streamed out over mountain, stream, and forest, and all was light and movement in the little hamlet. Countess Hedwig joined me, and we strolled away taking a path leading up behind the inn. On one side of us was a copse, on the other a brook with a rocky moss-grown bank, the ground was starred with flowers, on which the sparkling dew-drops trembled. Tall foxgloves raised their proud heads, and giant campanulas hung their bells of pure white or deep soft blue. On the rich mossy turf autumn gentians made patches of rich purple, and creeping lysimachia trailed its graceful yellow flowered sprays over the rocky edges of the brook. Here and there great masses of monk’s-hood grew luxuriantly, and in boggy places, near the brook, the delicate white flowers, veined with green of the *Parnassia palustris* crowned their long straight stems. Under the trees rare sparges flourished with their wicked-looking green flowers, and higher up the bright blossoms of the hoary rock-rose peeped cheerfully out.

When, with hands full we returned to the inn, we found Count Wildau seated at a little table under the overhanging eaves of the house, with breakfast spread before him. As we sat drinking

our coffee—always delicious in these mountain inns—up the valley came distant strains of music, which as they approached became distinguishable as the chanting by untutored voices of some hymn-like strain, and round a projecting point of rock a procession slowly wended its way along the road below us. In front walked a man bearing a cross, and following came a crowd of peasants, not in the Styrian costume, but in the coarse canvas shirt and high boots of Hungarians. Each man carried a bundle strapped to his back, and beside the troop walked a Capuchin monk, bare-headed, sandal shod, in brown frock and hempen girdle. Slowly they wound by and disappeared, the minor strains of their chant dying gradually away in the distance.

Our landlady had come to the door.

‘So they come by nearly every day at this season,’ said she. ‘When the harvest is in they come from far and near. Those are Hungarians; but we have pilgrimages from Bohemia, Poland, Bavaria, and many other places. They come clad in the costume of their country and singing its hymns. We recognise them thus, and when I hear, coming up the valley, the strains I have known in my childhood, for I am a Bohemian born, I run to my door, for it gladdens my heart to see my country people in this strange place.’

It was evening when we reached Maria Zell, and the sunset was gilding the rocky tops of the mountains as we drove up to the door of the inn. Before us, on a spur of the mountain, at a spot where four valleys meet, stood the great church, approached from the open space before the inn by a wide flight of steps.

Leaving the carriages, we went at once to visit the church, and a solemn and striking scene awaited us on our entrance. The interior was already dark, except for the candles lit round the high altar; this is made entirely of silver, and reflects each light on its burnished surface, so that it stood out in the darkness like a mass of flame. The great west doors were wide open, and the calm glory of the sunset sky and purple mountains were framed in the spacious doorway. A group of peasants knelt on the flags before the altar singing an evening hymn. Their voices rose into the sombre vault above them, softly and sweetly, and as we stood listening, the sunset glow faded and died away on the mountain peaks, and no light was left but the gleaming reflections of the tapers which flickered and danced on the silver altar. Behind the group of peasants knelt a solitary figure, and as we looked we recognised old Nandel, crouched on the floor, her withered hands clasped before her, her face raised, gazing upwards in an ecstasy of prayer.

When we came out we found her on the steps, and her countenance seemed to be transfigured with a strange new joy.

‘So, Nandel, you are here before us,’ said Countess Hedwig. ‘We wish all success to your pilgrimage.’

‘No need, dear young lady,’ cried the old woman. ‘My prayer is

already answered. I have seen the gates of Heaven, and my boy looking at me from beyond them.'

Hedwig murmured to me: 'Poor old thing, I fear these new scenes have been too much for her poor brain. She must be getting childish.'

'Yes, he was there,' went on Nandel. 'I saw him plainly—fine, tall, and lusty as he was when he left me. I did well to come here, I have found my boy.' And she hobbled away.

We went back to the inn. As we reached the door we looked round for some one to show us to our rooms, but the 'Gasthof von der Post', boasts neither porter nor waiter, and the landlord was nowhere to be seen.'

'Hey! hallo!' called the Count, who loves not to be kept waiting. 'Is nobody here to call the servants of Count Wildau? Where are they all gone? Sapperlot!'

A man who had come down the steps from the church behind us, and was passing on his way down the village, suddenly stopped, and nearing the Count, made a deep low bow, and said—

'Do I speak to Count Wildau of the Felsenthal?'

We all turned and looked at him. He was a fine tall young fellow, with fair hair.

'You do,' answered the Count.

'Excuse my boldness in addressing you, Herr Graf,' continued the stranger. 'But can you tell me if there yet lives on your estate in the Felsenthal an old woman called Nandel Waldmann?'

The Count stood gazing at his questioner, the picture of amazement.

'Emmerich Waldmann!' he gasped out.

'The younger,' said the young man. 'I have come here on a pilgrimage, undertaken in pursuance of a vow made when our village was burning for the preservation of our house and stacks, and my father charged me on my return to pass by the Felsenthal and see if his old mother yet lives, and bring her tidings of us.'

'So the old woman was not doting,' said the Count. 'You are very like what your father was when he left home. Yes, your grandmother is alive, and you shall soon see her; but tell me first what became of your father after the war. Why did he never return home? We thought him dead.'

Then the young man briefly explained that Emmerich Waldmann had been badly wounded and left for dead on the field after one of the battles. That he had been rescued by some peasants who had tended him during a long illness, that he had lost one of his legs below the knee, and that he had employed his time during his illness in wood carving, an accomplishment common enough about his home, but unknown in the part of the country in which he found himself. He found a ready sale for his work in the surrounding villages, and this and his lameness which prevented his being able to undertake the

journey home on foot induced him to settle there, and in time he had married the daughter of the peasant who had befriended him. Being unable to write, he waited, in the way uneducated people do wait, for a chance of sending a message to his mother; but years passed on, and with the new cares of his family the memory of the old home in the Felsenthal grew dimmer, and he almost ceased to think about it, till the pilgrimage of his son gave him the opportunity of getting news of his mother.

After the young man had ended his story Count Wildau sent him with one of his servants in search of Nandel, and we entered the inn, talking over the strange coincidence which had brought us all to Maria Zell together.

The following morning we went to the church which we had only partially seen in the dusk the evening before. It is decorated with much quaint carving in wood and ivory, but though less valuable as works of art, the votive pictures with which the walls are covered are almost as curious in their way. There is a continuous series of these, beginning about the year 1100, and most singular they are. Every sort of illness and danger is here portrayed with startling vividness, as well as the miraculous intervention which saved the victim, and though the good-will of the artists is by no means equalled by their skill, the result is far from lacking in interest.

After inspecting the edifice, we requested to see the treasury, the honours of which were done by a little old sacristan, who was immensely proud of the miscellaneous collection of valuable things under his care. There was altar plate richly chased and jewelled which had been offered to the church by Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire; gifts from Popes and Princes who had come here in pilgrimage in the Middle Ages; vestments worked by the hands of Queens and Empresses; swords of celebrated generals, who, their campaigns over, hung their arms in the sanctuary; jewels of noble ladies, left in this mountain retreat when their owners quitted all such worldly vanities to end their days in the cloister; and last, but not least, among the givers I must name, many a celebrated songstress and actress to whose pious generosity some of the most splendid of the jewels were owing. The old sacristan was especially proud of a magnificent set of emeralds and pearls given by one of the liveliest queens of Opéra Bouffe at Vienna.

'You will perhaps have seen her act, ladies and gentleman,' said the simple old man. 'You have no doubt admired her talents in Vienna.'

He might have been talking of a popular preacher!

On leaving the treasury we came upon Nandel and her grandson kneeling together before one of the altars. They rose and came with us to the church door.

They were just about to start for the Felsenthal, and we had the

satisfaction of seeing the old woman set off on her homeward way supported by the stalwart arm of the young peasant.

On our return a few days later Count Wildau busied himself about the arrangements for enabling the young Emmerich Waldmann to remain with his grandmother. He had an elder brother at home, so no difficulty was made by his parents when the Count offered him a place as under-forester, and he settled down in the cottage in the Felsenthal with the understanding that on Nandel's death he should inherit it, and the little piece of cultivated land further up the glen, which the old woman had been unable to till since her husband's death. He was soon able to add a cow and some poultry to the common stock, and then old Nandel's pride and happiness knew no bounds.

In her later years she began to confuse the two Emmerichs again, when she told the story of her pilgrimage and the meeting at Maria Zell, and the neighbours smiled and forebore to correct a belief which filled with joy the last years of the old dame's life.

M. L. C.

A GEORGE HERBERT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON, RECTOR OF TENBY.

STRETCHING inland from the sea at Tenby till it reaches Melford Haven lies the interesting vale of St. Florence. In winter, open as it is to two seas, it is swept over by storms; but, in spite of this, there are many sheltered nooks, many wooded knolls, where rooks delight to build, many an ancient hamlet and gray church-tower. This picturesque valley is full of old memories and associations. Where now is marsh-land, intersected with winding streams in which disciples of Izaak Walton ply rod and line for speckled trout, and sportsmen level their guns for herons, wild ducks, and snipes, a broad estuary once bore on its tidal waves vessels freighted with goods for the inmates of the mansions and farmsteads about. Hard by are the solitary ruins of Scotsborough and Trefloyne, whose owners held out in vain for the Martyr King. There also is a ravine, dark with evergreen pines and silver firs, where it is popularly believed the gray lady at twilight still rides her spectral mare and hands down in her own person traditions of past evil deeds. Here and there are limestone rocks and headlands dotted with luxuriant vegetation, and in these rocks and caves were bones of extinct hyenas and tigers, till collectors cleared them out, as, alas, they have done by the indigenous ferns for which the county was once noted. And so the vale spreads westward, and there in its broadest part towers the lordly castle of Carew, beauteous in its desolation, battered by Cromwell's Ironsides, the scene of many a princely gathering and tournament. Further on is the Episcopal Palace of Lamphey, the seat of the mediæval churchmanship and of the prelatic power of the great Bishops of St. David's.

In the midst of this vale lies the village of St. Florence, made up of quaintly-built cottages clustering round the massive Norman tower of the church, its chancel and transepts roofed with rubble as solid as if hewn out of the living rock, and girted in with farmsteads, whose round chimneys and antiquated gables pronounce them to be of Flemish origin, and of the dates when religious prejudices drove sturdy Flemings, like Wilkin Flammock, to seek in England and Wales the protection for themselves and their trade denied them elsewhere. At St. Florence geese and ducks, unwitting of pease and onions, rejoice with their owners in the stream that supplies the hamlet with perennial water, over which we must cross carefully by an uneven bridge. Pigs, happily ignorant, too, of their destiny,

march about, the undisturbed occupants of the green ; and just across the road is the vicarage, covered with roses and honeysuckle, the home of the saintly old priest who, during half-a-century, for his learning, simplicity, good churchmanship and poetic fervour, might well be called, as in later days he was called, 'a George Herbert of the nineteenth century.' His character, indeed, was so unique, that, especially in these times, when the Church in Wales and her clergy are the subjects of so much misrepresentation, it may be well to save his honoured name from oblivion.

Birkett of St. Florence, 'dear old Mr. Birkett,'—or, to give him his full title, the Rev. George William Birkett, M.A.,—was the son of the Rev. Joseph Birkett, Vicar of Swanton by West Hartlepool, in the county of Durham, and came of an old-fashioned Cumberland stock. Swanton, at that time a secluded fishing village, is now lost in the growing sea-port just named.

The Vicar of Swanton was a man of culture, versed in classical and general lore, much given to hospitality. He took great pride in his extensive library, and to find room for his beloved books he filled his house with them, walls, staircase, and lobby, up to the very door. A disciplinarian of the old school, he exercised an authority over his son that would astonish lads in these degenerate days. Every morning father and son were in the study by five of the clock. George lighted the fire, laid on the night before, and prepared the early breakfast of oatmeal porridge, the meal from Cumberland. Then they read Latin, Greek, and divinity together till a later breakfast at half-past eight ; then an hour's work in the garden ; then study till one ; then dinner ; and for the rest of the day his father went about his parish, or to his books, and George did what he pleased. The gardens were noted for vegetables and fruit, and the kind old Vicar used to bring in the boys and girls to eat the strawberries and gooseberries. So, as an old acquaintance says, 'Our Mr. Birkett must have inherited his kindness to school-boys from his father.' Birkett got his schooling at Durham Grammar School, where the late 'Father' Faber, nephew of George Stanley Faber, Canon of Durham and Master of Sherbourne Hospital, a scholar and divine of his day, was one of his schoolfellows. The only recollection, however, Birkett had of his chum, was his inordinate love for bonbons, with which his pockets were filled. Was this typical, I wonder, of the sweetness of Faber's hymns, and of his temper in controversy ? Did the two cap verses together ? One Durham story Birkett used to tell, though it must have occurred some years after he left school. The scene was Durham Cathedral, the time a dark winter's afternoon. The sermon was just ended ; the preacher, Dr. Phillpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, was about leaving the pulpit, when a deep sepulchral voice, from the gloom of the nave, was heard to exclaim, 'Come down, thou man of Belial, come down !' The preacher was unmoved ; but when the excited congregation dispersed, the speaker

was found to be none other than Jonathan Martin, the crazy incendiary of York Minster.

In due time Birkett proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he would doubtless have taken high classical honours had the Tripos been instituted. As it was he studied mathematics, for which he had no liking, with steady perseverance, and took an honourable place as Senior Optime. His first curacy was at Oswestry, under the Rev. T. Salvey, a Fellow of St. John's, who as sine cure Rector of St. Florence, appointed his old curate Vicar. At Oswestry he made the acquaintance of a local doctor, a man of some note, father of the well-known Archdeacon Robert Wilson Evans, author of 'The Rectory of Valehead,' 'The Ministry of the Body,' and 'The Bishopric of Souls.' Dr. Evans good-naturedly suggested to Birkett that, instead of coming to him about every trifling ailment, he should learn something of medicine himself. So he lent him books, gave him valuable hints; and thus his knowledge of medicine did good service in time to come.

Among other intimate friends was Robert Southey, whose 'Colloquies' and 'Doctor' he was in the habit of quoting, and much of whose 'Thalaba' and 'Curse of Kehama' he could repeat from memory. He was a great admirer of the Lake poets, and knew Wordsworth and Coleridge. Byron's genius he thoroughly appreciated. Scott's chivalry was very charming to him. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare he knew well; but I doubt if all the dramas in our language gave him half the pleasure of one Greek play.

Two other of his acquaintances were Whewell and Sedgwick, both North Countrymen. Sedgwick I used to meet on my annual visits to Cambridge as the guest of my lamented friend Beamont, Master of Whewell's Hostel, and only son of William Beamont, the Lancashire antiquary. Whewell I only encountered once, and thought him the greatest bear I had ever seen, and less mindful of the susceptibilities of other people even than Thirlwall; but then the world has only seen one Whewell and one Thirlwall, and as the learned Professor said, when some one asked him why he was not made a bishop, 'A bishop, sir! There are twenty-six bishops, but only one Master of Trinity.'

When Birkett came into Wales, it was an unknown country to an average Englishman. Good folks, who wrap themselves up in warm rugs and take possession of snug corners in railway carriages, little know the pains and perils of a journey through the heart of Wales in the days of their grandfathers. Why, it took eight horses to pull the Carmarthen coach up the craggy ascent of the old road out of Tenby! And so roundabout was the route, so uncertain the arrivals, so expensive the stages, that Birkett used to go from Durham by way of Liverpool to Dublin, thence to Wexford, recross the Irish sea to Melford Haven, where, weather permitting, passengers and

merchandise were landed on a floating barge, and thence in a rowing boat up Pennai Pill to Pembroke, and so on to St. Florence.

There were no schools till Birkett started them, and even after the schoolmaster was abroad, it must have taken time to root out their queer notions; for years after, a girl in the Sunday-school was asked if she knew any one beside our Lord who worked miracles. 'Yes, sir! John of the Ridge'—a reputed wise man, who lived on the Ridgeway, the road along the hill above the village.

A venerable Archdeacon, a native of Pembrokeshire, remembers seeing Parson Hancock sitting with Farmer Williams on each side of the fire, with a long clay pipe and mug of ale on each hob, the parson in wig and buckles. A deputation came to Dr. Humphreys, then Rector of Tenby, to ask him to lay a ghost which haunted their parish. On his asking why they came to him when they had a parson of their own, they explained that it was only an Oxford scholar who could lay a ghost. 'I am afraid, then,' said the Doctor, anxious to be let off without giving offence, 'you have come to the wrong man; for, you see, I am a Cambridge man.'

When one thinks of the well-ordered churches and parishes of our days, it is hard to credit the state of things when Birkett came into Wales in the year 1829. The churches were many of them in ruins: in one, the rain came through the roof just over the pulpit, and the parson preached under an umbrella held over his head by the clerk; in another, a goose was sitting in the pulpit, so the minister preached from the reading-desk. At St. Florence the cocks and hens roosted in the church, and a horse was kept in the porch for want of a stable; in the midst of the village was a cock-pit, where the farmers—I hope not the parson—met to bet. A neighbouring squire, who outraged all the proprieties, gave a piece of land on which to build a Baptist chapel. He did it to spite the parson; so he insisted on the insertion in the deed of conveyance of a clause enabling him to preach whenever he pleased. I never heard, however, that he claimed his privilege.

Birkett used to tell a story of a former neighbour, the then Vicar of Manorbier, whose predecessor asked him, then a curate, to take his duty when he was going from home. So, when Sunday came, the zealous young fellow made his way through rain and storm over the high lands to Manorbier. On his way to church he had to pass the parsonage, when, standing in the doorway, who should meet his gaze but the figure of the jolly Welsh parson, all agape with astonishment. 'What, and is it you? Come in, come in! Who ever looked for you on such a day, and such a storm yesterday! I thought it best to stop at home. We never looked for you, and there'll be no service.' The curate's rising indignation was overpowered by the kindness and hospitable attentions of the worthy Vicar, who was as much distressed as astonished at the unexpected arrival of his visitor. In another parish there was no

service for three weeks. When the parson did appear a young couple presented themselves to be married. They had put in the banns, but they had never been published. The parson, however, was up to the occasion, so he called the names over three times that morning, and married them straight away. No inquiry was ever made or fault found.

But what could you expect? Bishop Copleston lived at his deanery at St. Paul's. Bishop Watson never set his foot in his diocese. Bishop Burgess travelled about in his coach-and-four. None of these prelates knew a word of Welsh; and the poor candidates for Holy Orders, many of them farmers' sons, had to make their way to England in stage waggon, like country parsons of Goldsmith's days, only they had so much farther to go; and after all, I doubt if these Welsh villages or their parsons were worse than they were a century ago in England, if we may judge from Smollett's and Fielding's novels, and Hogarth's pictures. Habits, whether good or bad, hold their own longest in remote places.

It was an out-of-the-way sphere of duty for a gentleman, scholar and genial companion to take, yet there he set as bright an example of what a parish priest's life should be as his prototype in the beginning of the seventeenth century; and what Bemerton was, *mutatis mutandis*, St. Florence might fairly be considered. Birkett did all the doctoring for his poorer neighbours, and so outdid the charmers and wise women, and many a doctor's bill he saved, to say nothing of the kitchen physic as freely dispensed. Moreover, he made wills, drew up indentures, reconciled disputes, discouraged litigation, for which the Welsh are quite as much disposed as the Irish; he taught his people to be frugal, and managed their benefit-club for them, besides recommending the well-conducted lads and lasses for situations. He also took the case of the aged and respectable poor into his special consideration, and made proposals to the Poor Law Commissioners to provide alms-houses for them, in lieu of driving them to the workhouse or forcing them to mend the roads. But, like Herbert, he maintained discipline, and on a grave case of scandal solemnly excommunicated the offender.

Birkett built the parsonage,—planned by his wife, who died many years before I knew him,—and he restored his church, in which he took great pride. He always kept it open; and few things pleased him more than for any one who could really appreciate it to pay it a visit. It is, as I intimated, only separated from the parsonage by the road, so that when carriages drew up he was on the look-out for visitors. Sometimes he asked them into the house, and, if there were ladies, gallantly presented them with flowers. Scholars delighted to meet him, and were amazed at his acquirements and acquaintance with antiquities and folk-lore.

It used to be my privilege to shake off my cares by a walk out to St. Florence by the valley, and to return in the cool of the evening

when the sweet notes of birds from every hedge and tree made the very air melodious. Sometimes we strolled into the church, and then into the glebe fields, when he patted his cows, or into the garden, where he would gather me flowers to take home. Sometimes we had a chat with his man, a quaint character, who faithfully served him and his successor for many years, and who is, I believe, still living. One of his crotchets was that he looked on a clergyman as lacking in common-sense in proportion to his book-learning—always, however, excepting his master. One story old Dawkins got to hear, of a College Fellow who was appointed to a country living; so the parson went round his parish, and asked at house after house why the good wives did not come to church on Sunday afternoons. ‘Milking the cows,’ was the universal answer. So on Sunday morning he determined to speak his mind, when out it came. ‘I have been round the parish, and find you all make the same excuse’ (I should say that the text was, ‘I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come’), ‘you are “milking the cows.” Now, I have only one thing to request, and that is, that you milk your cows the last thing on Saturday night, and the first thing on Monday morning.’ Quoth Dawkins: ‘Who could hearken to a man in the pulpit or out of it after that? But then, you see, he’s a book-larn’t man.’ A town parson was by one day when Birkett was looking at his cows. ‘Poor old lady, poor old lady,’ said he, apostrophising one quietly chewing the cud, ‘I’m afraid we must soon part company!’ ‘But why?’ exclaimed the parson. ‘To go to the butcher’s.’ ‘To go to the butcher’s! Why, I always thought cows died a natural death, and that we only eat oxen.’ Dawkins was on the other side of the hedge, emitting sundry ‘pishes’ and ‘pshaws.’ So Birkett, with a twinkle in his eye, looked across at him. ‘What do you think of that, Dawkins?’ Dawkins: ‘Wherever has he hid hisself all his days? But then,’ twinkling back at his master, ‘he’s a scholard, isn’t he? He never eat cow beef! He! he! he!’

Then we used to go back into the house for tea, when the conversation would turn on matters political and ecclesiastical, or on what delighted him much more than either politics or polemics—on Greek criticism, especially on his favourite Homer, or on the New Testament, or the Septuagint. At other times, feeling the truth of the old Horatian maxim, *dulce est desipere in loco*, he would enliven the evening with stories and anecdotes, of which he possessed an ample fund.

Three of these visits he called his red-letter days. One, when I took my cousin, the late Dr. Dykes, to see him. The great part of the evening was spent with the choir in practising sacred music, of which due notice was given by the tolling of the church bell. In fact, the training of the choir was one of his greatest pleasures, with which he allowed nothing to interfere. If the truth must be told, however, it was more than a pleasure, it was a hobby; and there are those who

aver that a good voice and aptness for singing was a stronger recommendation to him in engaging a servant than skill in cooking or house-cleaning. However, he never found fault if his meat were either over or underdone, and he liked to hear the maids singing over their work; for, as he said, it shows that they are contented and happy. I am afraid that Birkett's recollections must have rather failed, or he was carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, when he asked Dykes, then Presentor of Durham, if he really thought the St. Florence choir inferior to that of Durham. Dykes hesitated, but got out of the difficulty by saying, '*Mutatis mutandis*, no'! Dykes asked me, on our way back, if I thought he had told a white lie. As we got to a solitary part of the road, a furious dog sprang at us. I started back; but when I looked at my companion, the dog was licking his hand. I had often heard of the power of musical men over savage animals, but I never saw it so plainly shown before.

Birkett put an organ into his church, and engaged a peasant girl to play it; so he sent her into Tenby to a German professor, the organist of St. Mary's, for lessons. The professor looked at her hands, coarse and red with farm-work. 'I vill not teach you; go home and milk de cows.' But when Birkett asked him to try her, he soon found occasion to respect her talents. The good Vicar used to give an annual concert at Tenby, followed by a supper, and after that a drive home in a brake. He conducted the concert himself, copied out the music, and gave his singers white gloves for the occasion. I have heard that the local drapers were a little puzzled to fit them.

The second red-letter day was when Bishop Ellicott was my companion. Birkett saw us coming up the village, and went to meet us. 'Welcome, welcome, Huntington, and any of your friends.' But when he recognised the Bishop, he uncovered his head, and, hat in hand, approached his lordship. Tea was presently spread, with rashers of savoury ham, home-cured, and some luscious grapes; and the conversation turned on the respective merits of Lord Derby's and Mr. Gladstone's translations of Homer. 'Gladstone has the most accurate rendering of the Greek; but Lord Derby has the most poetic fire,' said Birkett.

On the way home the Bishop observed: 'Your friend has not only not gone back in his scholarship during the forty-five years he has spent in that remote village, but he has positively gone on with the critical scholarship of the day.'

The third red-letter day was when Dr. Farrar walked out with me to see him. We talked about what then must have been uppermost on that now noted writer's mind, his projected Life of Christ, and on St. Paul and Seneca, and the probability of their having ever met. Birkett adhered to the old notion,—since revived, by-the-way,—that the Apostle and the philosopher not only knew each other's writings, but were known personally.

During his short annual holiday at Tenby, his recreation-reading used to be a Greek play, Horace and the Greek Testament, which he studied critically every day.

Like most North Countrymen, Birkett had a keen sense of humour: he loved an epigram, too, but most if it were couched in Greek. One of his favourite anagrams was that of King Charles I. on Pilate's question, 'What is truth?'—

'Quid est veritas?
'Est vir qui adest.'

He so often puzzled me with his superior classical lore, that I tried to have my revenge. We were both in the garden at the vicarage, looking at some plums on which the wasps (there was a plague of wasps that year) were making great havoc. So I turned to Birkett: 'Why must those wasps be Nonconformists?' 'Because they are so niosy.' 'No. Guess again.' 'Because they are so unscrupulous with regard to what doesn't belong to them.' 'No.' 'Give it up.' 'Because they are in sects (insects).'

Birkett was a divine of the old-fashioned Anglican school. His favourite authors were Barrow, Hooker, and Waterland, and his friend, the late Professor J. J. Blunt, of Cambridge. An old pupil, like him in many ways, says: 'He taught me to love Barrow, and to see that there was a matter of interest in the *differential calculus*. He came to St. Florence to do the will of Him that sent him, not in a spirit of self-assertion, but taking cheerfully the lowest place. He was one of the holdfasts of society. All that came under his happy influence were, as I think, helped and stirred up to love and good works.*

The beauty of his character was its simplicity, and nothing could induce him to go from his early hours and quiet habits. He lived among his people, visited them from house to house, and had a kind word and kinder smile for the children. His preaching was calm and unimpassioned, but instructive, often flavoured with old-world scholarship which he never obtruded, but could not always keep back. He was on the best terms with all his parishioners, Dissenters included: the resident preacher was his guest at his tithe dinners, and used to propose the parson's health.

Of Birkett's poetry, Evans wrote in a letter, which I have now before me, faded and discoloured: 'You have a good ear for the construction of blank verse, as well as a quiet eye for nature, and your descriptive parts are both faithful and musical.' His 'Christian Precepts and Proverbs,' though much shorter, recall Herbert's 'Sacula Prudentum' and 'The Christian Paradoxes or Maxims,' attributed to Bacon, but now known to be the production of an old Puritan Divine, one Herbert Palmer, B.D. It was one of many proofs how Birkett lived in the past. Birkett retained his love for his Cumberland home, Evans for the Welsh hills. 'The scenery,' says he,

* The late Archdeacon Allen.

‘about Keswick is certainly very lovely, and I do not wonder at your desire to retire and live amidst it, especially since to you it has that without which even mountain scenery fails in full effect upon us—the associations of early years and ancestry. Hence it is that I can never twine around these mountains the same delightful feeling which I did around the Welsh in my fatherland.’

But it was not to be. So Birkett lived on with what to other men would have been the mortification of seeing clergymen, in every way his inferiors, preferred before him. Why he was never made Canon or Prebendary of St. David’s, for which he would have been so eminently qualified, especially when such distinctions were in the gift of one he esteemed so highly as he did Bishop Thirlwall. Birkett at the shrine of St. David, as a Canon of the ancient cathedral, the ‘Palmyra of the West,’ as it has been called, would have been pre-eminently at home.

His last public appearance was at the primary visitation of the present Bishop of St. David’s, which he attended from a strong sense of duty, and at the cost of much suffering. He died at Tenby, whilst taking his annual holiday. A few hours before his death he was heard to utter those sublime words of St. Paul, ‘Who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.’

He was followed to his grave by friends and neighbours, by his brother clergy, by his surviving relations, and by all his parishioners, and by many others who had walked or driven out from Tenby, and the villages around, to take their last farewell of ‘dear old Mr. Birkett,’ as it was their custom to speak of him. As one who knew him well said of him, ‘Peace be with him.’ In this diocese (or indeed in any other) there lived no more faithful minister of God, no more earnest, true, childlike Christian than the Vicar of St. Florence.

What George Herbert’s latest biographer writes of him might well be affirmed of Birkett: ‘His object was twofold, to raise the teacher and to win the people. His views of the pastoral office even in the rudest country hamlet were lofty and glowing, and he recommended the study of Plato for the sake of acquiring the dexterity of Socrates, and applying it to the common intercourse and teaching of a parish. Such men ennoble their brethren by the beautiful union of all that is practical with all that is graceful in life.’

I append one or two extracts from his poems.

ON ANGELIC AGENCY.

Man sleeps beneath a spangled canopy
Of tented sky,
In calm oblivious trance, while to and fro
Pass friend and foe.
Good angels or accursèd on the wing,
To mortal man, or boon or bane to bring.

Swifter than lightning, and than air more free
 Their motions be,
 Nor night nor day in ceaseless interchange
 Impedes their range.
 Invisible in sooth to mortal eye,
 Yet ever watchful, and for ever nigh.

To shreds their fray the universe would rend,
 And this world end;
 But God restrains the fiends' vindictive rage
 Lest they engage;
 And clothes with flame the ministers of grace,
 To guard the chosen flock that seek His face.

Who still shall guard, 'until the crash of doom
 Shall burst the tomb,
 And the Archangel's trumpet terribly
 Shall rend the sky,
 And Death's infernal shadow flee away,
 Before the splendours of eternal day.

Remember Dothan, and the prophet's prayer,
 And banish care
 And slavish dread, and trust in strength Divine,
 And be it thine,
 When dangers press, with purged eye to see
 Protecting hosts in fiery panoply.

G. W. B.

THE HERMIT'S INVITATION TO THE TRAVELLER.

AN ALLEGORY.

Welcome, traveller from afar,
 Twilight glimmers in the west,
 Rising dim the evening star
 Warns thee of the hours of rest.

Trust not now thy weary sight,
 Swiftly flies the parting day;
 And the spangled veil of night
 Soon shall hide the mountain way.

And I'll halve my meal with thee:
 Curded milk and berries sweet,
 Honey of the thrifty bee,
 Choice repast for stranger meet.

Then we'll talk of Life and Death:
 Life we know is on the wing;
 Death is sleep without his breath,
 Sleep is death without his sting.

Life to Death is hurrying fast,
 Death meets Life beyond the grave;
 Death then dies, and yields at last
 Crown and sceptre, dart and glave.

Lift then, ere thou sleep'st to-night,
Holy hands and heart in prayer,
And when morning brings the light,
On thy Father cast thy care.

He shall guide thee on the way
That thy Saviour trod afore,
He shall be thy staff and stay,
Till thy footsteps toil no more.

Welcome, stranger, to the dell
Where my peaceful hours are spent,
For within this time-worn cell
Hope I join to blest content.

G. W. B.

THE LEPERS' ISLE.

'A large increase of leprosy, during late years in the Sandwich Islands, has compelled the Government to segregate the victims altogether, and the little island of Molokai has been set apart for the purpose. In 1873, Father Damien, a young Belgian priest, volunteered his services to minister to them, thereby, of course, cutting himself off from all intercourse with the outer world, and there for thirteen years he has continued assiduously to minister to their wants, bodily and spiritual, being, as has been said, their "doctor, nurse, carpenter, school-master, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, sometimes even their undertaker and grave-digger," and he has now, as might have been anticipated, himself fallen a victim to the disease.'—*Saturday Review*, Nov. 20, 1886.

THE chiming surge makes music sad and sweet
About an islet in the utmost sea,
Where loathliest things with loveliest strangely meet,
And groaning fills the pause of melody.

'Midst shadowy palm-trees plays the fragrant air;
Through coral-grottos flash the waters clear;
Those smiling shores no grim inscription bear,
No 'Leave off hope, all ye who enter here!'

And yet a place of exile, worse, far worse
Than dread Siberia is that fairy isle,
Whose each sad inmate bears so dire a curse
Its beauty mocks him, like a cruel smile.

For him there is no home, no aim, no scope;
No bitter-sweetness of love-tended ill;
For his that fell disease, which, blighting hope,
Poisons sweet life, yet leaves it breathing still.

The scape-goat of the isles is Molokai;
Bearing the curse to drain its brethren free.
Thence shuddering vessels, fear-wing'd, seem to fly,
And shun the lazaretto of the sea.

Yet vessels come? But, ah! with what a freight!
Fresh victims of the curse; fresh hopes crush'd dead;
Fresh broken hearts; eyes heavy with the weight
Of sadder tears than those o'er death-beds shed.

Yet, see! a good day dawns for Molokai!
 Silent it dawns, not marked from other days;
 No rosy joy-fire flushes earth and sky;
 No mystic radiance o'er the ocean plays.

Aye, ships, like men of old, may entertain
 An angel unawares, though radiant wing
 Fire-pulsing, be not seen tow'rd Heaven to strain,
 Nor dew's of Paradise around him cling!

A man like other men. God only sees
 'The great heart beating 'neath the priest's soutane;
 It's mighty love, unmeasured by degrees,
 Yearning as mother's love—and Christ's love can.

Even mother's dear love may the leper fail,
 But Christ's love fails not. Blase of Shrewsbury *
 Knew that, when, building of her Orizell,
 She dreamed the Rood, kissed weeping, made reply.

She dreamed—ah! blessed dream!—the Holy Rood
 Laid loving arms about the leper's neck!
 Could she believe mere man, however good,
 Could show such love the leper's grief to check?

But Father Damien's heart was of that mould;
 He lived amongst his lepers; was their kin;
 'Their father, mother, brother; from life's cold,
 Opening wide doors of love, he called them in.

He was their nurse, physician, counsellor, friend;
 Their priest, who, sternly tender, spared no sin;
 With pointing hand, beyond life's bitter end,
 Showing the glorious goal e'en they might win.

His were the hands that closed the leper's eyes,
 'That laid his martyred body 'neath the sod.
 Yet deemed he, 'midst this life-long sacrifice,
 Himself the least of all the saints of God.

God's blessing on the priest of Molokai!
 Yet, whilst men call down blessings on his name,
 The curse has fallen upon him! His the cry
 'Unclean, unclean!' His glory—not his shame!

* Blase Tipton, or Tupton, built the 'Orizell' of St. Chadde's Churchyard, Shrewsbury, that, being a leper, she might go on the leads to a glass window to join in the service. See 'Old Shropshire Oak.'

A life-long exile from the haunts of men ;
From that sad isle, far in the southern sea, :
The simple words of his unconscious pen
Show us how Christ-like Christian men can be.

A good man's Heaven is on earth begun,
God is his dearest friend, his all in all !
Yet sweet is human love beneath the sun,
And sweet a brother's murmured blessings fall.

Thus 'twere, perchance, some solace, could he know
What heartfelt prayers for him to Heaven ascend,
That, from God's richest stores, may overflow
Comfort to him, the hopeless lepers' friend.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it desirable to make an object of gaining personal influence, or not?

Chelsea China has received a great many papers this month, and they are all interesting and to the point. The majority consider it dangerous, if not wrong to try to *gain* personal influence, though many make no objection to using it, if they are already conscious of possessing it. The unconscious character is always charming; but is it not rather a contradiction to aim at it? One thing strikes Chelsea China as rather curious. No one appears conscious of ever having *been influenced*, or looks at the matter from the passive point of view. Suppose we had never known So-and-so, what difference would it have made? And was the effect he or she produced on us always unconscious and unintentional?

Papers received from *Madame la Baronne, Elaine, F. McLean, Arnaud, A. E. L., Smoke, Blackbird, I. M. D., Dorothea, Inch, Elcaam, Titania, Gretchen, Bog Oak, Merope, Truro, S. M., Bardsea*, and the following—

D. W. S.—Surely it is not only not desirable, but it defeats its own purpose and is most unwise.

No man has so much influence as he who goes straight forward without seeking it; and I think the experience of most of us would show us that where we have made the most deliberate and conscious effort to influence others, these have been our greatest failures, and those bright spots of encouragement which come to us from time to time in our work, meet us from the side we least expected them. May it not be that influence comes not so much from what we say, as from what we really are, and that when we are consciously trying to influence another for good, we become unreal by lifting up a higher standard to another than that which is really our own, and so there is no life in our words, or in our deeds either, if they are simply done for the sake of example. I take it the only influence worth having is the influence of a holy life, so that holiness must be the aim, good influence an inevitable and unconscious result.

Stickleback.—I think 'Personal Influence' is one of God's many precious gifts to men and women. It is a great responsibility, inasmuch as it can be used for bad as well as for good ends. I think it is certainly desirable to try to gain influence over others, but in doing so to be aware of the danger of making those whom we desire

to influence depend too much on us, and so lose their individuality. This is a danger of the present day, more especially in spiritual matters. I think it is a very subtle power, and very often most successful when we are most unconscious of it.

It is best explained and illustrated by the proverb, 'Example is better than Precept.'

April.—Looking at the question from my own point of view, that of a teacher, which may be a narrow, but is certainly the easiest way of deciding it, I answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. I am convinced that no knowledge, worthy of the name, can be imparted by a teacher to her pupils unless she has first gained a very strong influence over them; and that once gained—of course, it is assumed, by legitimate methods—what infinite possibilities, beyond the imparting of mere information, are opened out to her. Conversations and readings out of school hours, courteous manners to all around, little unexpected acts of kindness, even stray words and suggestions, will all bear fruit, sometimes at once, sometimes years after, as the grown-up pupils perhaps unconsciously follow out and act upon the precepts and example of their old governess. If this be true of the somewhat limited extent of a teacher's influence, it must surely hold good with regard to the world at large, where good and evil are so mingled, men and women act and react upon one another, and effects and possibilities are so infinite and vast, that it is impossible to form an estimate of even a very small part of them.

Of course I would not for one moment deny the unconscious influence that the example of a pure, holy, and self-denying life often exercises; but when there is so much evil in the world, it seems only right and desirable that we should each, in our measure, gain what amount of good personal influence we can, and when gained use it, as far as in us lies, to counteract the effects of the evil.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

It seems to me that the answer to this question depends mainly on the fact of—how much, in the mind of the agent, the means—i.e. gaining influence, is swallowed up in the end—i.e. the ultimate worthy object in view.

It can hardly be disputed that some of the very best objects cannot be attained without the instrumentality of personal influence. This must be gained before the work can actually begin, and the influence rightly and humbly used, is often the high-road to success. But unless the character concerned be an unusually disinterested one, there is always more or less risk of the work being hopelessly marred by selfish motives creeping into its mechanism.

Directly the good object is lost sight of for a minute, in the desire of increasing our personal influence for its own sake, and pleasure in our own growing importance, the means become unworthy of the end, and we are dangerously near 'doing evil that good may come.'

Thus I maintain that it is necessary in some cases to make an object of gaining influence, though never for its own sake. Nor do I see that it is possible with all natures for the influence and the struggle to gain it to be unconscious; but I think that this object should always be subservient in our thoughts to the other and the worthier one. Pleasure in feeling our influence is a temptation to be struggled against.

Apart from the right joy which all should feel in doing good and making others better or happier, we might test the purity of our motives by frequently asking ourselves the question: Should we feel the same satisfaction if this influence were being employed towards the same end by another? Influence gained by our own efforts is a talent, just as much as money we have earned, and should be reverently looked upon as such, with the thought of the solemn words—'Thou couldst have no power at all, except it were given thee from above.'

I remain, yours sincerely,

AMYAS LEIGH.

Spermologos.—No human creature is devoid of influence. Either we add impetus to the motive-force of good, or swell the dead-weight of evil; but to some it is given to be loadstones, and the question is whether the conscious exercise of this power is wholesome.

Influence consists in being the object of imitation, or of a love, fear, or esteem, which renders it a prime desire to be approved, or at the least not scorned. The perception of the effect produced by ourselves on others is involuntary, like an ear for music, some have it, some have it not; but whether conscious of such power or not, the duty is the same; and is comprised in the Offertory sentence, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.'

To add the weight of one example in overcoming false shame in following a good custom, or abstaining from an evil one, is a right exercise of influence; though whether we lead many or few is an accident. Conscious influence, save that from rank or position *external to the owner*, i.e., for example, that of a lady of quality or a school-mistress, is dangerous to the owner, partly because of the temptation to be an infallible Pope, and also to become less genuine for the sake of the persons to be influenced.

Perhaps the fittest occasions to remember influence are when we have to abstain from something for the sake of bystanders. For instance, an allusion to an author of questionable tendency had better be omitted before those who might suppose it implied approval.

Otherwise it seems to me that it is vain to trouble ourselves about the amount of our influence. Most likely we are mistaken. If everybody wrote an autobiography we should find the main influences of most lives in the most unexpected and unconscious quarters, and that those who wished most to affect the individuals often did so least. Simply to

be our best selves all round, saying and doing the most kind, faithful, and conscientious things is the safest form of influence, aye, and the most telling.

Chelsea China.—To make an object of gaining personal influence, or intentionally to use it when gained, is to accept a responsibility, and the acceptance of responsibility makes all the difference, not only between the fools and angels of the old proverb; but, on the other hand, between the cowards and the heroes of this world. The means of *personal* influence may vary from personal beauty to spiritual holiness; but all leaders of men and women, political or religious, possess it, and, mostly, use it consciously, according to their lights, and on their different levels, in forms, direct or subtle, as their nature prompts. How otherwise, humanly speaking, can the thoughts of men be changed and elevated?

The question, therefore, seems to resolve itself into whether there is a call to exert the influence—in fact, whether it is our business or not. There is a difference between leading people to adopt *principles*, and to perform definite actions. But it seems to Chelsea China that the sense of power is a call to some people to use a pressure that would be mere interference in others. We cannot, I think, judge of the matter without considering what our relations have been to more influential people than ourselves, and what we owe to the personal influence of others. The strong, special, and *intentional* exertion of spiritual influence, interfering with the course of life, which *Mrs. Vaughan* is represented in 'Everingham Girls,' as exerting over *Isabel Roper*, is justified in the book by the peculiar spiritual insight and spiritual experience attributed to her; but no one can deny that, for an ordinary woman, anything more than earnest advice would have been presumptuous and dangerous.*

It seems that there are people to whom it is given to produce, at any rate for a time, the state of mind in another which makes a special act fitting; while others can only urge to the outward performance of it. This seems the clue to the great difficulty of how far it is justifiable to urge girls and boys to *definite religious acts*. There are some who, in the urging, fit them for the act; but strong outside pressure, especially when given in ignorance of circumstances, is a dreadful responsibility.

Chelsea China proposes instead of a special question for next month, that Debaters should send in any supplementary remarks or criticisms that may occur to them on any of the debates of the past year; or on the manner in which they have been conducted.

Answers to be sent to the Publisher before *July 1st*.

* S. P. C. K. by Miss Bramston.

PARTED.

I.

A SAILOR sailing across the sea,
 A fair maid sighing in weary pain.
 'Farewell, my love, if so it must be,
 For none may alter Heaven's decree—
 But long seems the time till thou com'st again.'

... II. -

A sailor dead on a foreign shore,
 A maiden weeping night and day.
 'Ah, woe is me, my heart is sore.
 And alas, my love, my joy is o'er,
 And thou liest dead so far away.'

III.

A nameless grave on a distant strand,
 A grassy mound by the restless sea,
 Two happy souls that walk hand in hand,
 For evermore in that blessed land,
 Where sorrow and parting no more shall be.

ANON.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

HISTORY OF ROME.

Questions for June.

21. Write a short life of Regulus.
 22. What was the origin, and what the extent, of the Carthaginian dominion in Spain?
 23. Describe Hannibal's passage of the Alps, and the battle of the Tribbia.
 24. State in *brief* outline, the principal results of each of the four periods into which the Second Punic War is commonly divided.
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Several answers have been sent to the Editor instead of to 'Clio.' As the only way to prevent such troublesome inattention, it is announced that none such will be forwarded for the future.
